TREASURY OF SONG

SHAPED NOTE EDITION

TREASURY OF SONG

EDITED AND COMPILED BY

ROBERT H. COLEMAN

COMPILER OF

THE EVANGEL
THE NEW EVANGEL
THE WORLD EVANGEL
THE HERALD

Songs for all Religious Gatherings

Printed in Round and Shaped Notes

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PUBLISHED BY

ROBERT H. COLEMAN

DALLAS, TEXAS

FOREWORD

As the first edition of this book goes to press, the compiler is humbled but gratified to recall that many millions of Christian people have had occasion to "SING PRAISES UNTO HIM" from the more than 2,000,000 of his song books, which have been printed and distributed in the past eight years. The flattering reception given the four previous books of this compiler has made him feel that this is a sphere in which he can render a service to the Master, in the onward march of His conquering Kingdom. Not every song book meets the demand and appeals to the critical taste of a discriminating public.

As we have carefully examined multiplied thousands of songs, in order that this group might be chosen, it has been our constant prayer, that only such songs might be selected as would please Him, whom we live to love and serve, and that this book should really be to the Christian world a TREASURY OF SONG.

ROBERT H. COLEMAN

DALLAS, TEXAS
January, 1917

(Copyright 1917 by Robert H. Coleman)

Treasury of Song.

No. 1. Hail to the Brightness.

Thomas Hastings. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean,—Praise to Je-

lands that in dark - ness have lain! Hushed be the ac - cents of
proph - ets of Is - rael fore-told! Hail to the mil - lions from
co - pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the moun-tain - tops
ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fall'n are the en - gines of

sor - row and mourning; Zi - on in tri-umph be - gins her glad reign.
bond-age re - turn-ing, Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vi - sion be - hold!
ech - oes are ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
war and com-mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky.

No. 2.

Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe.

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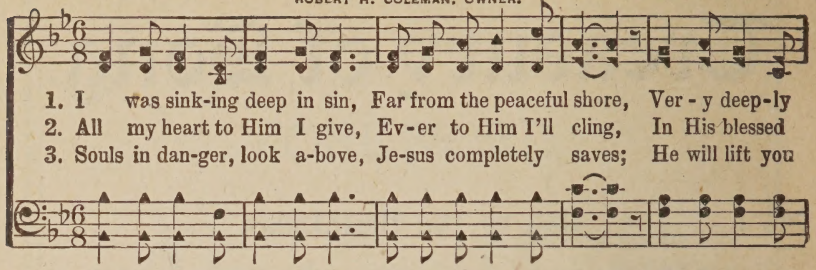
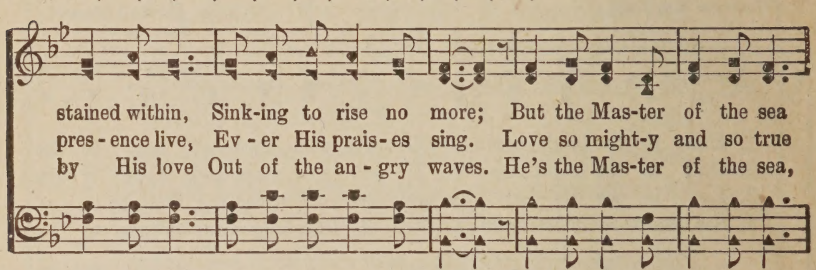
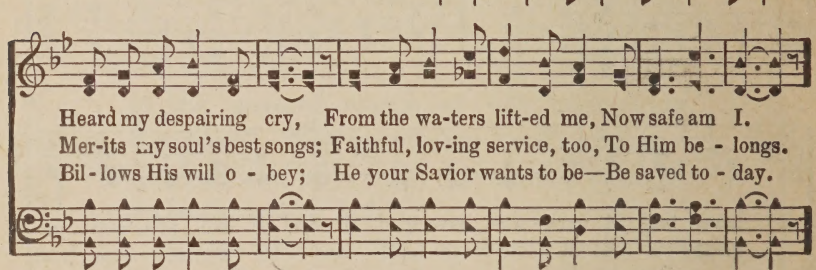
Howard E. Smith.



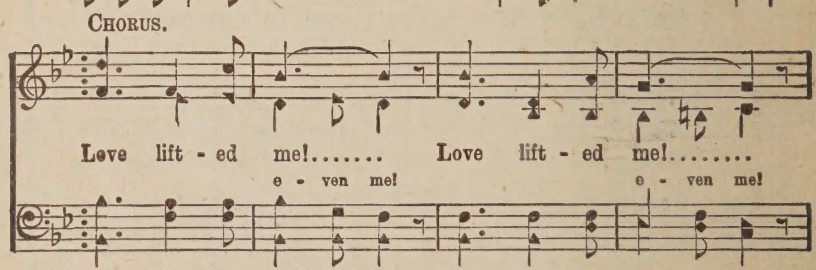
1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus completely saves; He will lift you



stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais - es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

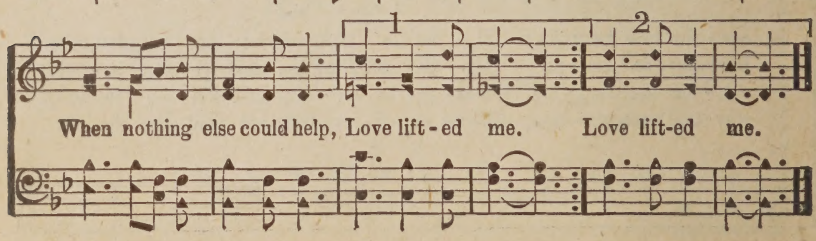


Heard my despairing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faithful, lov-ing service, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Savior wants to be—Be saved to - day.



CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!.....
e - ven me! e - ven me!

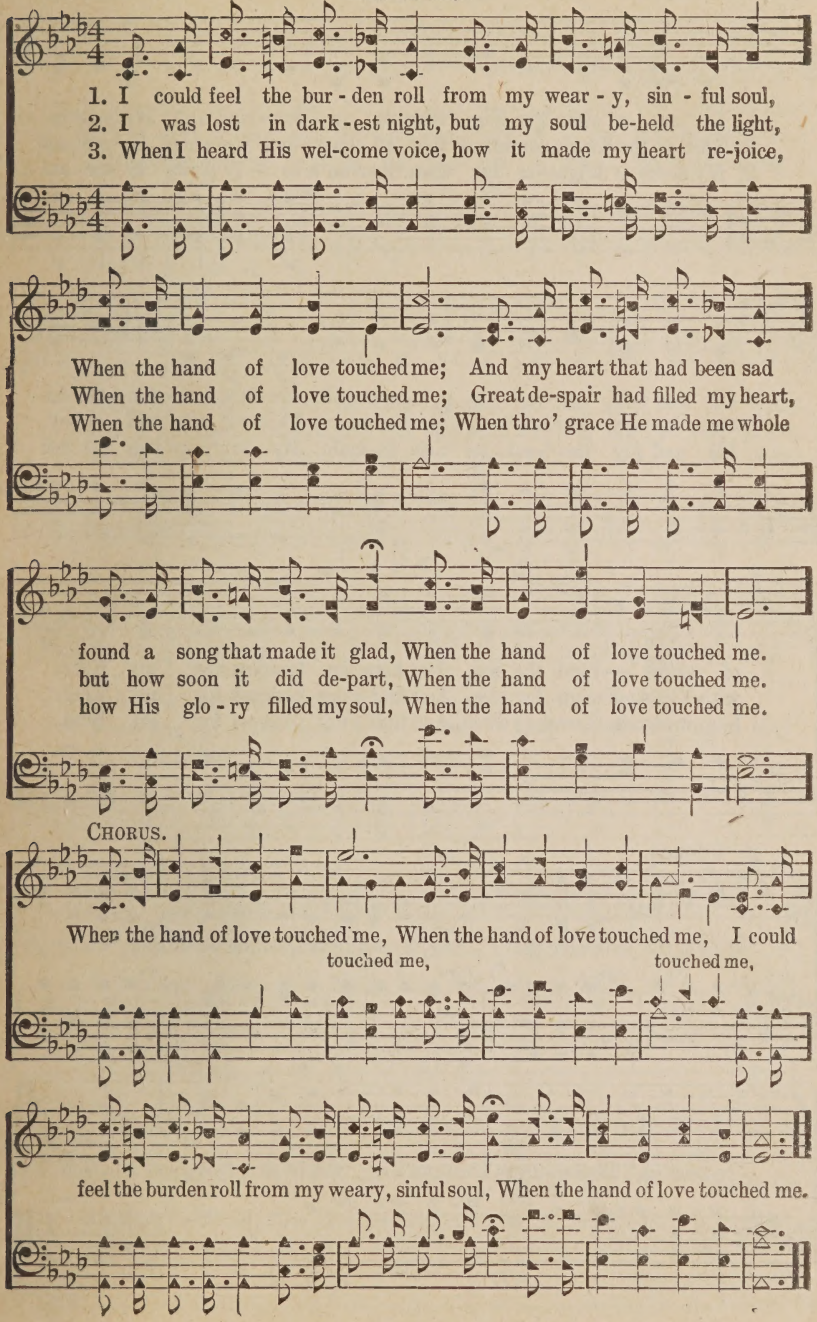


When nothing else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift-ed me.

No. 3. When The Hand of Love Touched Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. Homer F. Morris.

WORDS AND MUSIC.



No. 4. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land; My home is
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal

far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be
turn a-way from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey,
life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell

of realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King.
how mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.

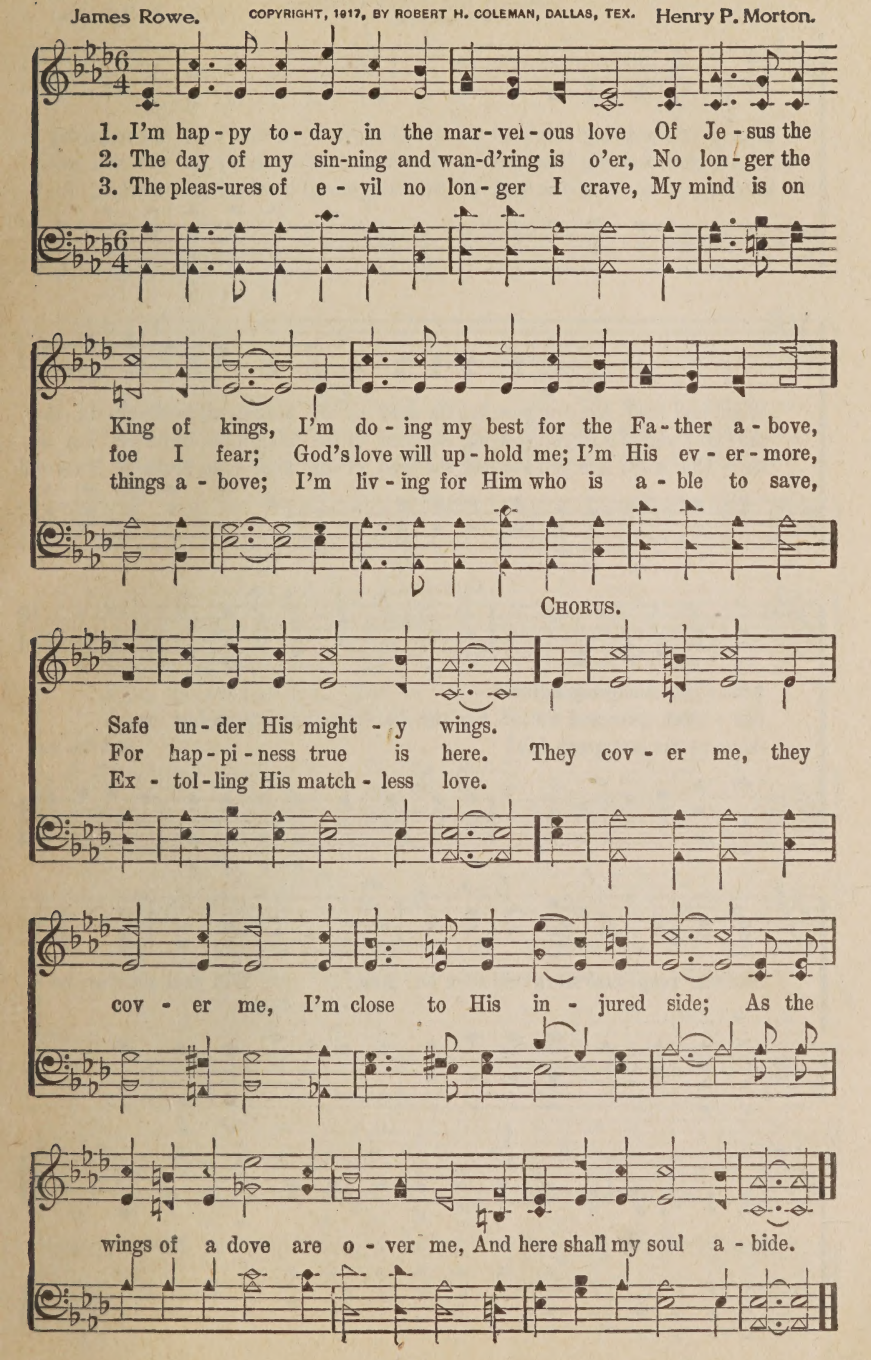
CHORUS.

This is the mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye

reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 5. Covered By His Wings.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX. Henry P. Morton.



No. 6. Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

F. A. F.

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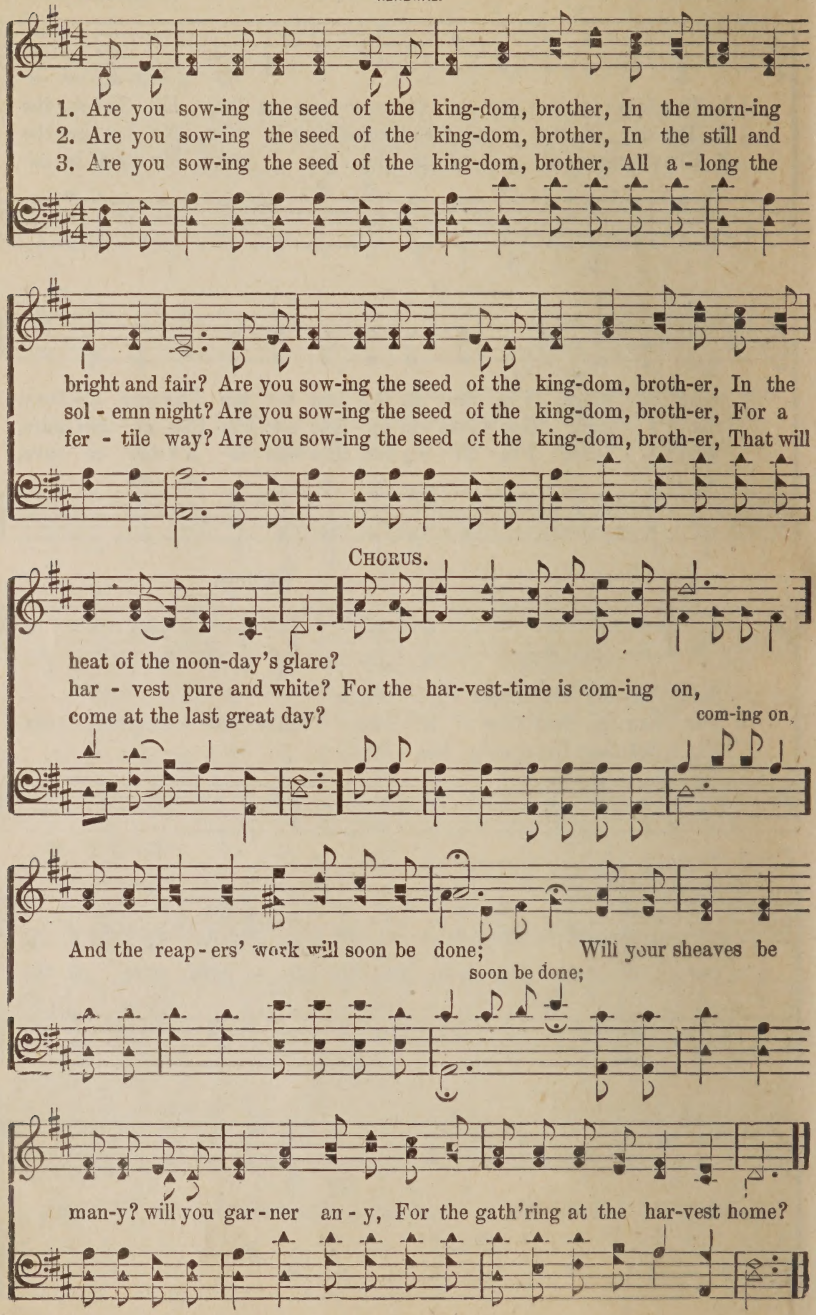
RENEWAL.

Fred. A. Fillmore.



No. 7.

Every Day.

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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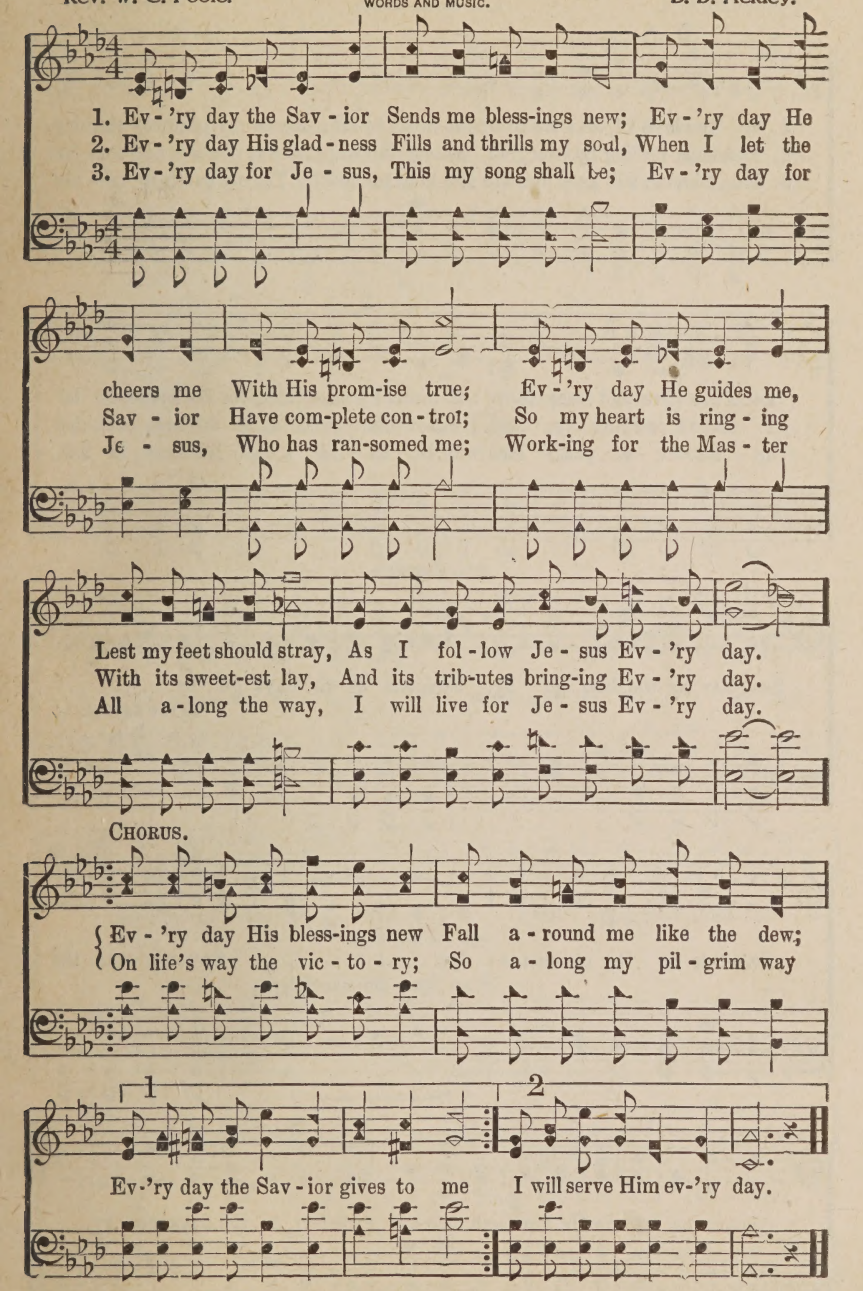
B. D. Ackley.



No. 8. Sweeter As the Days Go By.

James Rowe.

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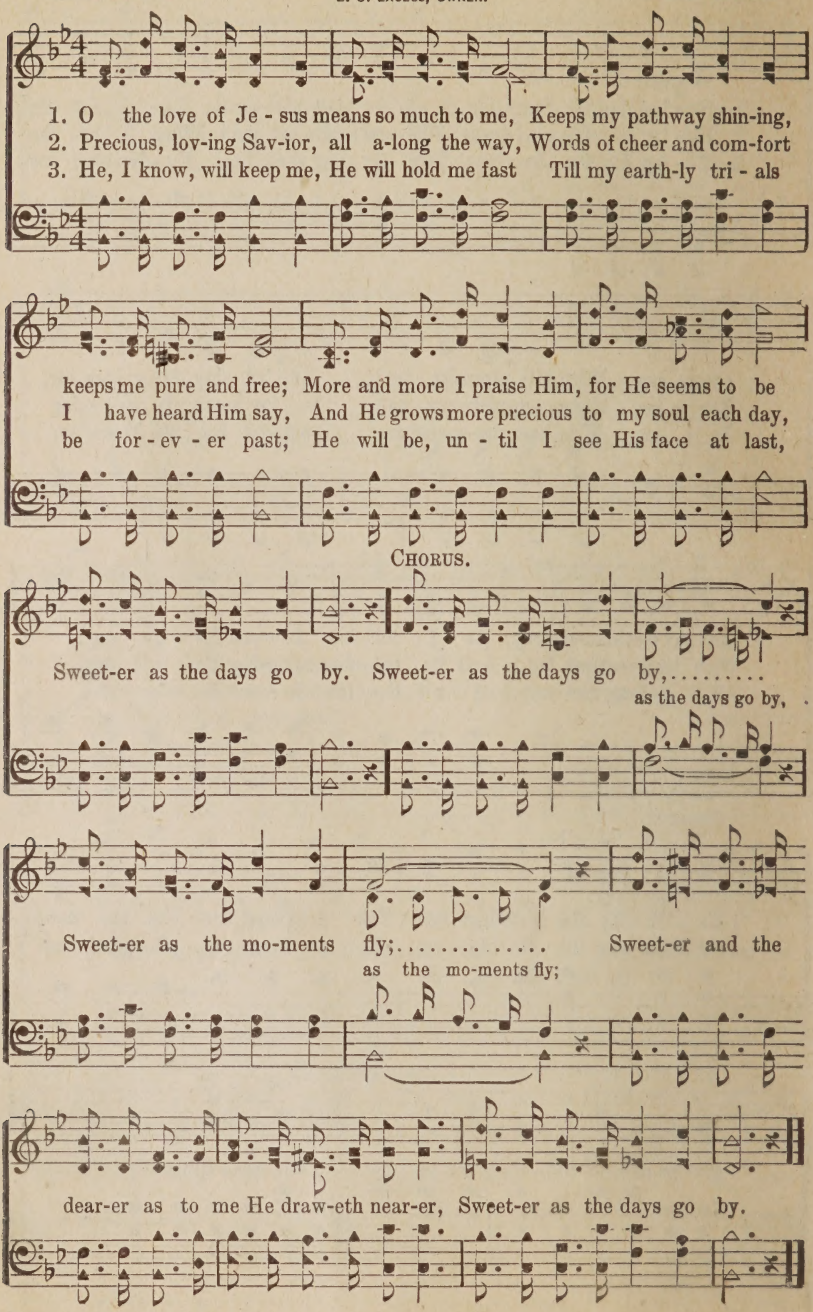
Hamp Sewell.



No. 9.

Tell Someone To-day.

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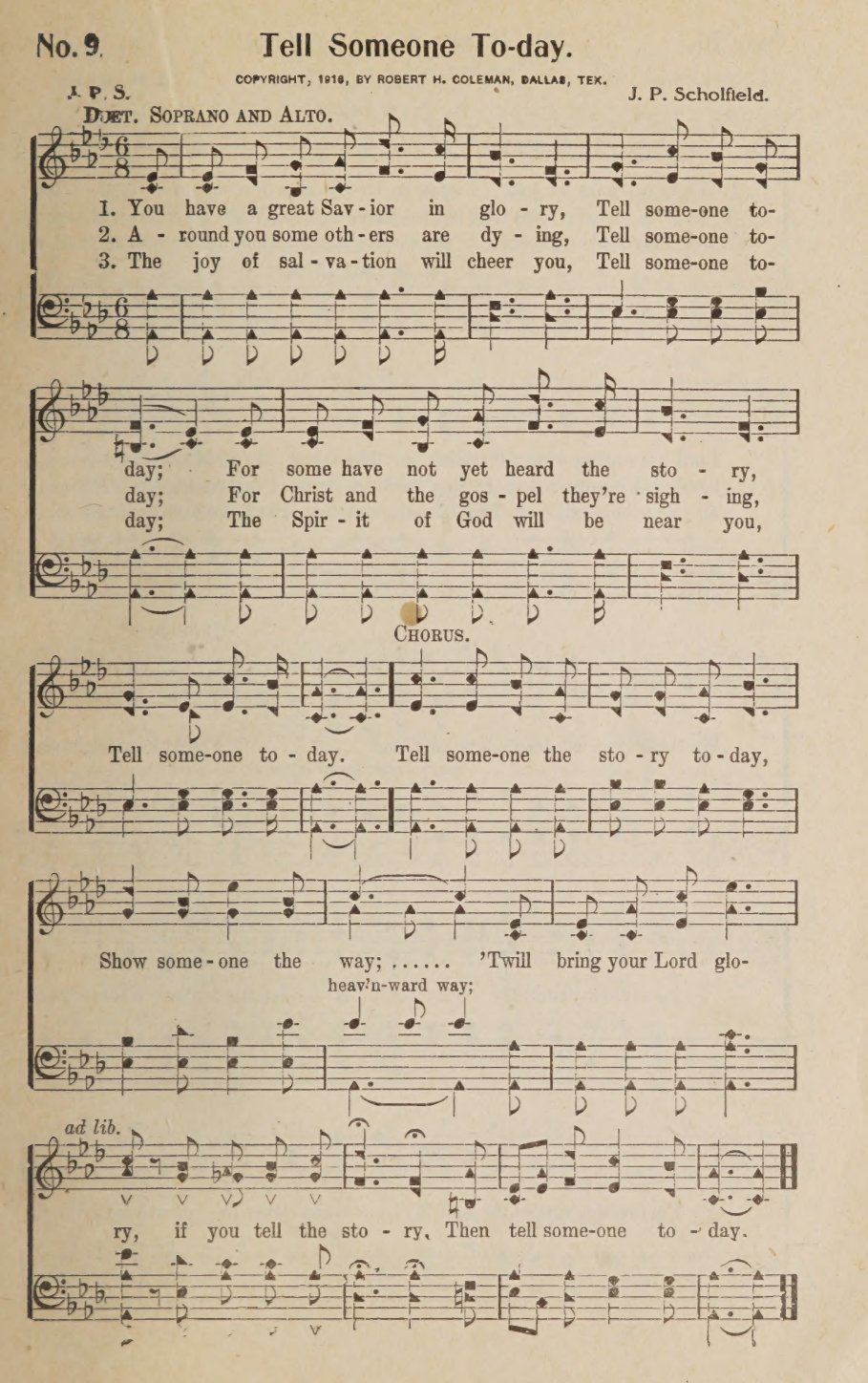
J. P. S.

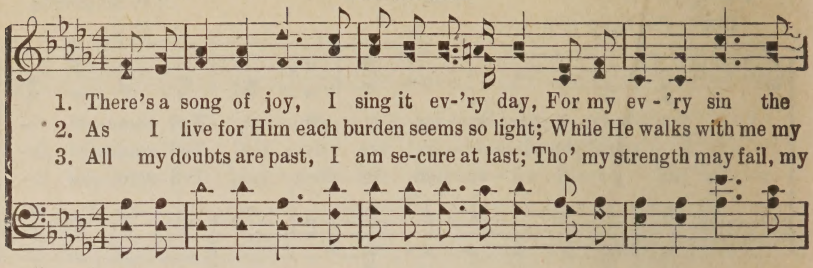
J. P. Scholfield.



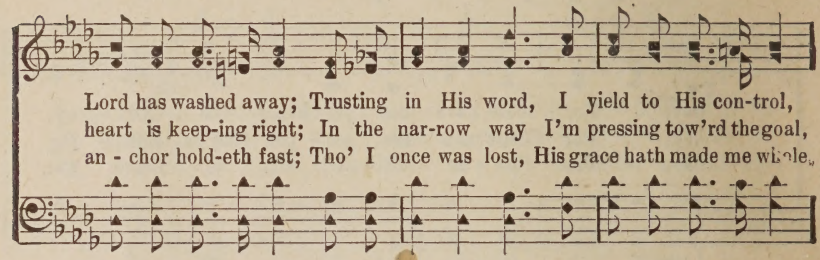
No. 10. My Heart Keeps Right.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. B. D. Ackley.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

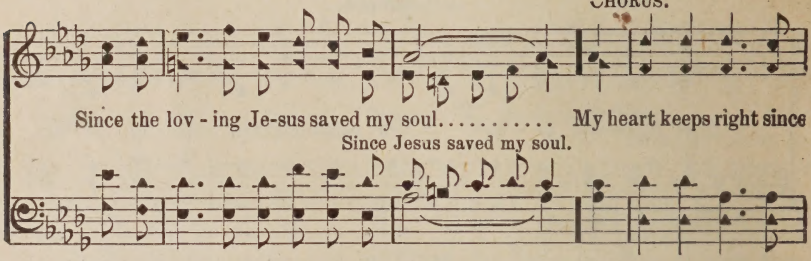


1. There's a song of joy, I sing it ev-'ry day, For my ev-'ry sin the
2. As I live for Him each burden seems so light; While He walks with me my
3. All my doubts are past, I am se-cure at last; Tho' my strength may fail, my

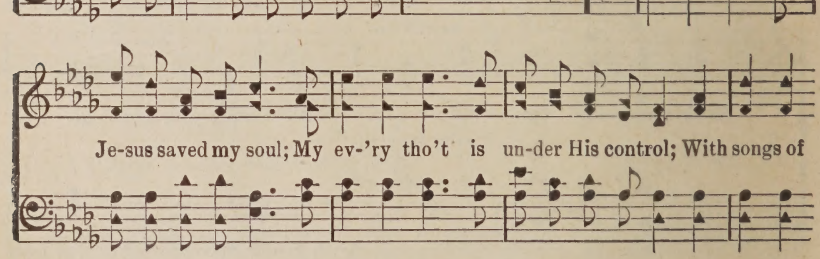


Lord has washed away; Trusting in His word, I yield to His con-trol,
heart is keep-ing right; In the nar-row way I'm pressing tow'rd the goal,
an-chor hold-eth fast; Tho' I once was lost, His grace hath made me whole.

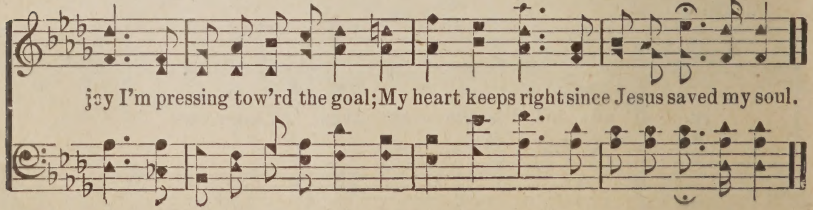
CHORUS.



Since the lov-ing Je-sus saved my soul..... My heart keeps right since
Since Jesus saved my soul.



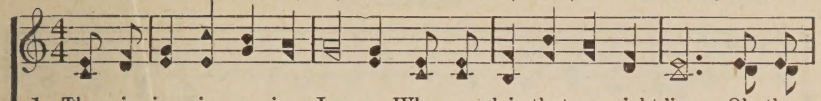
Je-sus saved my soul; My ev-'ry tho't is un-der His control; With songs of



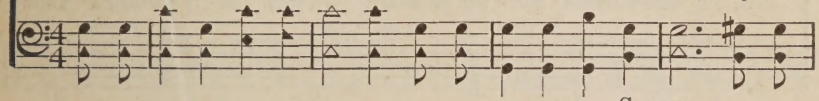
joy I'm pressing tow'rd the goal; My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul.

No. 11. Joy In Serving Jesus.

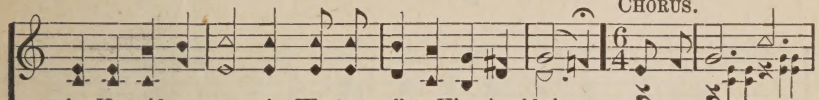
I. E. R. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX. I. E. Reynolds.



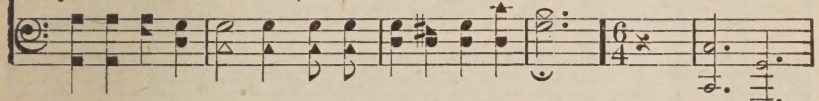
1. There is joy in serv-ing Je - sus, Who was slain that we might live; Oh, the
2. There is joy in serv-ing Je - sus, Tell - ing of His love so true, How He
3. There is joy in serv-ing Je - sus, Oh, be faith-ful to the end; By and



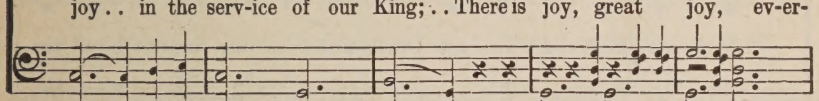
CHORUS.



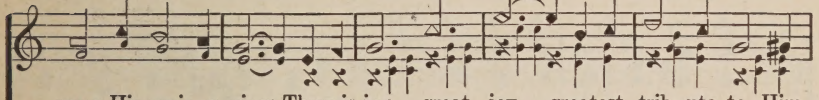
price He paid to save us!—We our all to Him should give.
spilt His blood so precious, That the lost might take Him too. There is joy, great
by we'll stand be-fore Him, Let us e'er His cause de - fend.



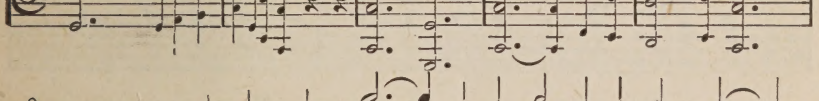
joy.. in the serv-ice of our King;.. There is joy, great joy, ev-er-



more His prais-es sing; There is joy, great joy,.. greatest trib-ute to Him



bring;.. There is joy, great joy... in the serv-ice of our King...



No. 12. Jesus in My Heart.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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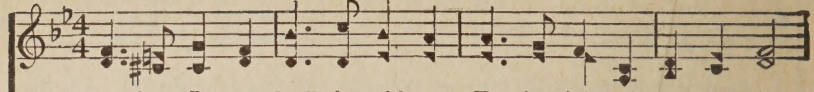
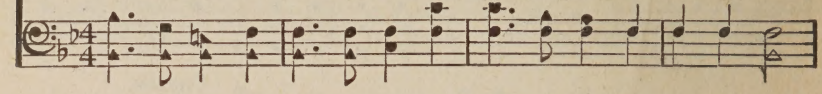
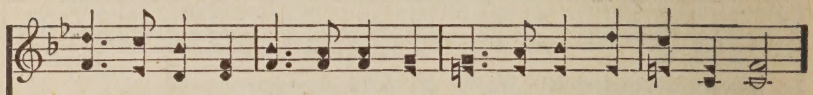
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

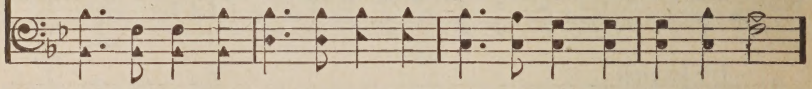


1. I have Je - sus dwell - ing with me Ev - 'ry hour of ev - 'ry day,
2. Tho' my pathway leads thro' shadows, I can hear His voice di - vine,
3. In this world of liv - ing pleas-ure "Je - sus on - ly" would I know;

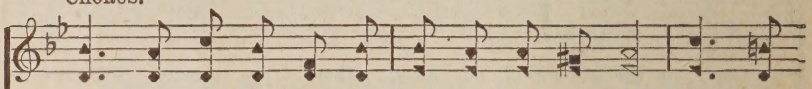




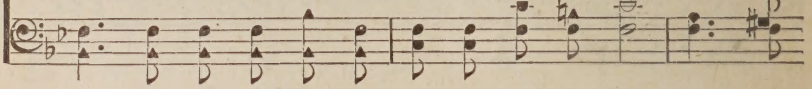
So what-ev - er may be - fall me, "All is well," my heart can say.
And can feel the lov - ing hand-clasp Of a Fa - ther's hand on mine.
Sat - is - fied His steps to fol - low, And His great sal - va - tion know.

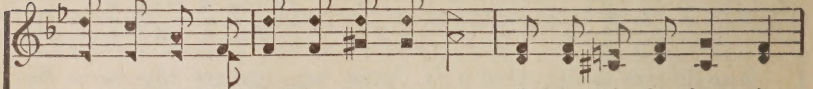


CHORUS.

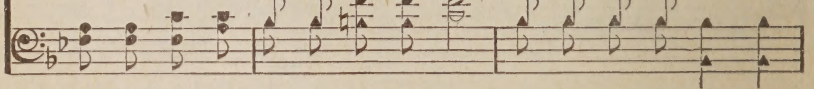


Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus Dwells with - in my heart, In the





tem - ple for His dwell-ing set a - part; I can ne'er be lone - ly,



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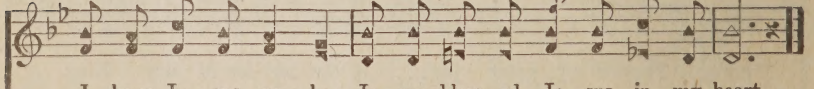
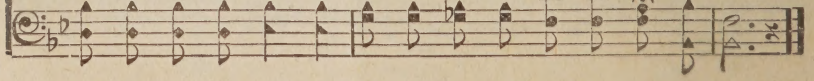


I have Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus in my heart.



No. 13. Love for You and Me.

A. C. F.

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Albert C. Fisher.

1. What made the Lord lay a - side His glo - ry? Love for you,
2. What made Him sad, kept His dear heart sigh - ing? Love for you,
3. Why still a - bove is He in - ter - ced - ing? Love for you,

love for me. What is the theme of the earth - ly sto - ry?
love for me. What made Him plead for the lost when dy - ing?
love for me. Why is He still for the sin - ner plead-ing?

CHORUS.

Love for you, love for me. Love for you, love for you and me,

Love as broad as a shore - less sea, Love for the lost

and the sad and wear - y, Love for you, love for me.

No. 14.

O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

rit. CHORUS. *Faster.*

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . O that will be
O . . . . that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

No. 15. Dearer Than All.

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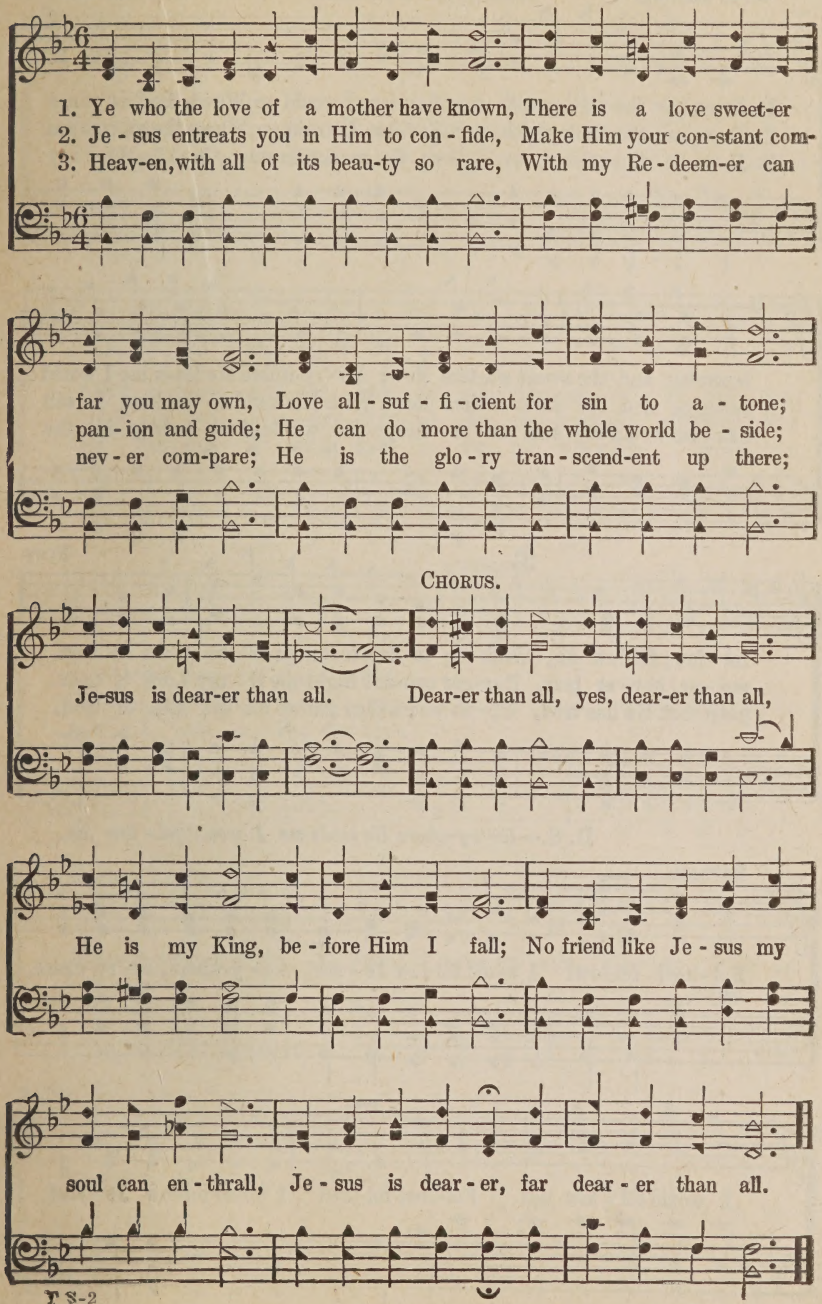
A. H. A. Alfred H. Ackley.



No. 16. Follow On.

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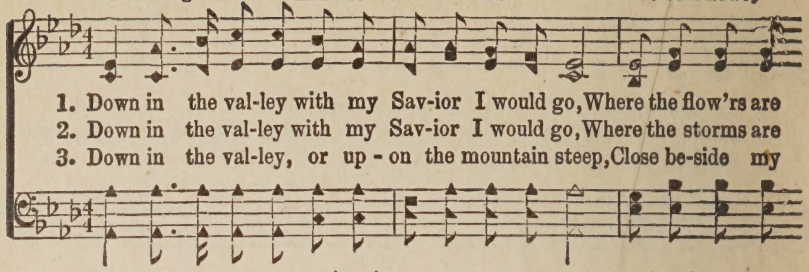
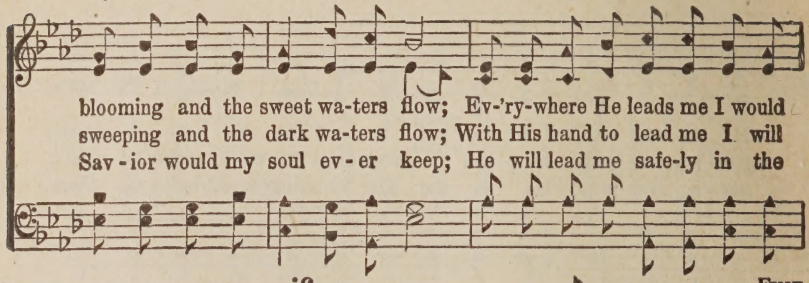
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

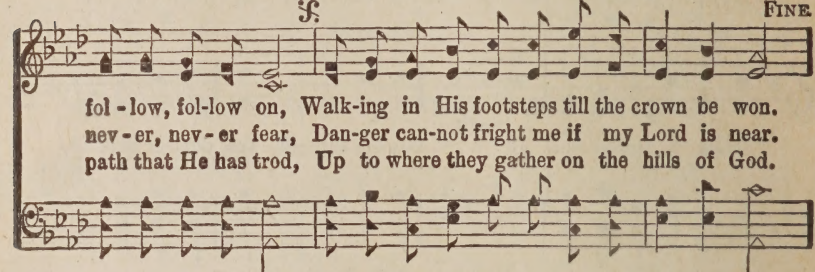
W. O. Cushing. Robert Lowry.



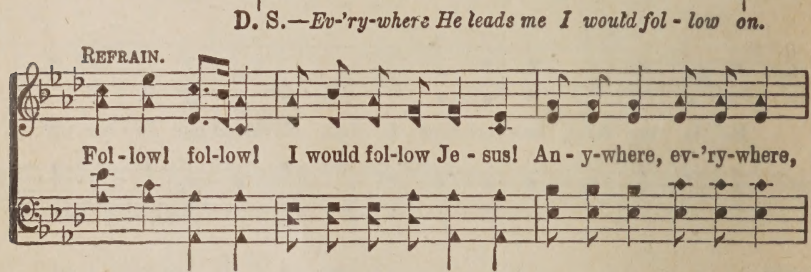
1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be-side my



blooming and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would
sweeping and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
Sav - ior would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the

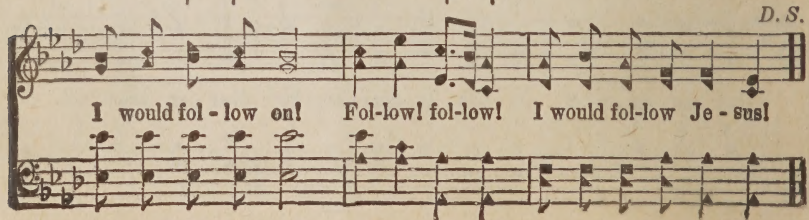


fol - low, fol-low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.
nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.



D. S.—*Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol - low on.*

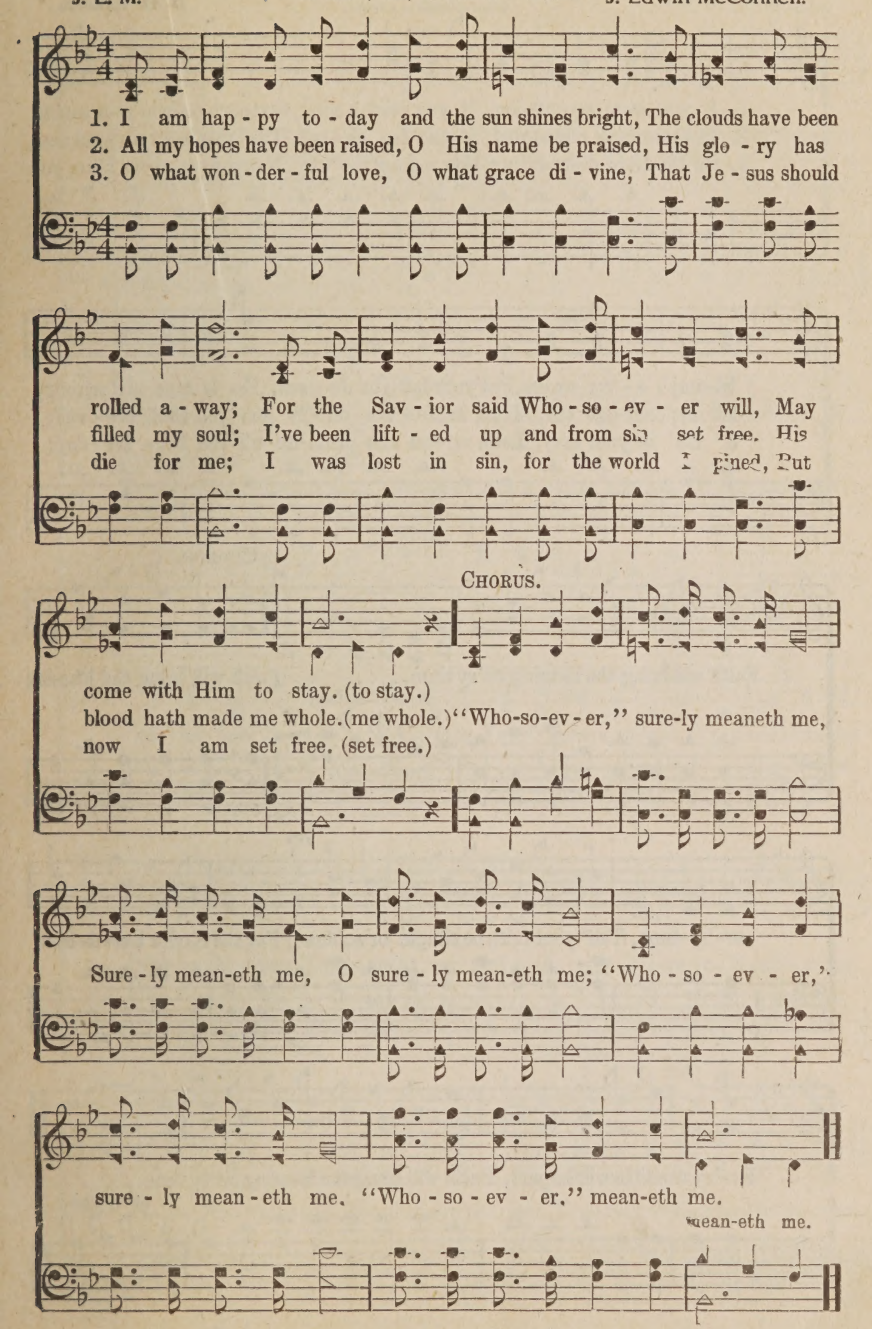
REFRAIN.



Fol - low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je - sus! An - y-where, ev-'ry-where,
I would fol - low on! Fol-low! fol-low! I would fol-low Je - sus!

No. 17. "Whosoever" Meaneth Me.

J. E. M. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. J. Edwin McConnell.



No. 18. Faith Will Bring the Blessing.

James Rowe.

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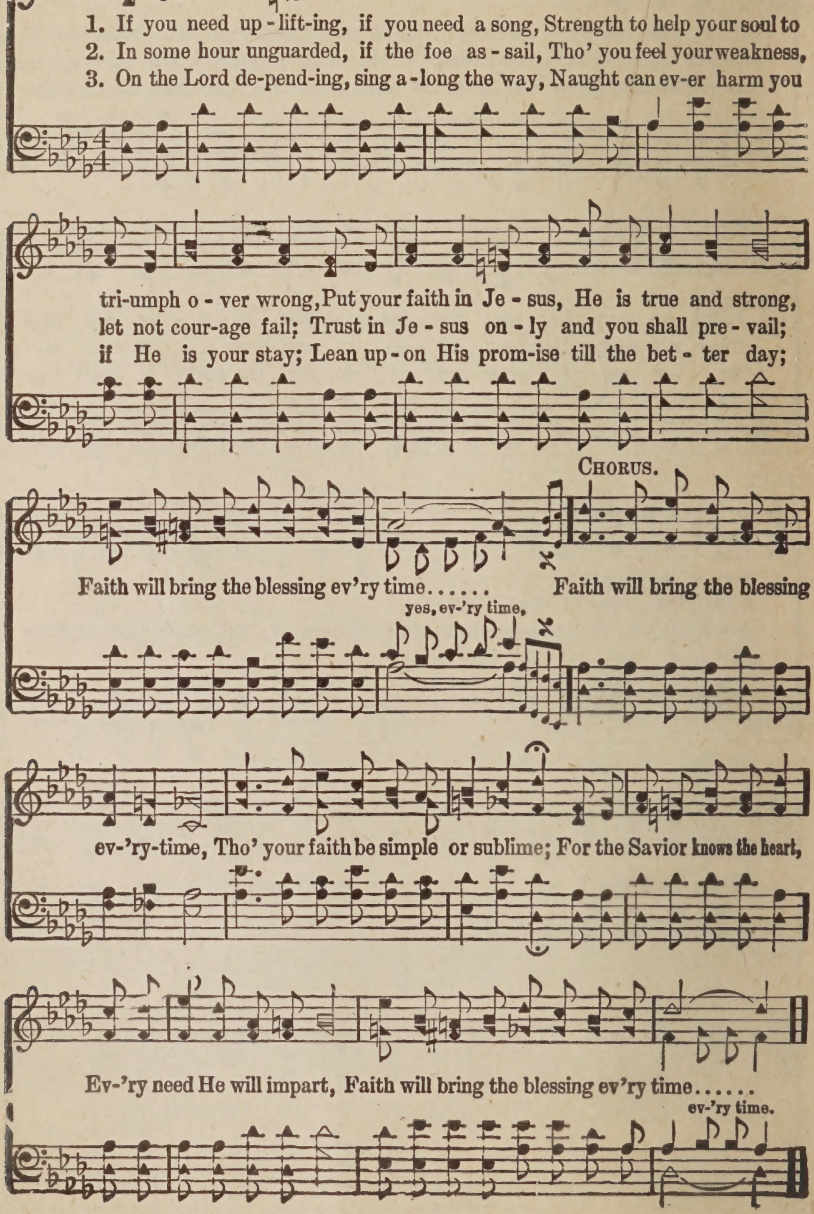
B. D. Ackley.



No. 19. "Anchor Your Soul to the Cross."

J. P. S.

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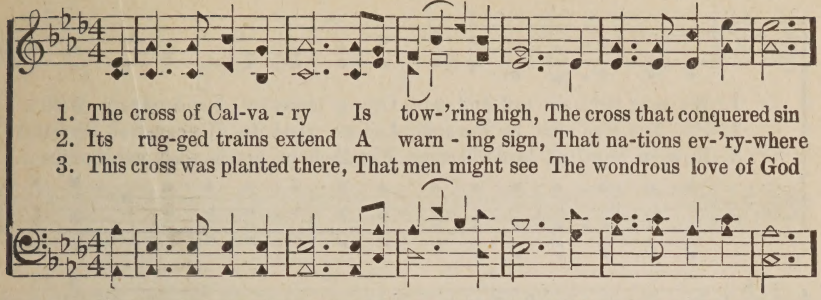
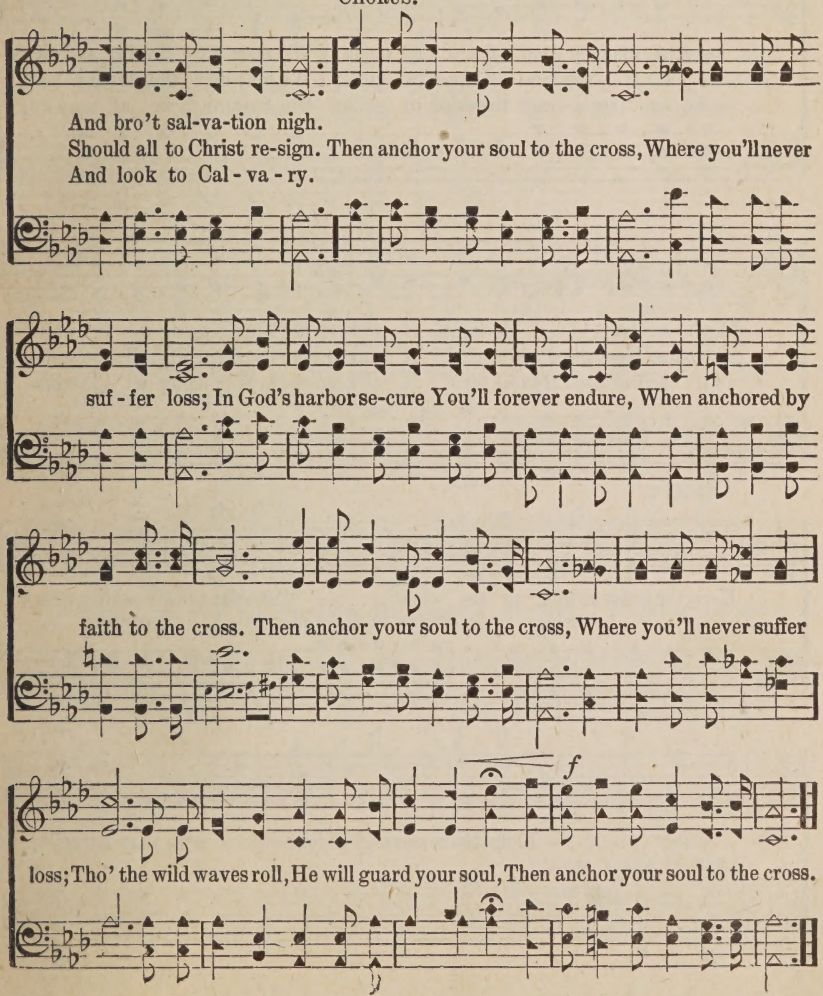
DALLAS, TEXAS.

J. P. Scholfield.



CHORUS.



WILSON

No. 20. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

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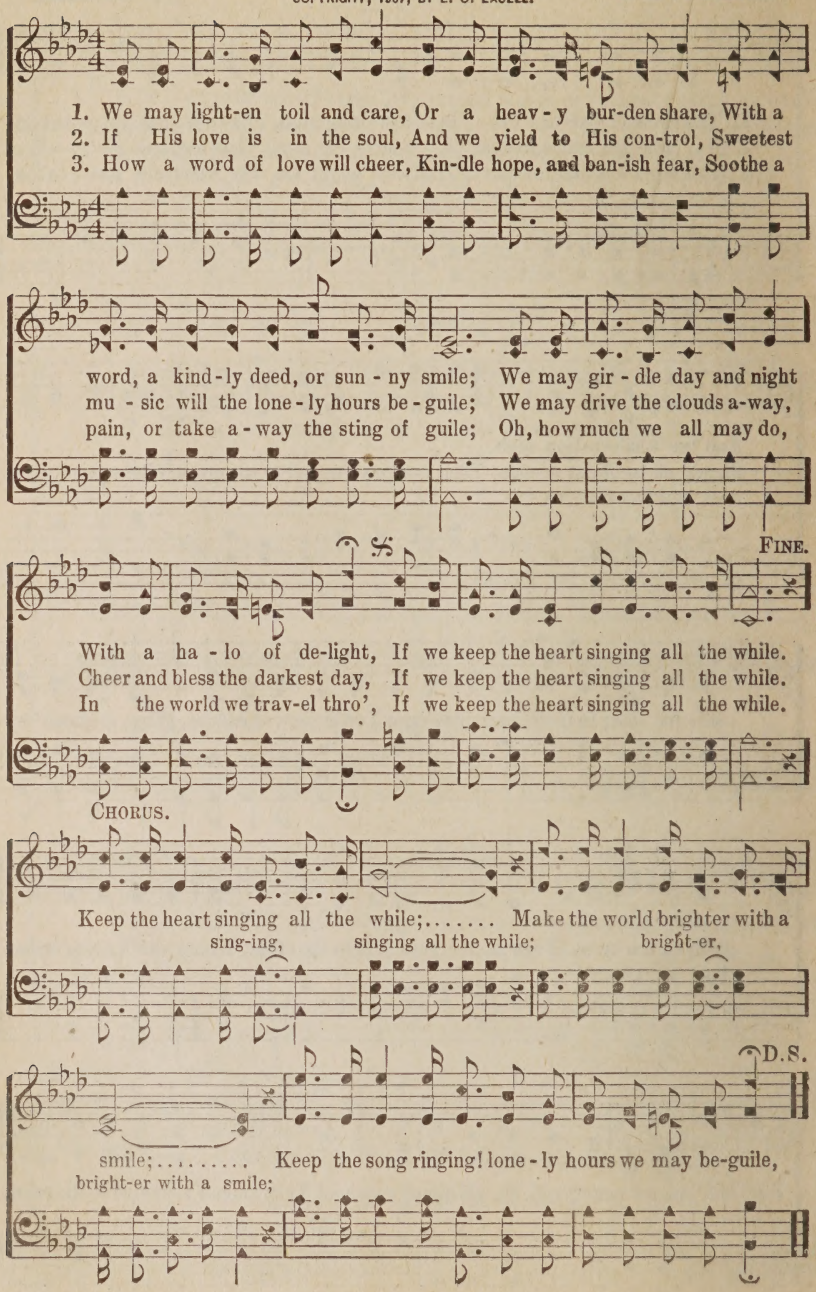
Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 21. You Ought to Know Him.

H. O. Devah.

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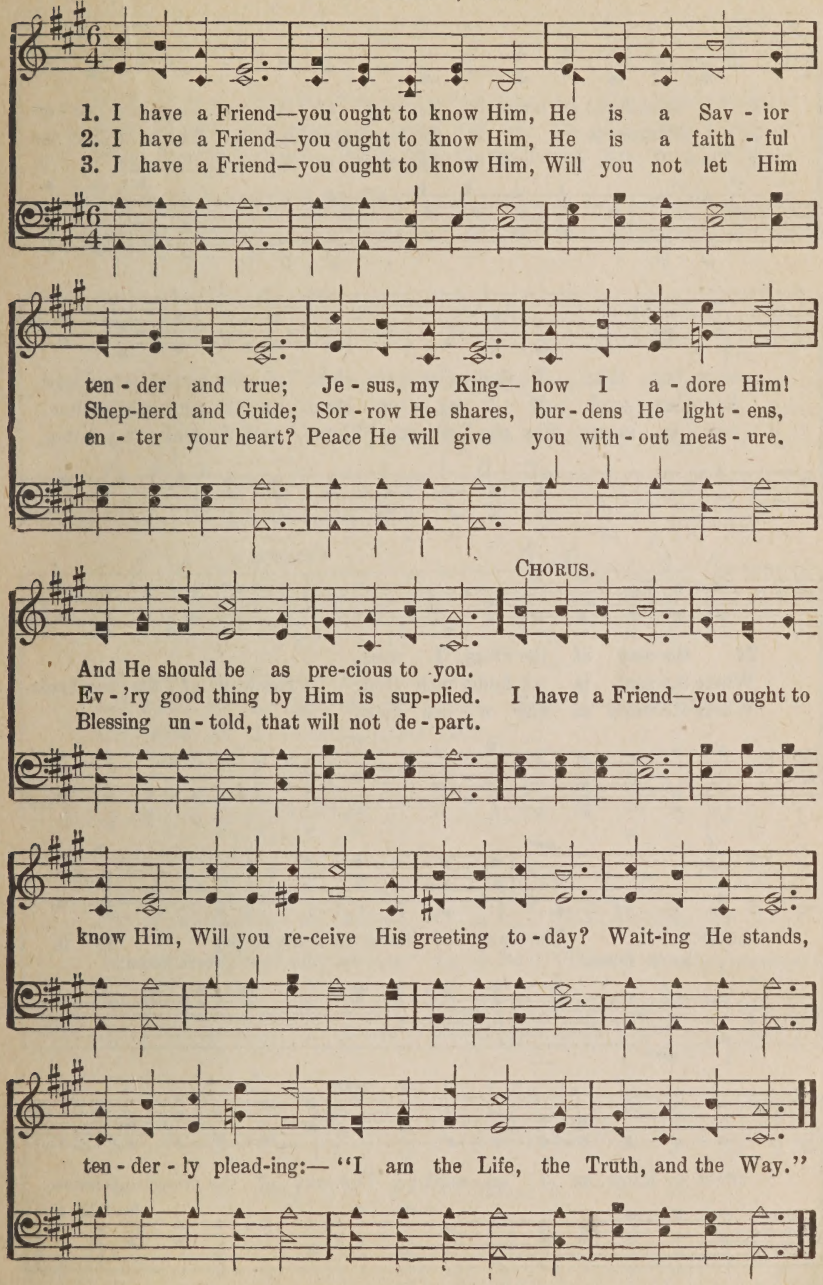
Wm. Edie Marks.



No. 22. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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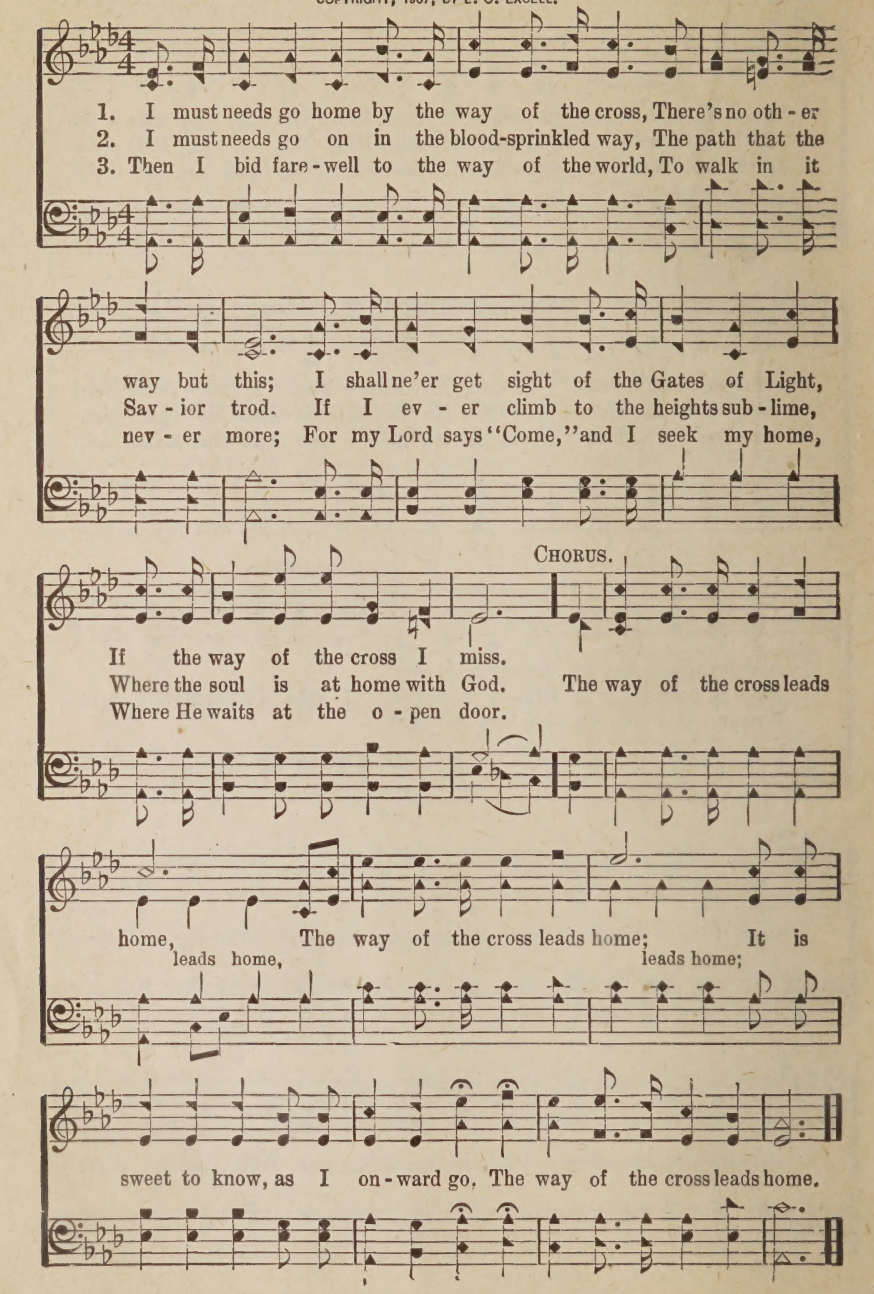
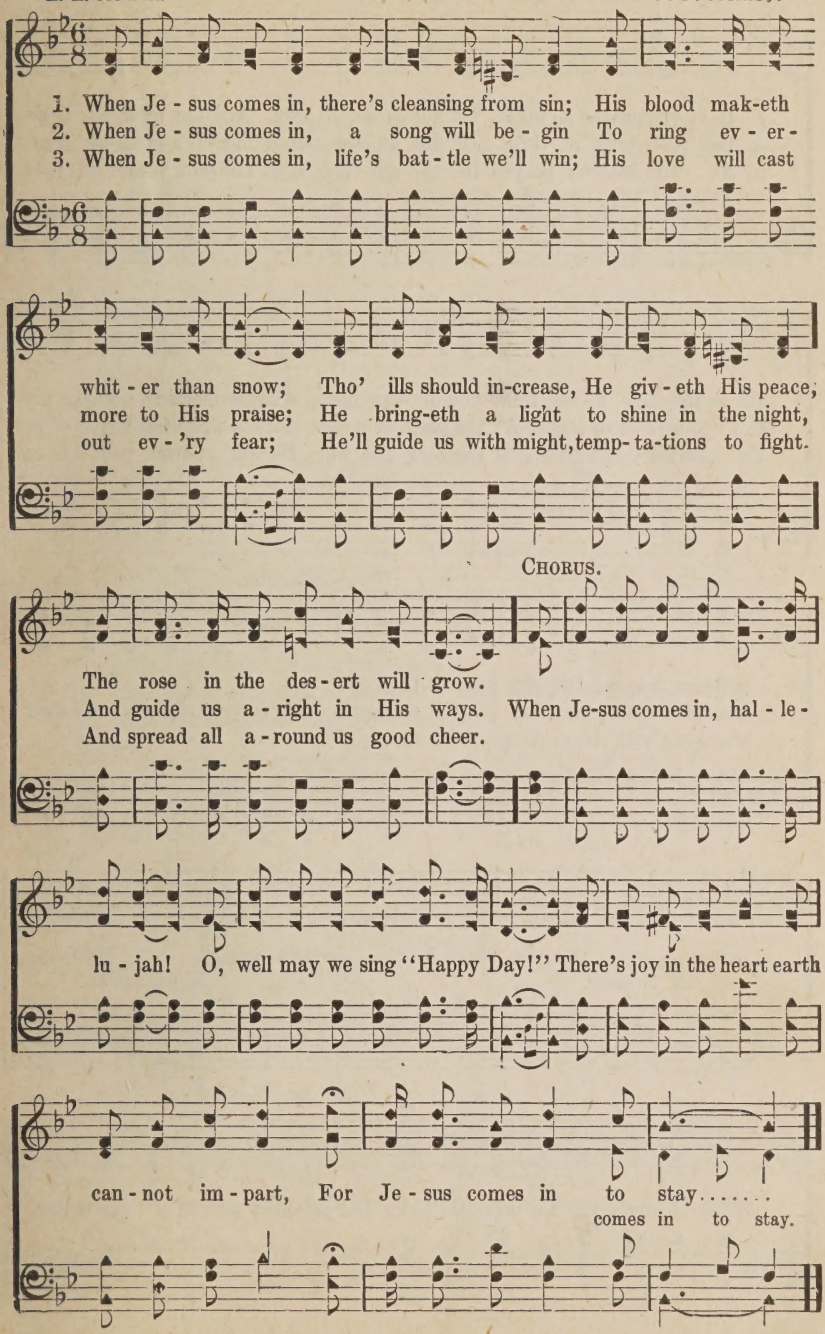
Chas. H. Gabriel.



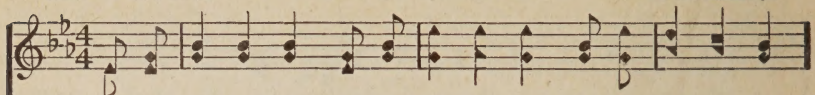
No. 23. When Jesus Comes In.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY B. D. ACKLEY. B. D. Ackley.

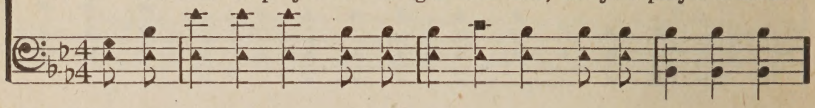


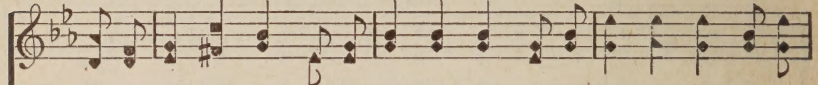
No. 24. Have You Prayed it Through?

Rev. W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY B. D. ACKLEY. B. D. Ackley.

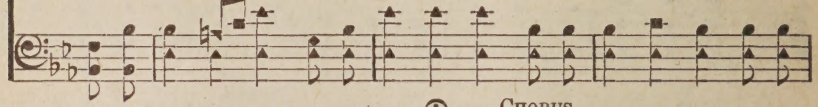


1. Have you prayed all night, Till the break of day, And the morn-ing light
2. Did you pray it thro' Till the an-swer came? There's a prom-ise true
3. As the Mas-ter prayed In the gar-den lone, Let your prayer be made

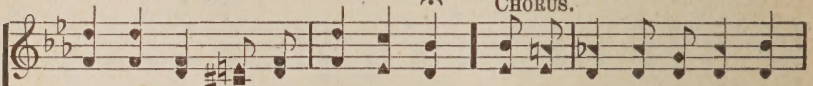




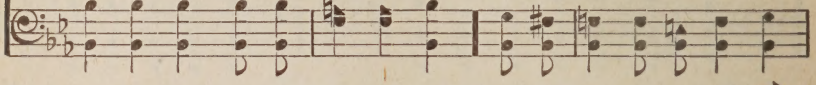
Drove the dark a-way? Did you lin-ger there, Till the morning dew, In pre-
For your faith to claim; At the place of prayer Je-sus waits for you, Did you
To the Fa-ther's throne; If you seek His will He will an-swer you; Are you

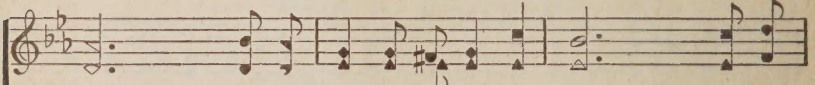


CHORUS.

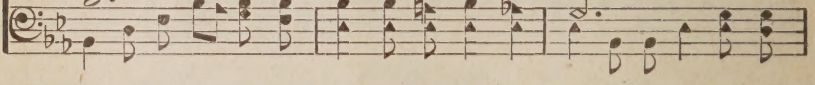


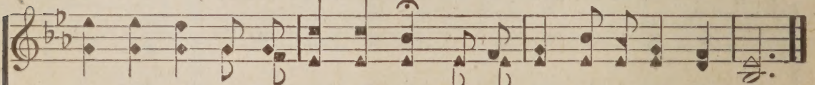
vail-ing prayer—Did you pray it through?
meet Him there, Did you pray it through? Did you pray till the an-swer
trust-ing still, Have you prayed it through?



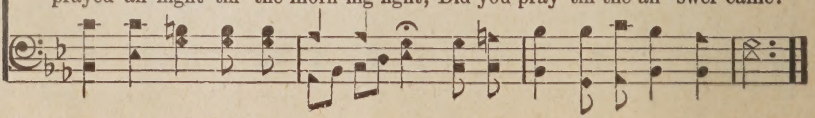


came, Did you plead in the Sav-ior's name? Have you
till it came, in His name?





prayed all night till the morn-ing light, Did you pray till the an-swer came?



No. 25. In the Blessed By and By.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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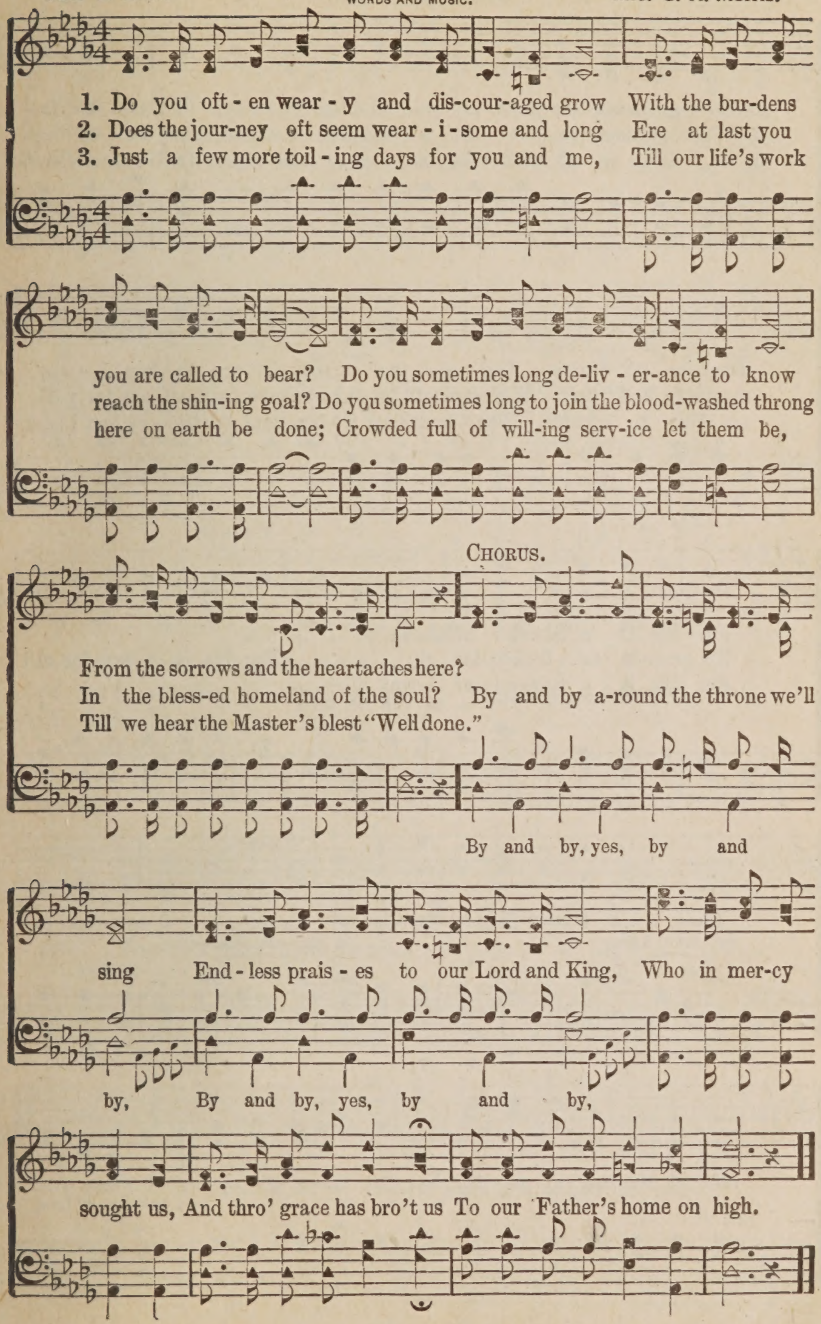
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



No. 26.

A Savior of Love.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. How grate-ful the prais-es we of-fer to-day, To Christ the Re-
2. What pa-tience to lift us a-gain and a-gain, Tho' oft-en we
3. O Giv-er of faith that in-creas-es our sight, O Rock that shall

deem-er we prove; Our sins, tho' as scar-let, are ta-ken a-way,
stum-ble and fall; With strength for our weakness, and sol-ace for pain,
nev-er re-move, The en-trance a-bun-dant to Glo-ry and Light;

CHORUS.

For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .
His grace is suf-fi-cient for all. . . . . For He is a Sav-ior of
For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . - .

a Sav-ior of Love. a

Love, . . A won-der-ful Sav-ior of Love; , . O come and par-

Sav-ior of Love, a Sav-ior of Love;

take of His mer-cy to-day, For He is a Sav-ior of Love. . . .

a Sav-ior of Love.

No. 27. "For You."

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

J. P. Scholfield

1. There's a hill lone and gray far a - way, From whose height flows a foun - tain for you; There's a deep heal-ing stream there to - day,
2. There the life - blood of Christ flowed for you, That o'er sin you might have vic - to - ry, That thro' faith you might have life a - new,
3. Will you drink from that fountain to - day? Hear the call of the Sav - ior to you; Will you en - ter the safe nar-row way,

CHORUS.

Where grace rich and free flows for you.
And from con-dem - na - tion be free. There's grace flow-ing now for you,
And seek by His grace to be true? There's a place 'neath the cross for you; If you'll on - ly be-lieve and the Sav - ior re-ceive, There is grace flowing now for you.

for you, for you; for you.

No. 28. Will Your Heart Ring True?

Almeda Hall Tarrant.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

Not too fast.

1. When your path is smooth and peaceful, And your skies are clear and blue,
2. When the beau - ty bend-ing rain-bow Lays its treas-ures at your feet,
3. When you think you're full - y trust-ing In the Sav-ior's match-less love,

You may smile in glad con-tent-ment All the hap - py morn-ing thro';
And a field of lov - ing friend-ships Makes your hap-pi - ness com-plete,
And thro' faith you feel the woo - ing Of com-pan - ion - ship a - bove,

If af - flic-tion's call is sound-ed, And the num-ber rings for you,
If you meet with sad re - vers - es And the tempt-er fa - ces you,
If the clouds of doubt as - sail you Will you look be - yond the blue,

dim. FINE.

When the clapper strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?

D. S.—*clap-per strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?*

CHORUS. D. S.

Will your heart ring true? Are you loy-al thro' and thro'? When the

No. 29.

Open the Gates.

I. E. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. When my course on earth is run, Done with all its blight-ing sin;
2. World-ly pleas-ures are but naught, When compared with that I win;
3. Help me lead the lost to Thee, That Thy ways they may be - gin;

Read - y for the crown I've won, O-pen the gates and let me in.
Heav'nly place with joy 'tis fraught, O-pen the gates and let me in.
With Thee, Lord, to ev - er be, O-pen the gates and let me in.

CHORUS.

O - pen the gates, dear Lord, and let me in; O - pen the
O - pen the gates, dear Lord, and let me in, O - pen the

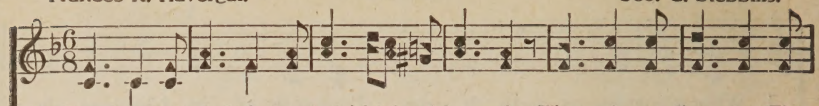
gates, dear Lord, and let me in; I'll serve Thee and
gates, dear Lord, and let me in,

praise Thee for - ev - er and aye, O - pen the gates and let me in.

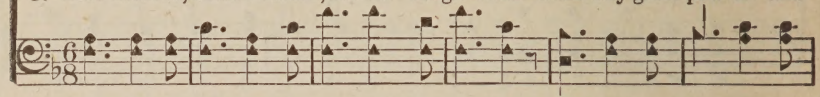
No. 30. True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL.

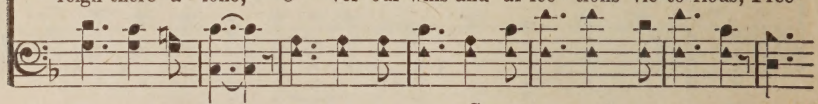
Frances R. Havergal. Geo. C. Stebbins.



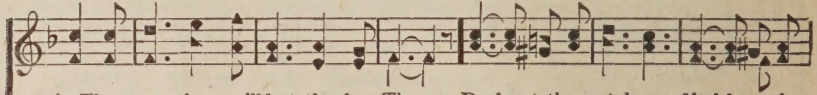
1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loy - al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full-est al-le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all-glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and



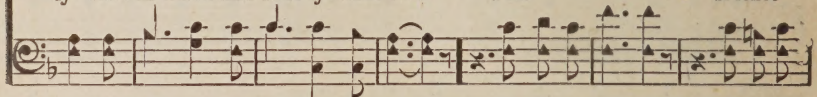
grace we will be; Un - der the stand-ard ex-alt - ed and roy - al, Strong
glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en-deav - or and lov - ing o-be-dience, Free-
reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af-fec - tions vic-to-rious, Free-



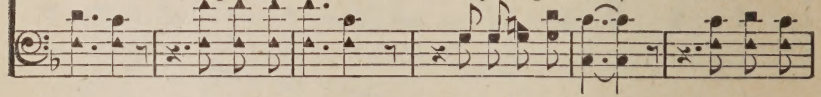
CHORUS.



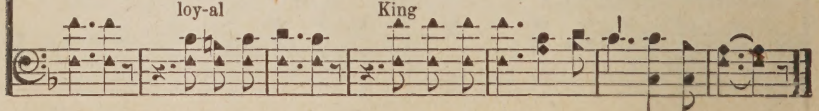
in Thy strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it
ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
ly sur-ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal si-lence



nev-er! Song of our spir-its re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the
Song re-joic-ing and free; Peal



watch-word! loy - al for-ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
loy-al King



No. 31. Sweeter and Dearer.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS. I. E. Reynolds.

1. How sweet is the love of my Sav-ior and King, For-ev-er my
2. It light-ens my sor-rows, and troub-le and care, And caus-es my
3. It gives me a car-ol to sing thro' the night, And cheers my soul

song it shall be; For day aft-er day, while its prais-es I sing,
path-way to shine; It helps me for Je-sus to do and to dare,
on-ward each day; So tru-ly I trust it till faith end in sight,

CHORUS.

'Tis grow-ing still sweet-er to me.
And nev-er will let me re-pine. 'Tis sweet-er and dear-er each
And shad-ows have fad-ed a-way.

day, ... And sweet-er and dear-er 'twill be;..... While
each day, 'twill be;

here I remain, and when Heaven I gain, It still will grow sweeter to me.

No. 32. With Me All the Way.

Mrs. N. P. C.

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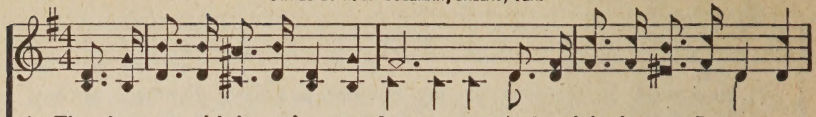
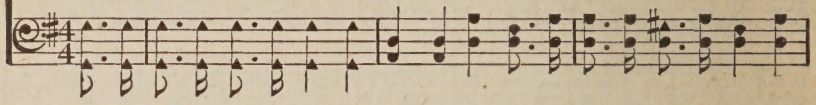
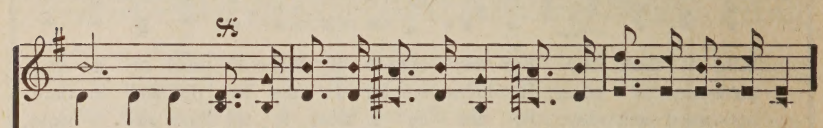
Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler.



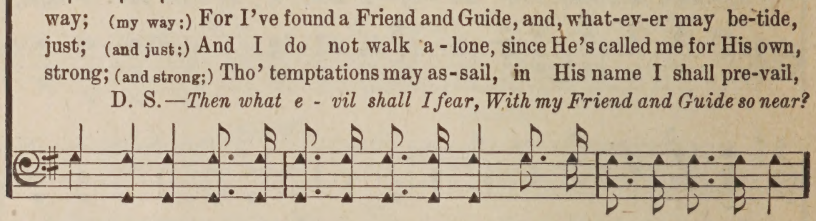
1. There's a song with-in my heart to-day, (to-day,) And re-joic-ing go I on my
2. Oh, this song shall be a song of trust, (of trust,) For His ways are always right and
3. Thro' His grace I'll sing the victor's song, In His strength, for right be firm and vic-tor's song.

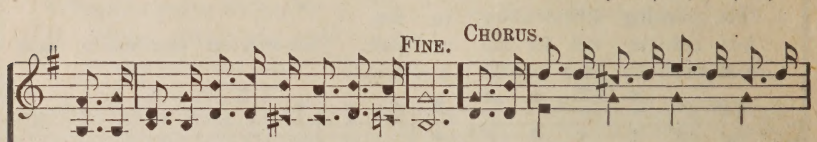




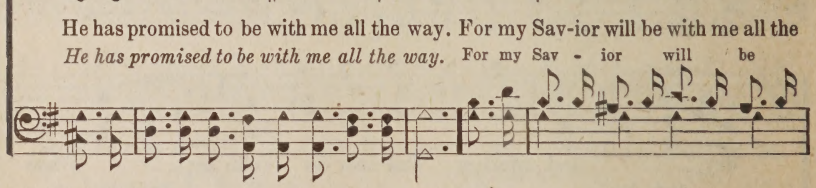
way; (my way;) For I've found a Friend and Guide, and, what-ev-er may be-tide,
just; (and just;) And I do not walk a-lone, since He's called me for His own,
strong; (and strong;) Tho' temptations may as-sail, in His name I shall pre-vail,

D. S.—*Then what e-vil shall I fear, With my Friend and Guide so near?*

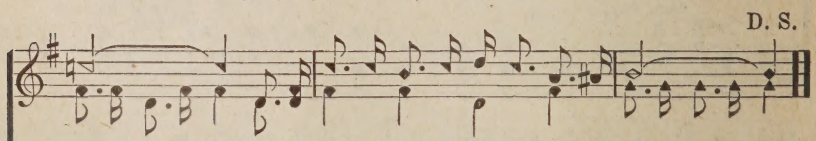




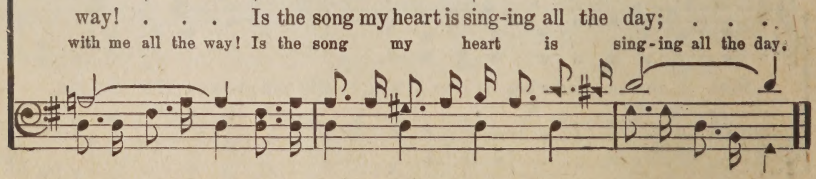
He has promised to be with me all the way. For my Sav-ior will be with me all the
He has promised to be with me all the way. For my Sav-ior will be



D. S.



way! . . . Is the song my heart is sing-ing all the day; . . .
with me all the way! Is the song my heart is sing-ing all the day.



No. 33. There's Room At the Cross for You.

R. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBERT JOLLY.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER, DALLAS, TEXAS.

Robert Jolly.

1. The Sav - ior and the sin - ner meet, At the bless - ed cross of Cal - va - ry; Just lay your sins at Je sus' feet; There's room at the cross for you. There's room at the cross for you, for you.

2. Does not there come a sense of guilt? And do you feel your self con-demned? For your re - demp - tion blood was spilt; There's room at the cross for you; Make sur - ren - der full, com-plete, for you;

3. O can't you hear the Sav - ior's call, As there He hangs up- on the tree? From off your heart He'll lift sin's pall; There's lay your sins at Je - sus' feet, There's room at the cross for you. for you.

CHORUS.

No. 34.

His Way With Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. S. N. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

1. Would you live for Je - sus and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him

Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur-den,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor

CHORUS.

car-ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need never fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
always at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.

ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

rit.

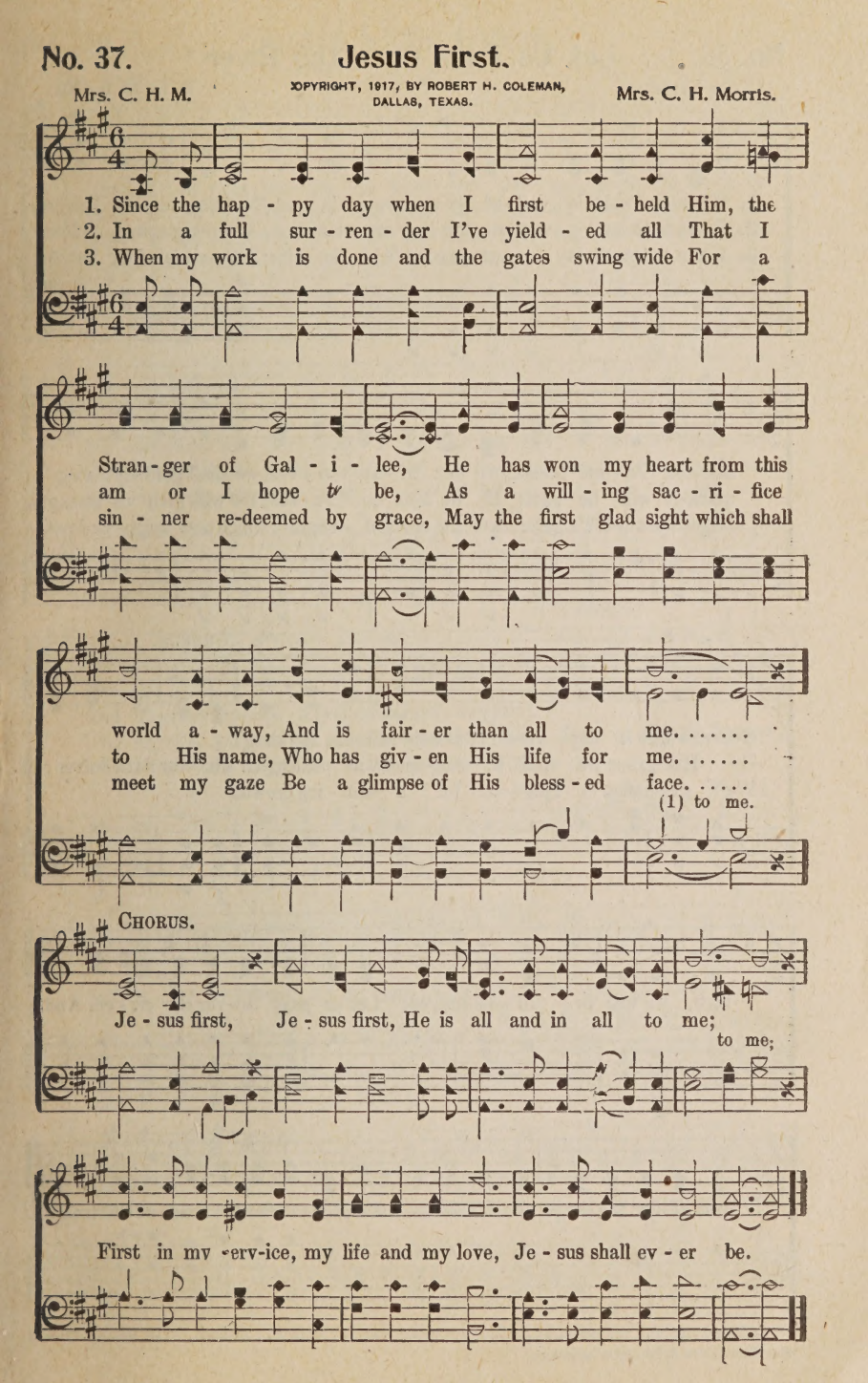
fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

No. 37. Jesus First.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



No. 38. Let Us Pass Over the River.*

Kate Cameron. R. M. McIntosh.

1. When our work is end-ed, we shall sweet-ly rest 'Mid the saint-ed spir-its,
2. Earth hath man-y sorrows, but they can-not last, And our greatest troubles
3. When the storm is o-ver, sweet will be the calm; Aft-er life's long bat-tle,

safe on Je-sus' breast; All our tri-als o-ver, we shall glad-ly sing,
quick-ly will be past; If we look to Je-sus, He will give us strength;
bright the vic-tor's palm; And the cross of anguish which now weighs us down,

CHORUS.

Grave! where is thy vic-t'ry? Death! where is thy sting?
By His grace we shall be con-quer-ors at length. Tho' the dark waves roll
We'll ex-change in Heav-en for a shin-ing crown.

high, we will be un-dis-mayed; "Let us pass o-ver the riv-er, And

rest un-der the shade, rest un-der the shade, Rest under the shade of the trees."

* This hymn was suggested by the last and dying words of Stonewall Jackson. The closing lines of the Chorus are in his own language.

No. 39. "Just a Little Longer."

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Just a lit - tle lon - ger to work for Je - sus, Days for earth - ly
2. Just a lit - tle lon - ger the seed to scat - ter Out up - on the
3. Just a lit - tle lon - ger to lift the fall - en, Pre-cious, nev - er-

toil are short and few; Just a lit - tle lon - ger to fight life's bat - tles,
har - vest-fields so wide; Just a lit - tle lon - ger the sheaves to gath - er,
dy - ing souls to save; Just a lit - tle lon - ger to tell the sto - ry,

CHORUS.

And to prove thy-self a sol - dier brave and true.
Com-ing with re-joic - ing at the e - ven - tide. Just a lit - tle lon-ger,
And to speed the mes-sage o'er the o - cean wave.

just a lit - tle lon-ger, O my soul, be patient, to the end en-dure; Just a

lit - tle lon-ger the cross to bear, Then a long e - ter - ni - ty the crown to wear.

No. 40.

Meet Me There.

H. E. Blair.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, IN RENEWAL.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. On the hap-py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a-way In - to pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.

2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in Heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er sparkling bright, In the cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.

3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

FINE.

D. S.—*hap - py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.*

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the Meet me there, Meet me there, Meet me there;

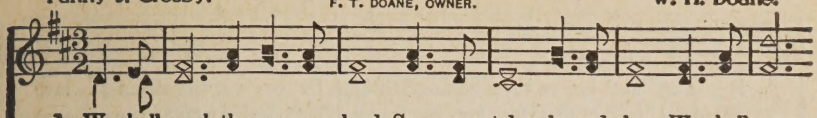
D. S.

No. 41. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

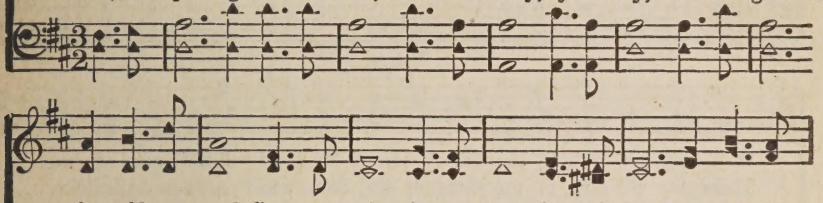
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.
F. T. DOANE, OWNER.

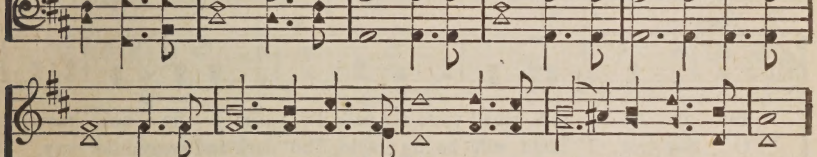
W. H. Doane.



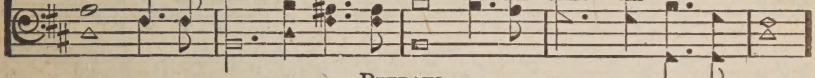
1. We shall reach the sum-mer-land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall press
2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by, We shall find
3. Oh, these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall gath-



the gold-en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; Oh, the loved ones watching
each bro-ken link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star that, fad-ing
er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be-fore our Father's



there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their joy to share,
here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more bright and clear,
throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are known,



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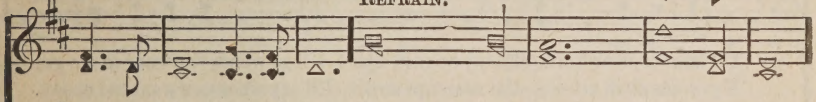
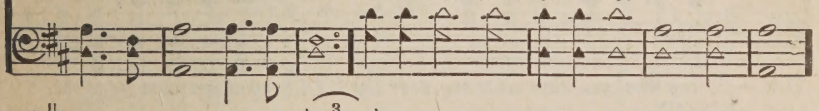
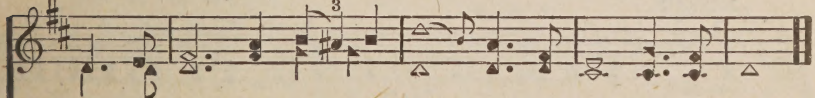
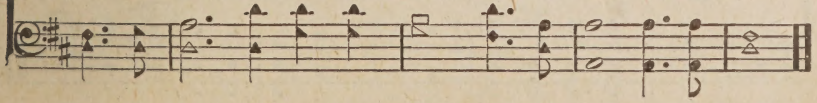


Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, Some sweet day,
By and by, yes, by and by,





We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by



No. 42. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

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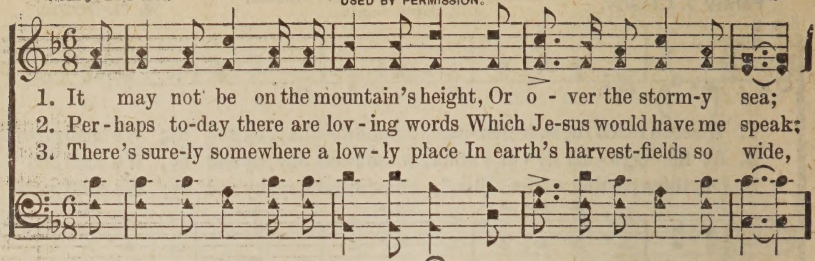
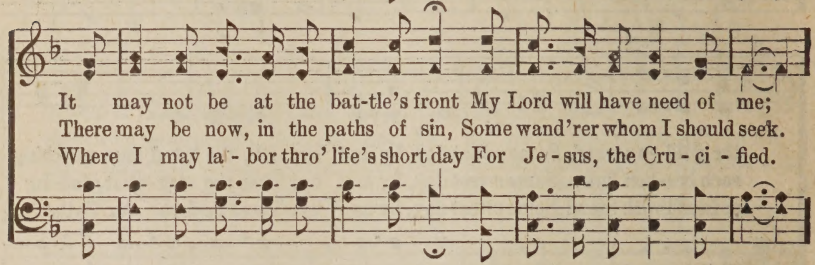
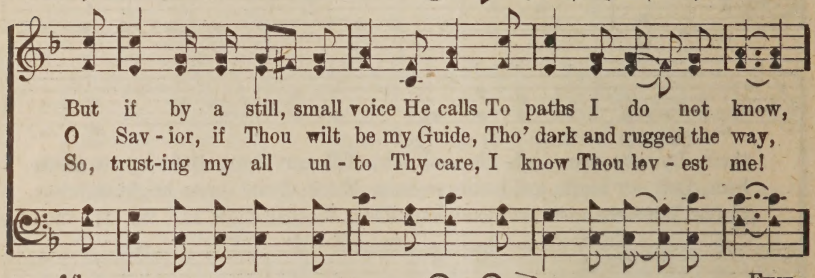
Carrie E. Rounsefell.



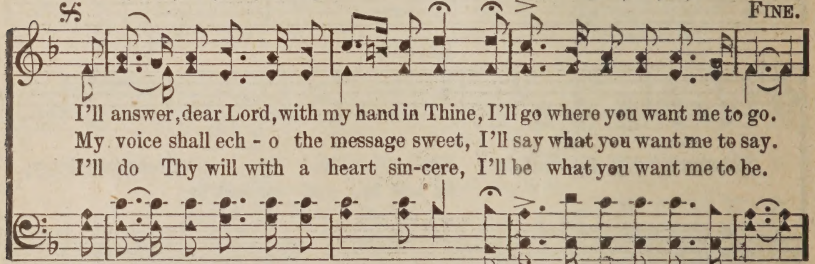
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's sure-ly somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.



But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So, trust-ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!

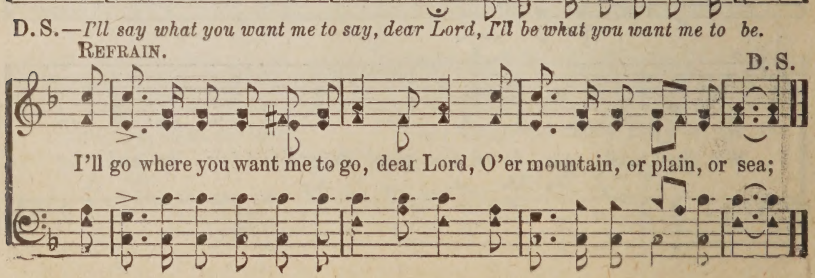


FINE.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S.—*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN.



D. S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

No. 43. We Will Talk It O'er Together By and By.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. We are trav'ling home to Heav-en by the straight and narrow way, Which the
2. There with Mo-ses and E - li - as, and with Pe-ter and with Paul, We'll re-
3. We will look back o'er the jour-ney by our heav'nly Father planned, Knowing

saints and mar-tyrs have be - fore us trod; In the cross of Christ we
count the triumphs of re - deem-ing grace; Best of all, we'll see our
that His will was best for you and me; And the things which here per-

glo - ry as we jour-ney day by day, Press-ing on-ward to the
Sav - ior, hail and crown Him Lord of all, And u - nite His praise to
plex us, which we can - not un - der-stand, In that glorious day of

D. S.—*come, and have reached our heav'nly home; We will talk it o'er to-*

FINE. CHORUS.

cit - y of our God. We will talk it o'er to-geth-er by and by,.....
sing thro' end-less days.
days made plain will be.

by and by,

geth - er by and by.

D. S.

When we reach that ho-ly cit - y, you and I,.....How thro' grace we've over-

No. 44. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF F. T. DOANE. W. H. Doane

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*

FINE.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. for Chorus.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears!
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

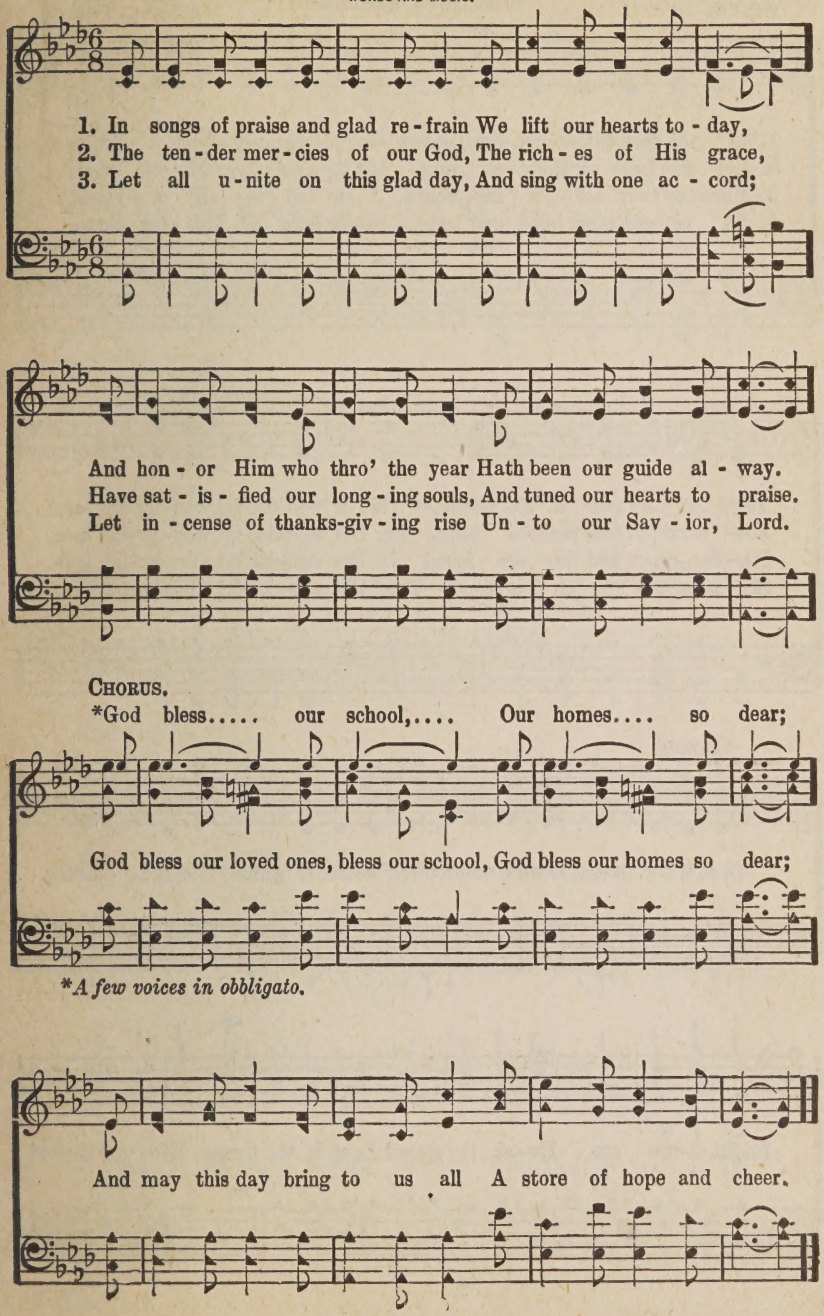
No. 45.

A Song of Cheer.

Rev. Henry Moser.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

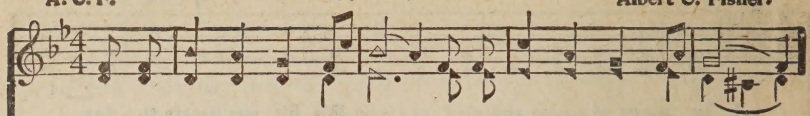


No. 46.

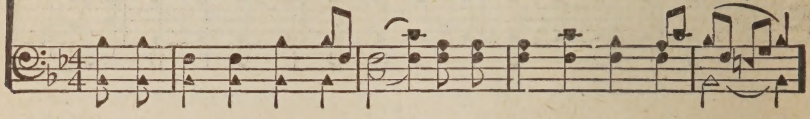
Love Is the Theme.

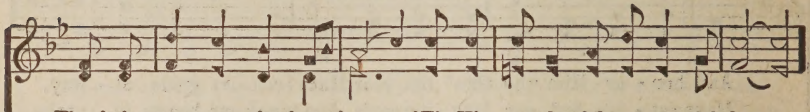
COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

A. C. F. *To my friend, L. E. Jones.* Albert C. Fisher.

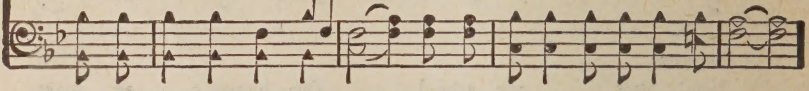


1. Of the themes that men have known, One su-preme-ly stands a - lone; . .
2. Let the bells of Heav - en ring, Let the saints their trib-ute bring, . .
3. Since the Lord my soul un - bound, I am tell - ing all a - round . .
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bless - ed Mas - ter came, . .

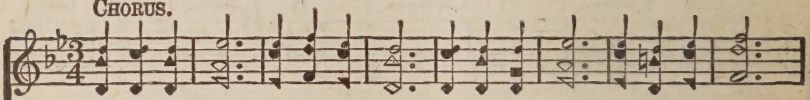




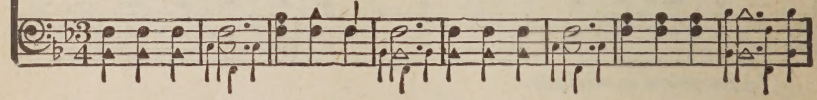
Thro' the a - ges it has shone,—'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Let the world true prais-es sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Par - don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
Sin - ners, call ye on His name,—Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.

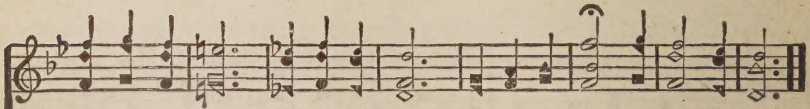


CHORUS.

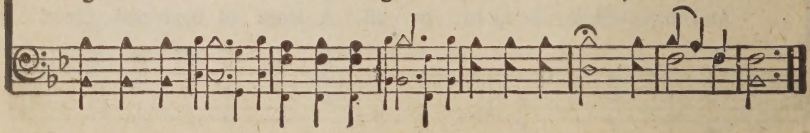


Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweeter it grows, Glo-ry be - stows;





Bright as the sun Ev - er it glows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme!



No. 47.

Kept for Jesus.

Edith G. Cherry.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
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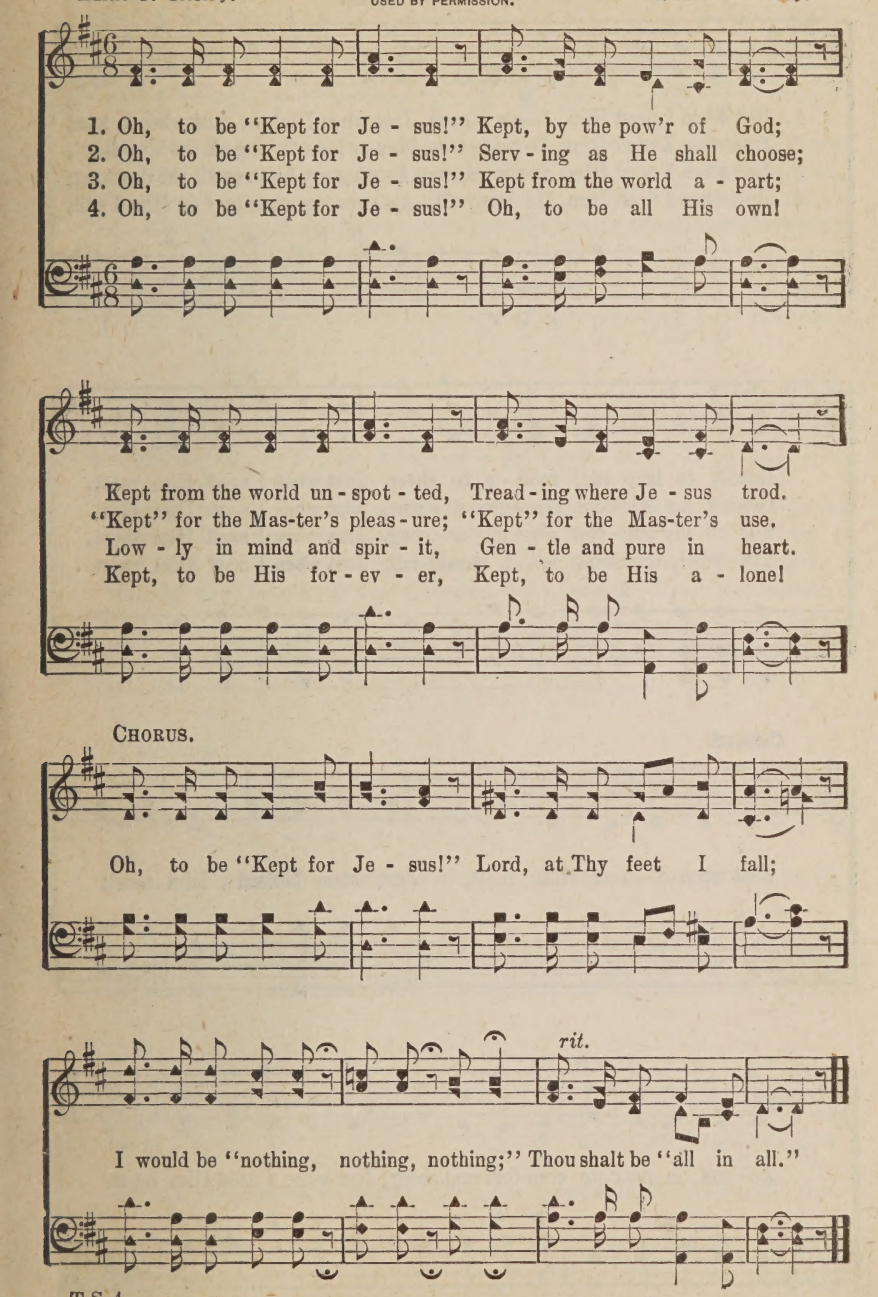
I. Allan Sankey.



No. 48. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

COPYRIGHT, 1908 BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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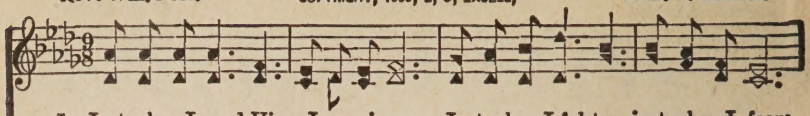
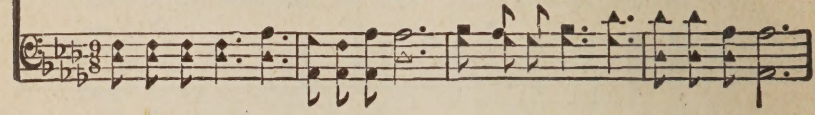
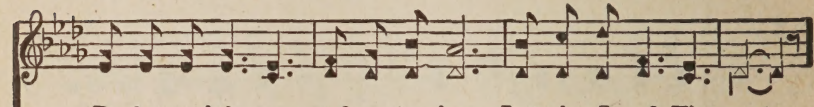
Chas. H. Gabriel.

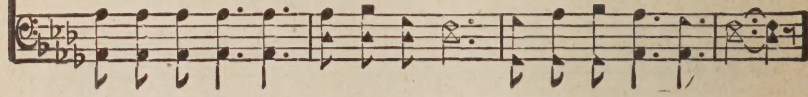


1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my burdens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

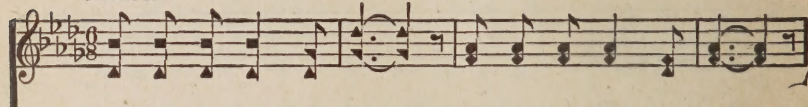




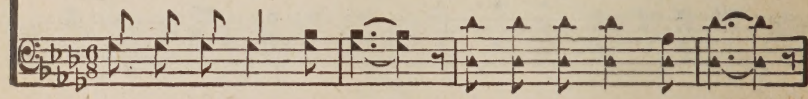
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleas-ures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.

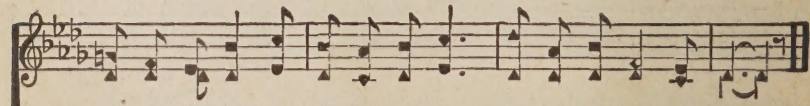


CHORUS.

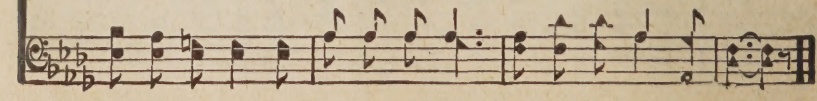


Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;





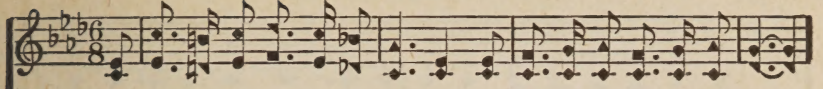
Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.



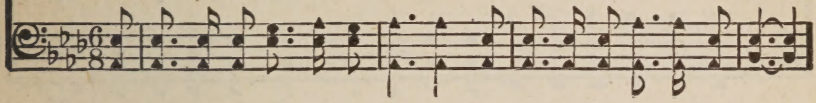
No. 49. Some One Who Knows.

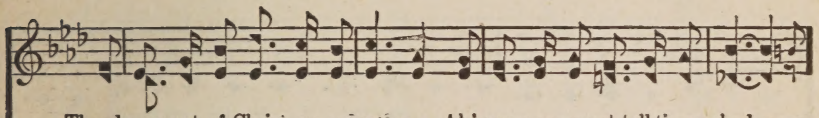
Mrs. F. A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

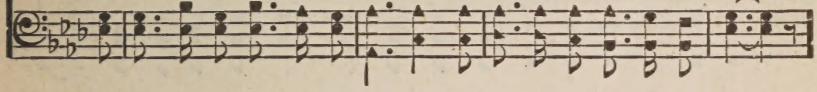


1. How man-y are lost in the darkness, With spirits whose sorrow o'er-flows;
2. Go forth to the need-y and love them With something of Je-sus' own love,
3. They're waiting, perhaps, for your coming; You surely will has-ten to go,
4. Wher-ev-er are sin-ners a-round you, By woe or temptation o'er-thrown,

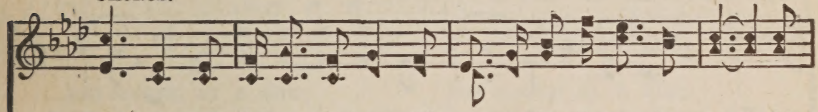




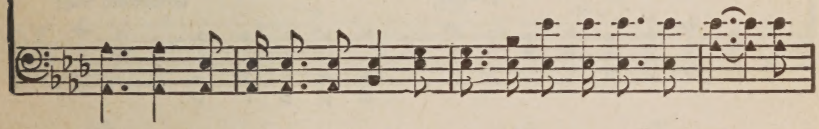
They know not of Christ or salvation,—Ah! some one must tell them who knows.
And win them to share in His king-dom, Of gladness and glo-ry a - bove.
And teach them of life ev-er-last-ing, The wonderful Gos-pel you know.
Oh, bid them take freely God's blessing, Make Jesus the Com-fort-er known.

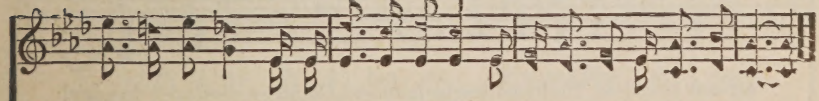


CHORUS.

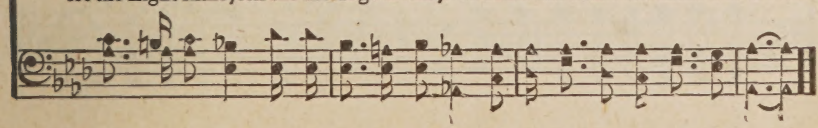


Some one must tell them who knows The mer-cy that Je-sus be - stows: Oh,





let the Light shine, tell the message divine, For some one must tell them who knows.



No. 50. **Help Somebody To-day.**

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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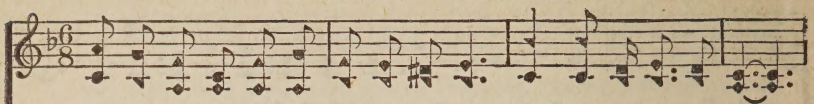
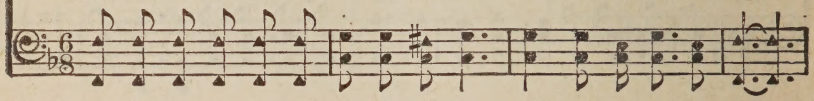
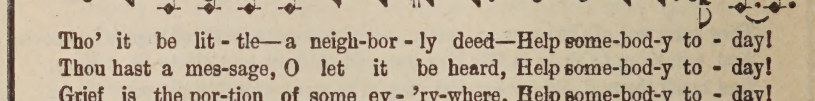
Chas. H. Gabriel.



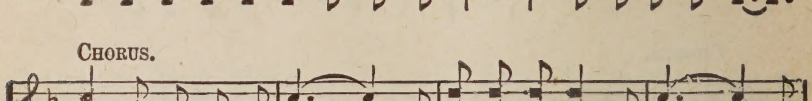
1. Look all around you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav-y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are discouraged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!



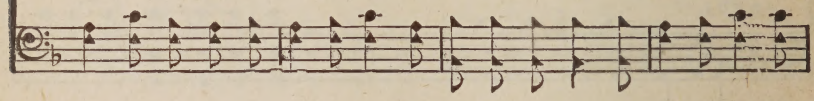
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to Heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



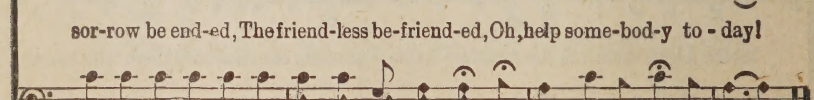
CHORUS.



Help some-bod-y to - day,.... Some-bod-y a - long life's way;.... Let
to - day, homeward way;



sor-row be end-ed, The friend-less be-friend-ed, Oh, help some-bod-y to - day!



No. 51. Just One Step At a Time.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. Albert C. Fisher.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. I nev - er fear when night is near And hard the hill to climb;
2. As-sured that He will care for me, I'll trust His love sub - lime,
3. His way I choose and shall not lose The path to that fair clime,
4. My trust - ing soul will reach the goal, And hear the home bells chime,

E - nough for me if I but see
And press a - long, with sigh, or song, Just one step at a time.
For He will show the way to go, Just one step, just one step at a time.
Tho' I but see, made bright for me,

CHORUS.

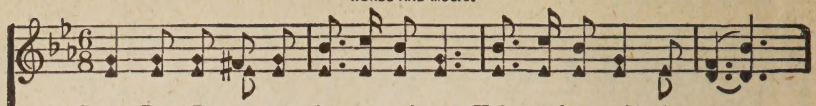
Just one step at a time, Just one step at a time;
Just one step, one step at a time, Just one step, one step at a time;

rit.

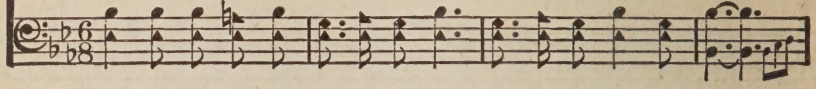
E - nough for me if I but see Just one step at a time.

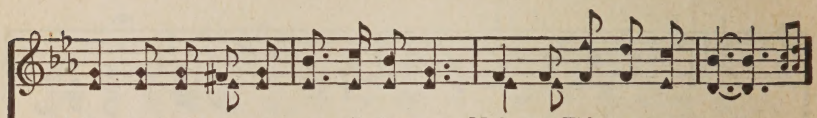
No. 52. Come into My Heart.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

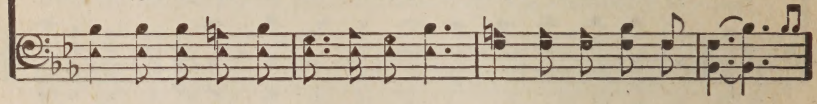


1. Come, Lord Je-sus, come in - to my heart, Help me throw wide the door;
2. Come, Lord Je-sus, come in - to my heart, Cleansing me white as snow;
3. Come, Lord Je-sus, come in - to my heart, Fill - ing me with Thy love;
4. Come, Lord Je-sus, come in - to my heart, Grant Thine en-a - bling pow'r;

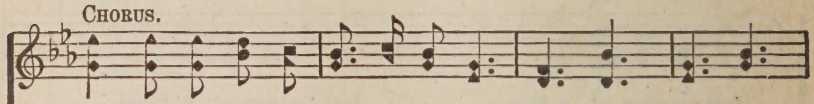




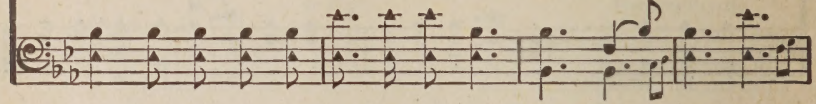
Bid the darkness of e - vil de - part; Make me Thine ev - er - more.
Grace a-bound-ing is Thine to im - part; Peace and par-don be - stow.
Joy a - bid - eth wher-ev - er Thou art—Light streams down from above.
In Thy blest serv-ice to bear my part—Keep and use me each hour.

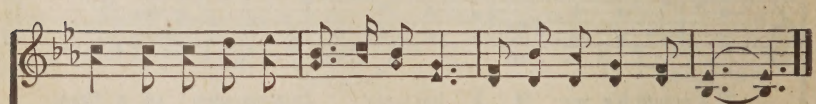


CHORUS.

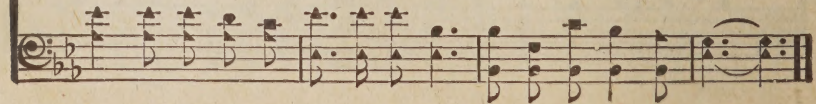


Come, Lord Je - sus, come in - to my heart, Come, come, come, come;





Dwell in full-ness and nev - er de-part; Make it, I pray, Thy home.



No. 53.

Grace, Enough For Me.

E. O. E.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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E. O. Excell.

1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry;
2. While stand-ing there, my trem-bling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,

Beneath the cross there flowed a stream
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me.
I felt a flood go thro' my soul enough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come

CHORUS.

Grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry, . . Grace as fath-om-less as the sea, . .
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea,

Grace for time and e - ter - ni-ty, ... Grace, e-nough for me.
Grace for time and e - ter - ni-ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me,

No. 54. Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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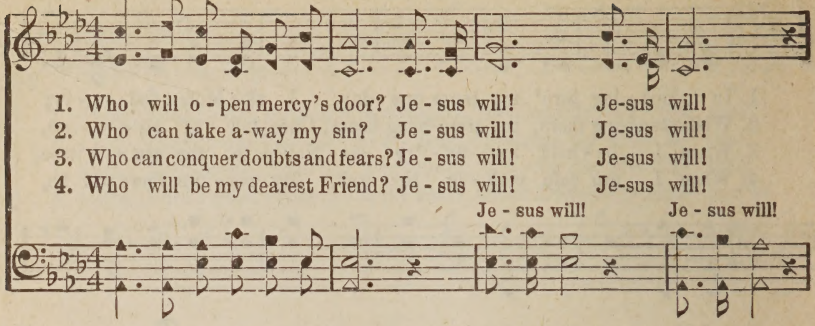
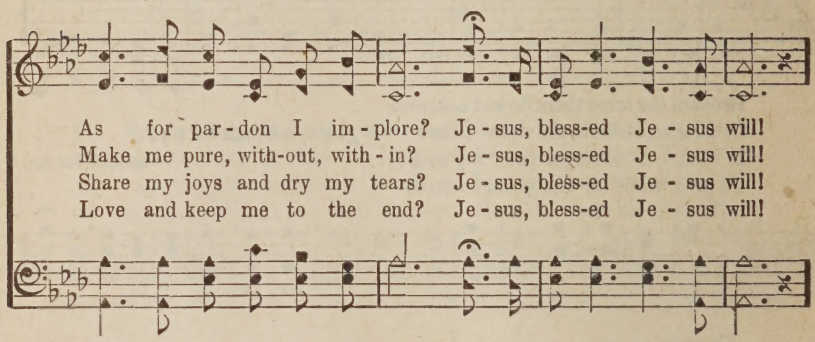
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.





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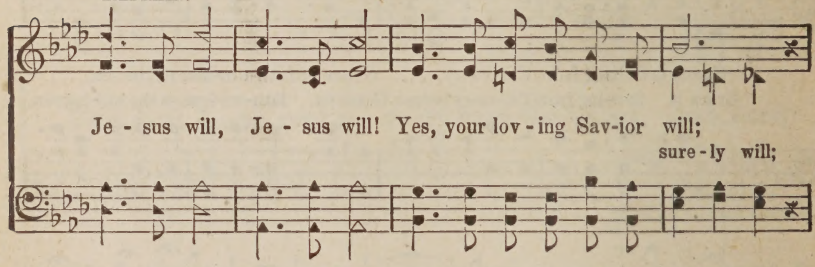
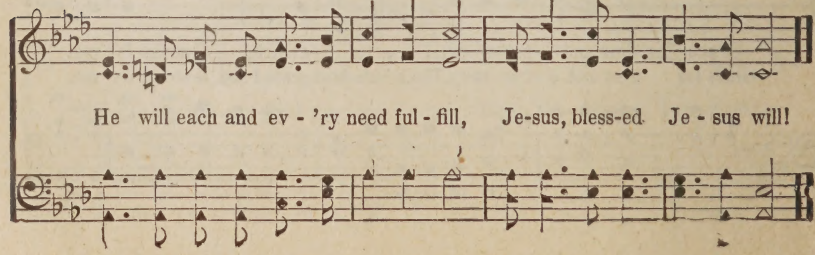
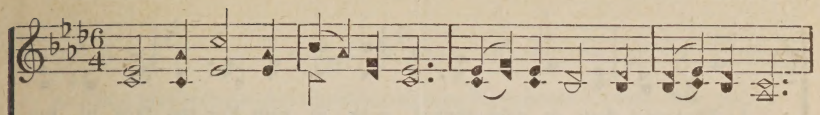




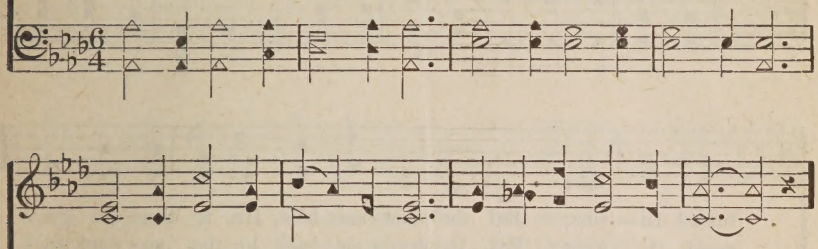
No. 55 God Is Not Far Away.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

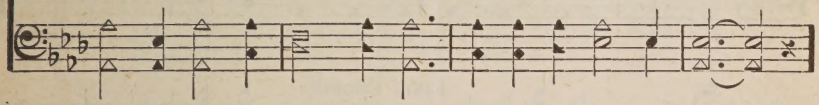
T. O. Chisholm. Henry P. Morton.



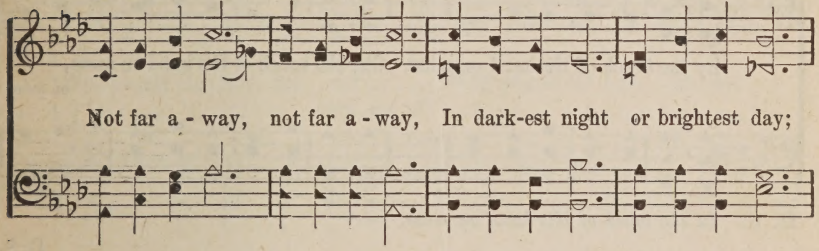
1. Not a - lone in Heav'n a - bove Dwells the Fa - ther whom we love,
2. Near - er still than dear - est friend, Need-ed strength and help to lend;
3. When the heav - y bur - dens press In our grief and lone - li - ness,
4. Wondrous mys-ter - y of grace! Tho' we can - not see His face



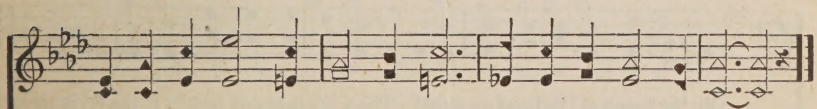
For in Him we live and move—God is not far a - way.
All our jour - ney to at - tend, God is not far a - way.
Let us know in our dis - tress, God is not far a - way.
All the time in ev - 'ry place, God is not far a - way.



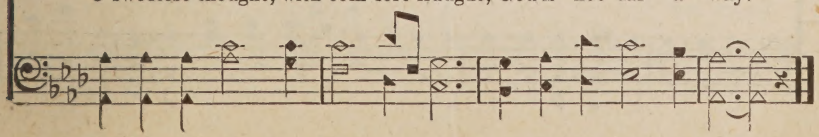
CHORUS.



Not far a - way, not far a - way, In dark-est night or brightest day;

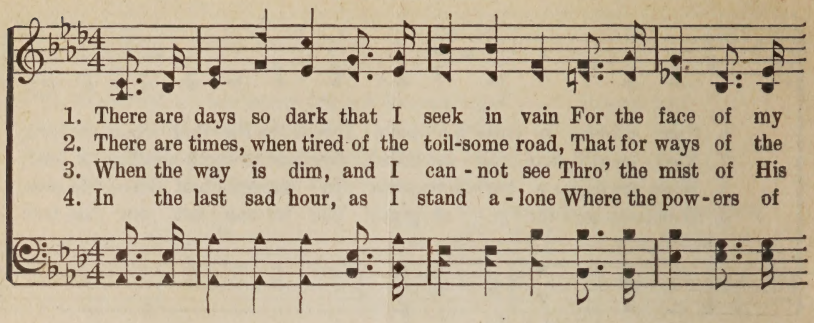


O sweetest thought, with com-fort fraught, God is not far a - way.

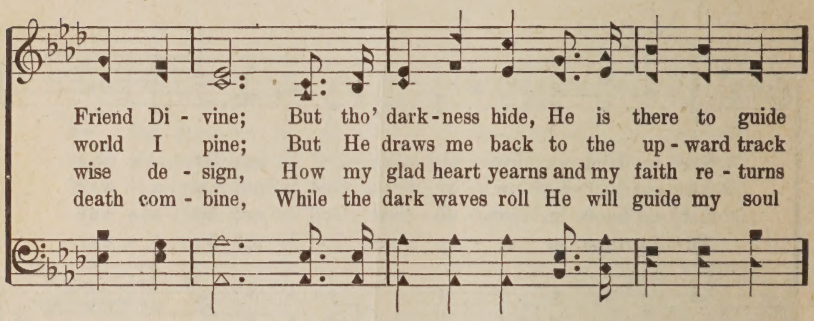


No. 56. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

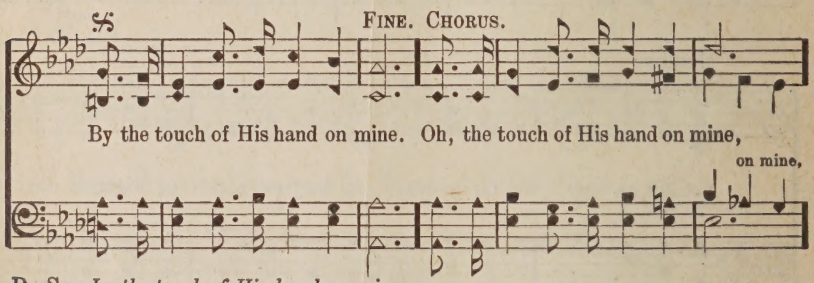
Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Henry P. Morton.



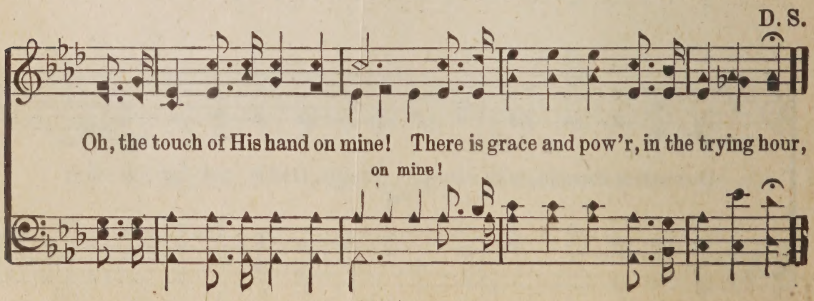
1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of



Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

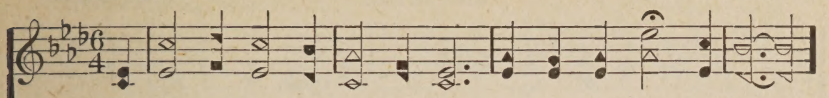


D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on on mine.*

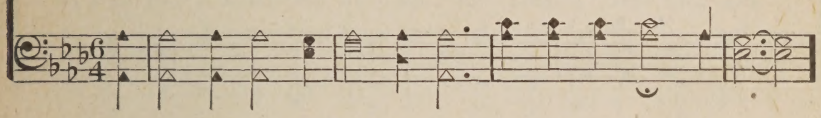


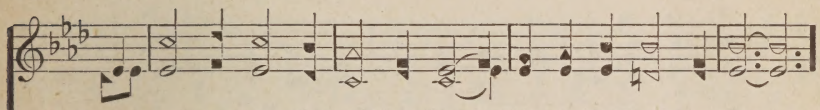
No. 57. Why Should He Love Me So?

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY B. D. ACKLEY. B. D. Ackley.

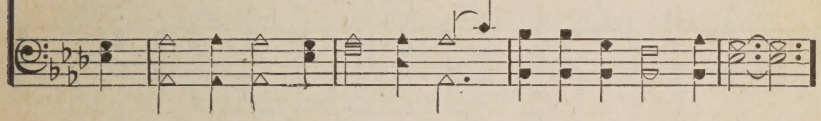


1. What great compassion Christ has shown, Why should He love me so?
2. I owe Him more than I can pay; Why should He love me so?
3. If I should false and sin - ful be, Why should He love me so?
4. In life, in death, to Him I'll cling, Why should He love me so?

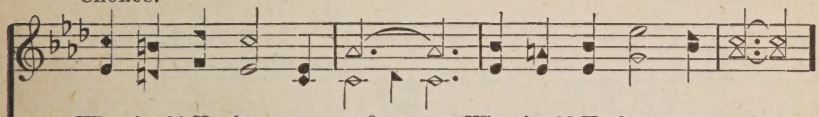




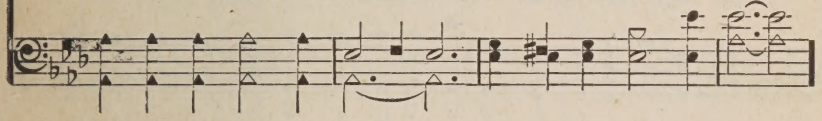
No great - er love the world has known, Why should He love me so?
My debt is grow-ing day by day, Why should He love me so?
There's naught can change His love for me, Why should He love me so?
He is my Sav - ior, Lord and King, Why should He love me so?

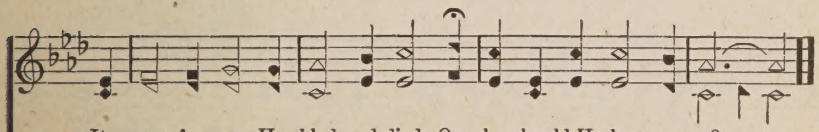


CHORUS.

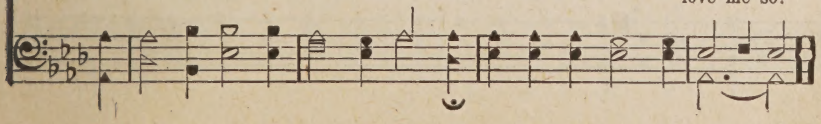


Why should He love me so?..... Why should He love me so?
love me so?





It was for me He bled and died, O, why should He love me so?.....
love me so?

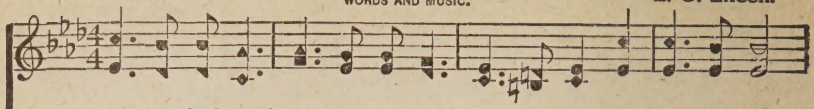


No. 58. Your Best Friend is Always Near.

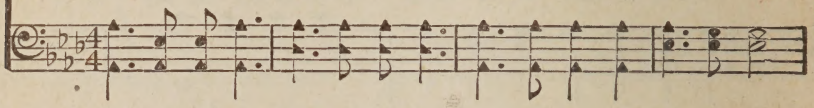
Isabel C. Allam.

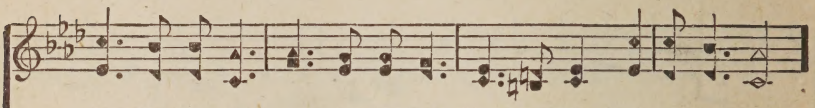
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

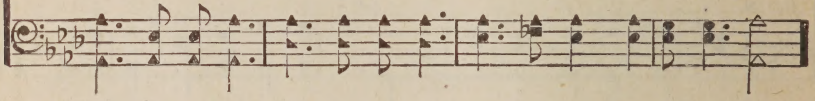


1. When the shad-ows 'round you gath-er, When the day is long and drear,
2. When your cour-age al-most fails you, When you need a word of cheer,
3. When your fond-est hopes have perished, When so free - ly falls the tear,
4. When the val - ley of the shad-ow You are tread-ing, do not fear;





In the morn-ing, or at mid-night, Your best Friend is al-ways near.
There is One who will not leave you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.
He who knows and feels your sor-row—Your best Friend—is al-ways near.
One there is who will go with you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.



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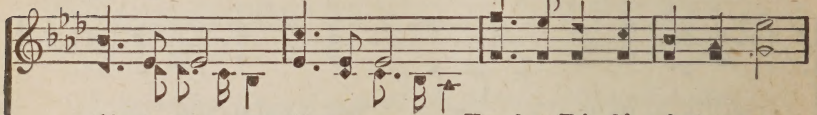
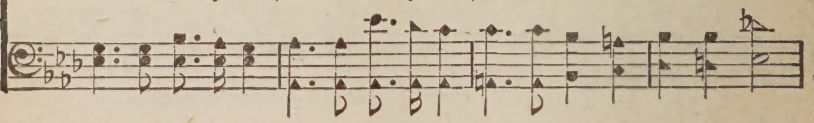
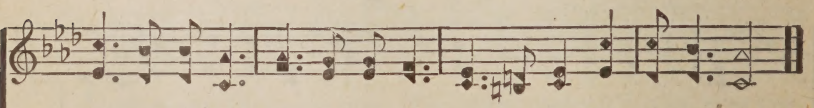
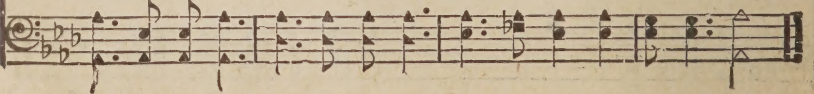


Al-ways near, al-ways near, Your best Friend is al-ways near;
He is al-ways near, He is al-ways near,





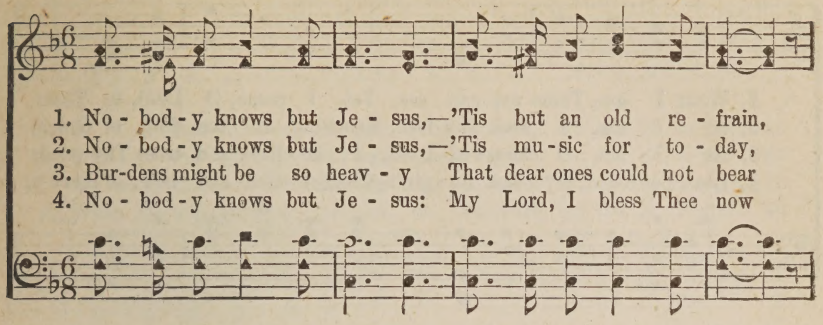
In your glad-ness, in your sad-ness, Your best Friend is al-ways near.



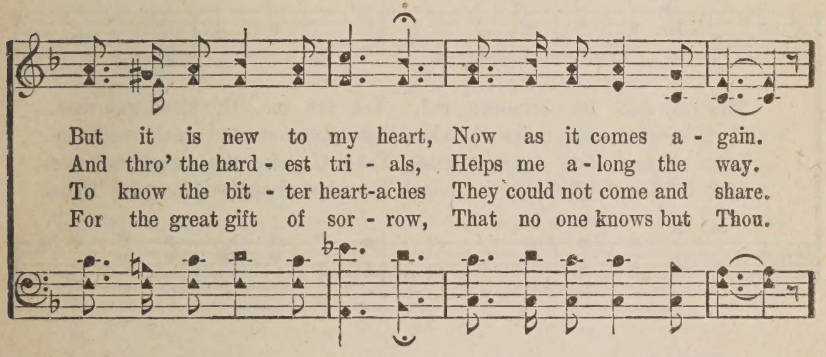
No. 59. Nobody Knows But Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

Frances Ridley Havergal, alt. Rev. Jackson Leslie.

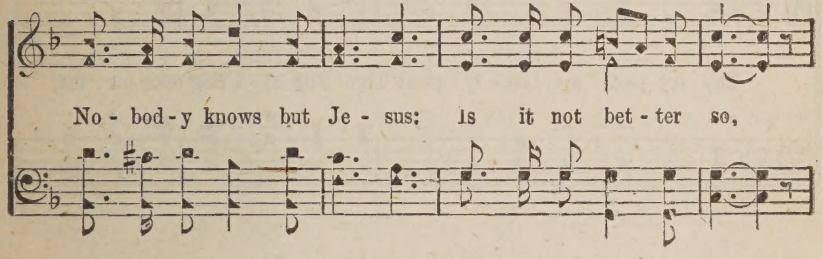


1. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,—'Tis but an old re - frain,
2. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,—'Tis mu - sic for to - day,
3. Bur-dens might be so heav - y That dear ones could not bear
4. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus: My Lord, I bless Thee now

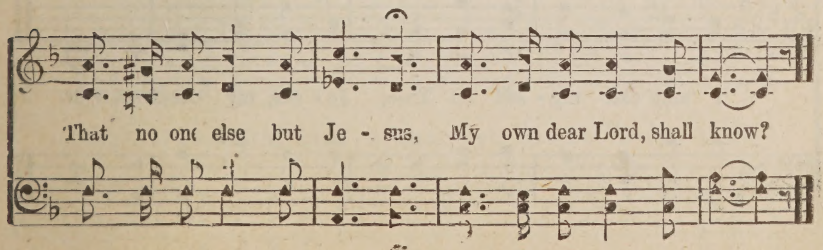


But it is new to my heart, Now as it comes a - gain.
And thro' the hard - est tri - als, Helps me a - long the way.
To know the bit - ter heart-aches They could not come and share.
For the great gift of sor - row, That no one knows but Thou.

CHORUS.



No - bod - y knows but Je - sus: Is it not bet - ter so,



That no one else but Je - sus, My own dear Lord, shall know?

No. 60.

This My Plea.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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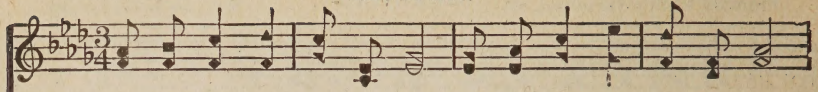
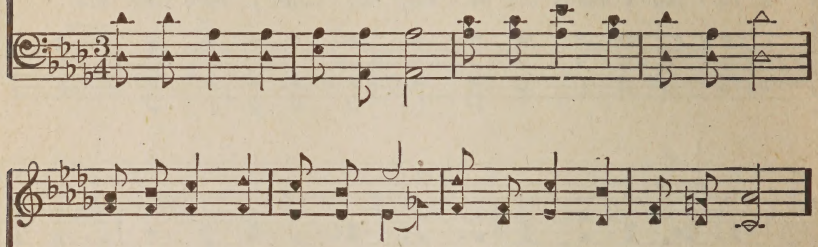
WORDS AND MUSIC.

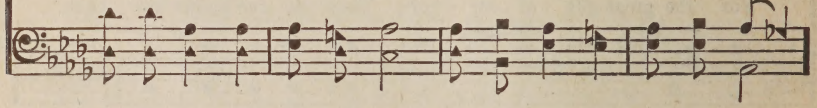
B. D. Ackley.



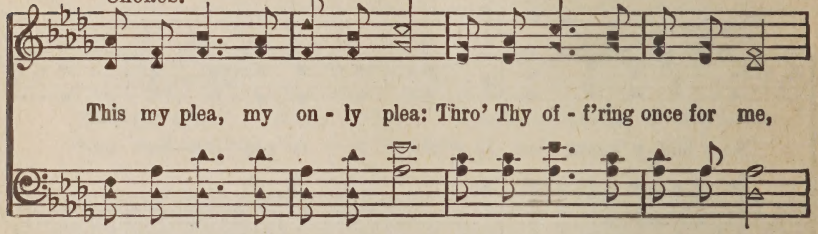
1. What I am, Thine eye can see, Yet I come, O Lord, to Thee:
2. As I am, I seek Thy face, Kneel-ing at the door of Grace;
3. As I am, O bless-ed Lord, I be-lieve and trust Thy word;
4. Lost, but found, my sins for-giv'n, Child of God and heir of Heav'n;



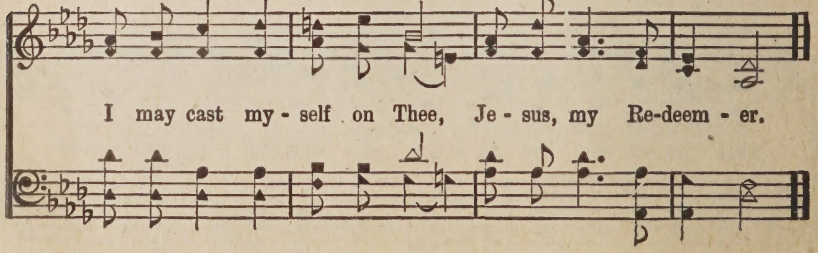
Tho' my sins are crim-son red, Yet for me Thy blood was shed.
O for-give this heart of mine, Cleanse me now and seal me Thine.
Let my soul no lon-ger roam, Take, O take the wan-d'rer home.
Lost, but found, what joy is mine! Thou dost cleanse and keep me Thine.



CHORUS.



This my plea, my on-ly plea: Thro' Thy of-f'ring once for me,



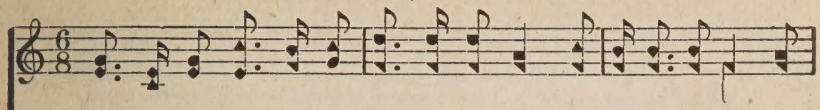
I may cast my-self on Thee, Je-sus, my Re-deem-er.

No. 61. Go Tell of His Love To-Day.

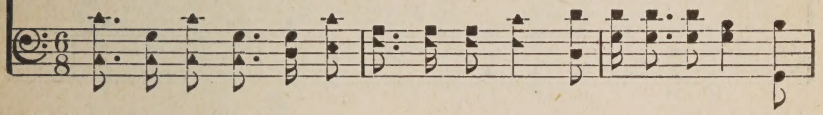
D. R. W.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

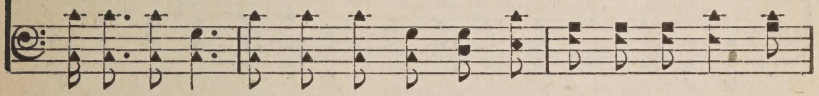
Daniel R. Wade.



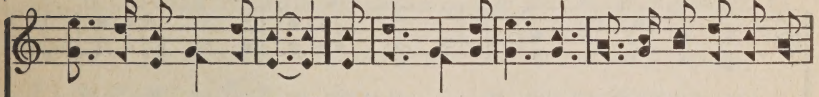
1. If the dear Sav - ior is pre - cious to you, Go tell it to-day, go
2. Tell of the Sav - ior who rose from the grave, Go tell it to-day, go
3. If when in sor - row He com - forts your soul, Go tell it to-day, go
4. When Je - sus gave up His life on the cross, Go tell it to-day, go



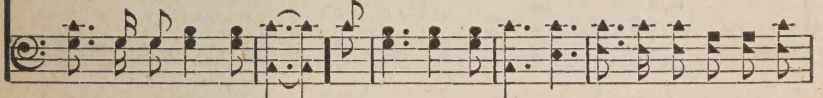
tell it to - day; Tell what His love un - to oth - ers will do, Go
tell it to - day; Tell how He suf - fered dear sin - ners to save, Go
tell it to - day; Tell how He guid - ed you in - to His fold, Go
tell it to - day; That by His dy - ing, death's pow-er was lost, Go



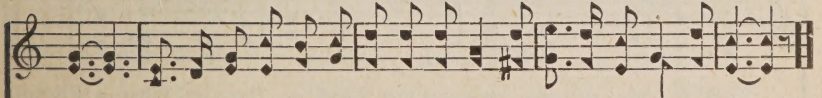
CHORUS.



tell of His love to - day. Go tell it, go tell it, Tell of His won-der-ful



love; Tell what the Savior is do-ing for you, Go tell of His love to - day.



No. 62. My Counselor.

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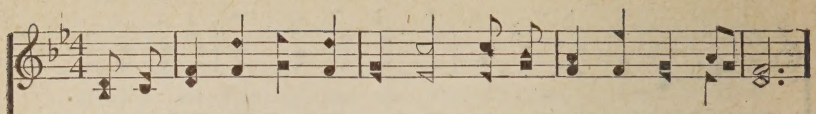
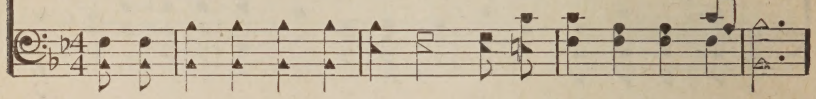
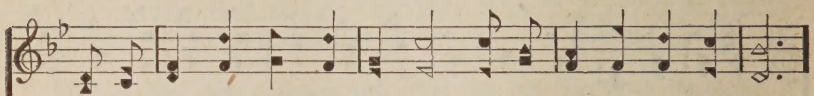
Miriam E. Arnold. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

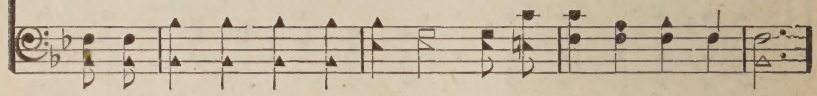


1. "He will guide me with His coun-sel" When the shad-ows cloud my way;
2. "He will guide me with His coun-sel;" All the way to Him is known;
3. "He will guide me with His coun-sel"—Wondrous Coun-sel-or is He!
4. "He will guide me with His coun-sel" While I lean up-on His arm;

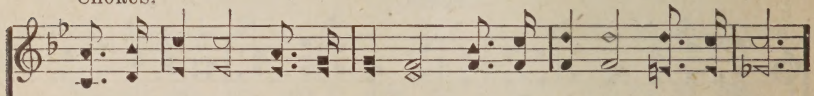




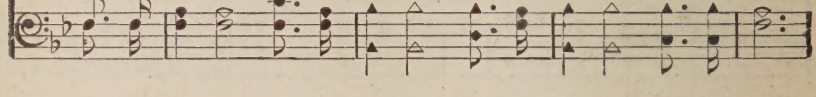
I will bring to Him my tri-als, He can turn my night to day.
He will give me strength and wis-dom, For He car-eth for His own.
Rest my soul, up-on His prom-ise To make known His will to me.
He has prom-ised grace suf-fi-cient, Nothing, therefore, need a-larm.

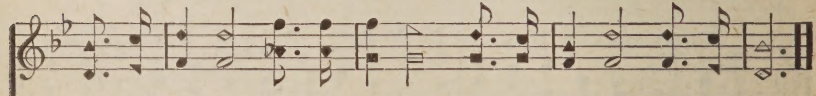


CHORUS.

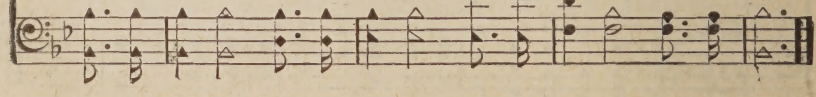


"He will guide me with His coun-sel," Till this earth-ly life shall end;





Then to glo-ry will re-ceive me; What a Sav-ior! What a Friend!



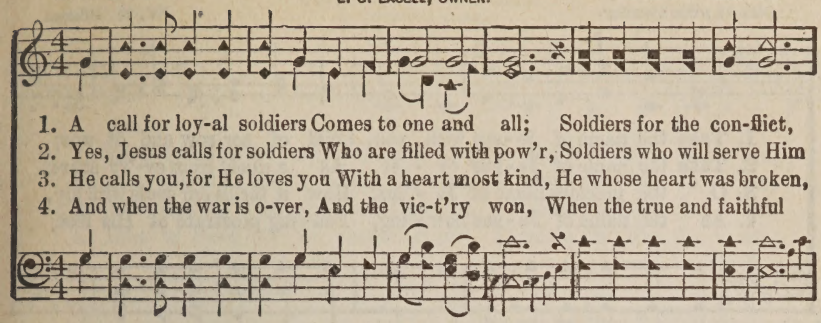
No. 63.

As a Volunteer.

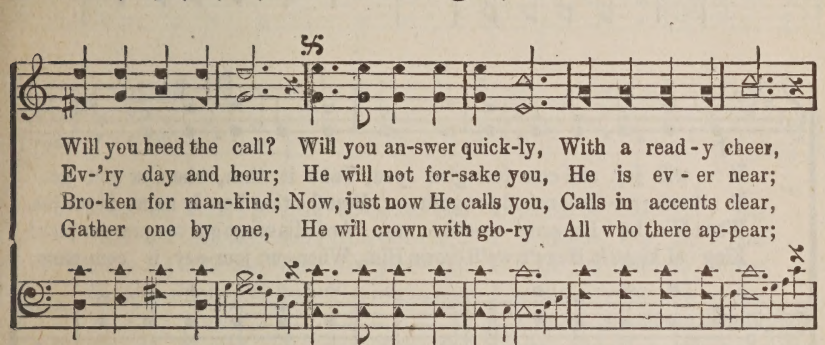
W. S. Brown.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



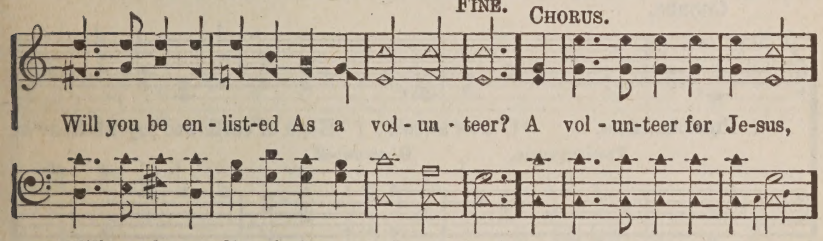
1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Soldiers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faithful



Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
Gather one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

D. S.—*Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

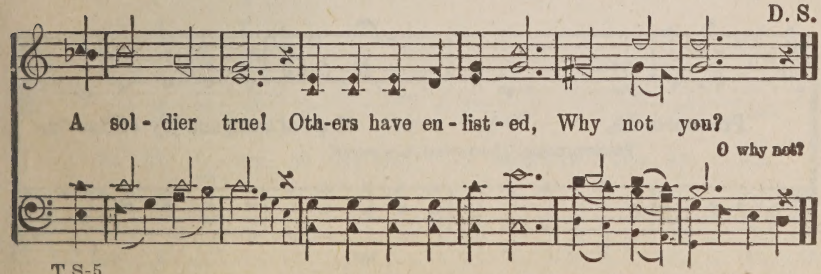
FINE. CHORUS.



Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer?

D. S.



A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?

O why not?

No. 64. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

No. 65. I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL. B. D. Ackley.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;

would be like Je - sus;

Noth - ing world - ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.

would be like Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;

Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.

No. 66. The Love - Song.

USED BY PERMISSION OF J. G. DAILEY, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

J. G. D. J. G. Dailey.

1. Why did my Sav - ior come to earth, And to the hum - ble go?
2. Why did He drink the bit - ter cup Of sor - row, pain and woe?
3. And now He bids me look and live, And by His grace to know
4. Till Je - sus comes I'll sing His praise, And then to glo - ry go,

Why did He choose a low - ly birth? Be - cause He loved me so!
Why on the cross He lift - ed up? Be - cause He loved me so!
A home in glo - ry He will give, Be - cause He loved me so!
And reign with Him thro' end-less days, Be - cause He loved me so!

CHORUS.

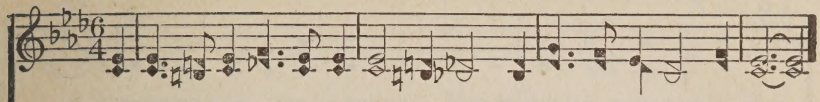
He loved.... me so, He loved..... me so,
He loved, He loved me so, He loved, He loved me so,

He gave His precious life for me, for me, Be-cause He loved me so!

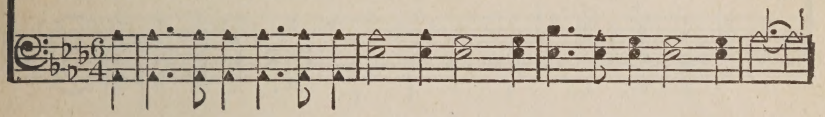
No. 67. Just Such a Friend is Jesus.

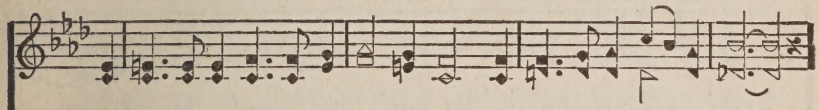
Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

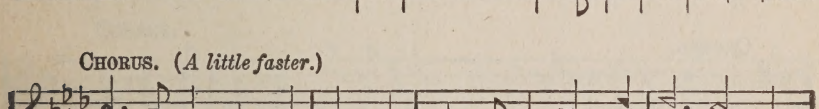


1. Oh, who has not felt that the cares of earth Were more than man's strength could bear,
2. Oh, who has not felt the dark stain of sin Like crim-son up - on his soul,
3. When those that we love have been snatched away, And walk no more by our side,
4. Thou Friend of the friendless, so kind and true, Thou Sav-ior of sin - ners lost,

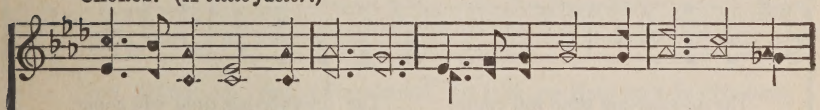




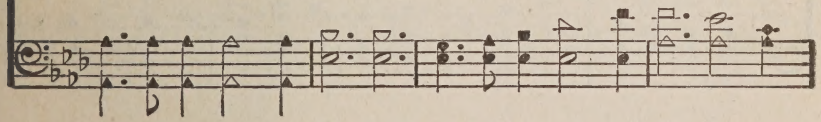
And longed for a friend who could understand, And all of life's bur-dens share?
And sought for a friend who had pow'r to free From passions which held control?
Oh, where is the One who will dear-er be Than all of earth's friends be-side?
Pro-tect us and guide us life's journey thro' Till safely death's stream we've crossed.

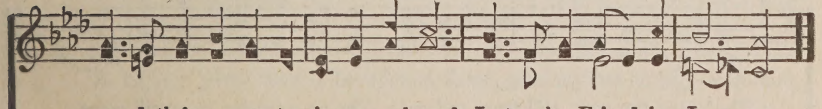


CHORUS. (*A little faster.*)

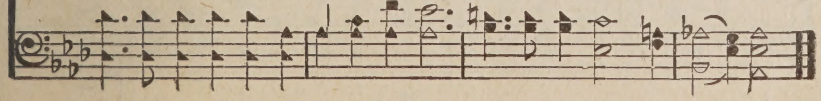


Just such a Friend is Je - sus, Just such a Friend is Je - sus: His



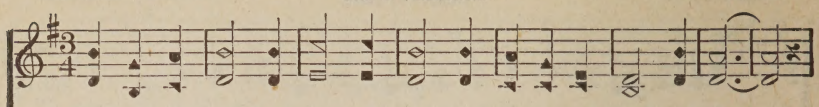


grace doth for-ev-er to sin-ners a-bound; Just such a Friend is Je - sus.

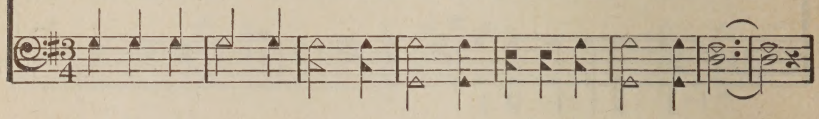


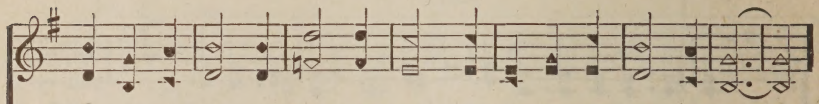
No. 68. The Answering Time Will Come.

Mary B. Wingate. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JAMES M. BLACK. USED BY PERMISSION. James M. Black.

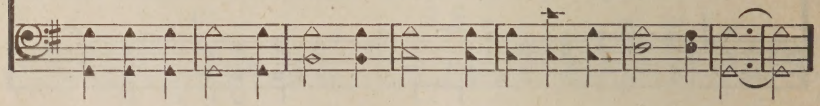


1. Ask what thou wilt, be - liev - ing heart, The an-swer-ing time will come;
2. Ask in the name of Christ thy Lord, The an-swer-ing time will come;
3. God's Word is sure, it can - not fail, The an-swer-ing time will come;
4. God will not mock be - liev-ing prayer, The an-swer-ing time will come;

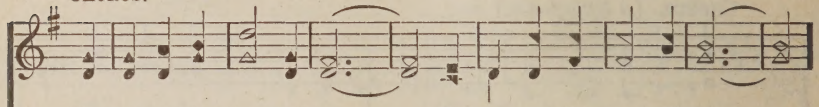




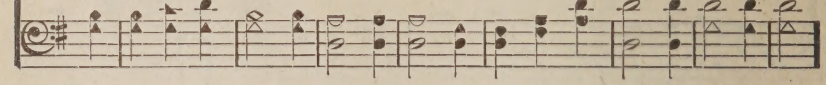
Pray and be-lieve—that is thy part, The an-swer-ing time will come.
Rest on the prom-ise of His Word, The an-swer-ing time will come.
The prayer of faith shall yet pre - vail, The an-swer-ing time will come.
He knows the bur - den thou dost bear, The an-swer-ing time will come.



CHORUS.



The an-swer-ing time will come, The an-swer-ing time will come,
will come, will come,



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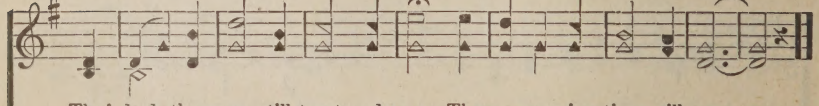
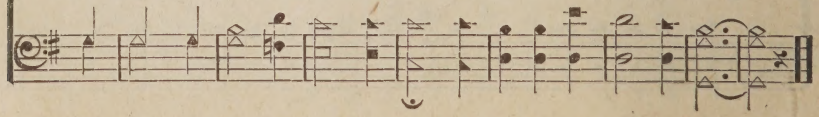


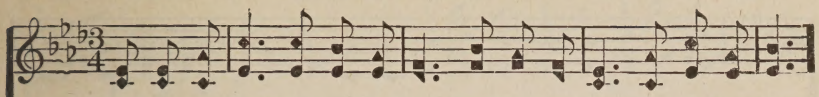
Tho' dark the way, still trust and pray, The an-swer-ing time will come.



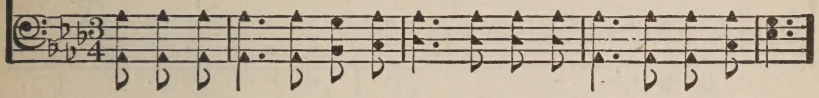
No. 69. Higher Ground.

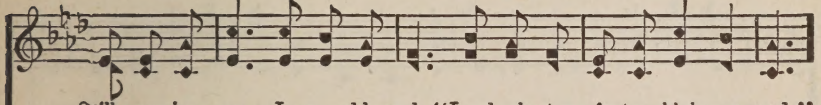
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.

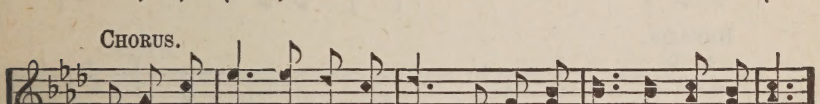


1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

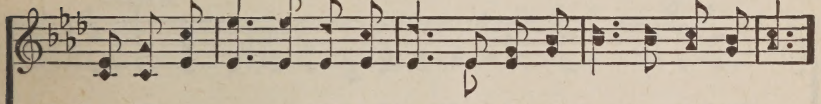




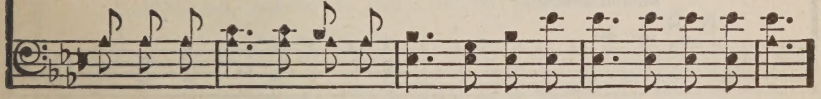
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray til Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."

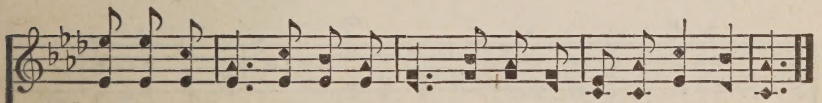


CHORUS.

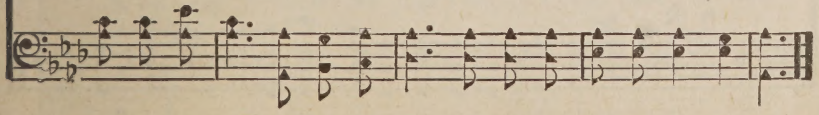


Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav-en's ta-ble-land;





A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

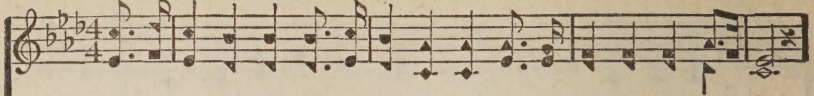


No. 70. I am Thine, O Lord.

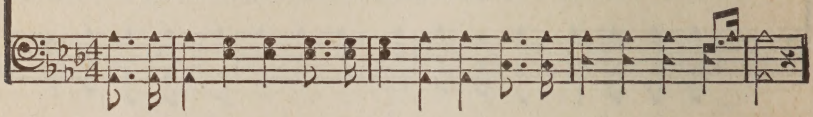
F. J. Crosby.

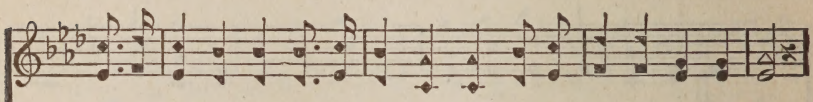
COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL, F. T. DOANE, OWNER.

W. H. Doane.

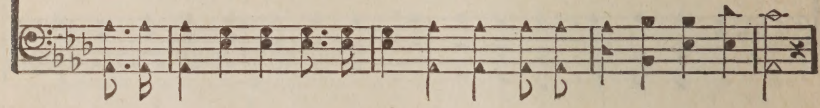


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar - row sea;





But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo-ser drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend!
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



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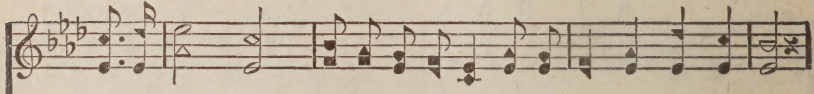
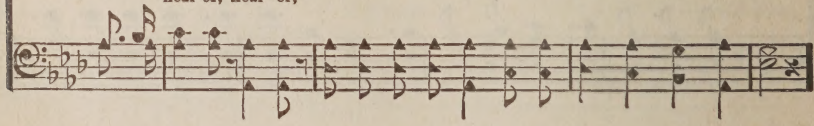
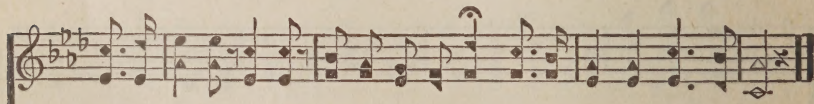
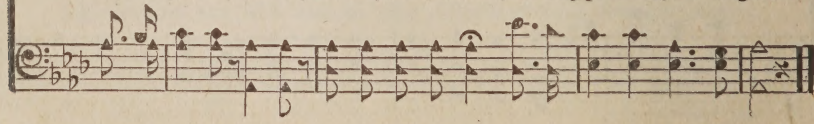


Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near-er,





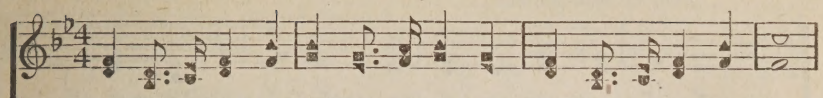
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.



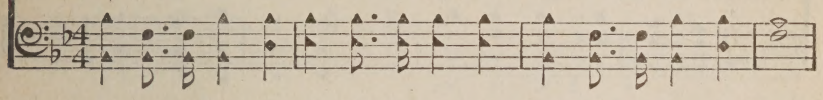
No. 71. I Am Resolved.

Palmer Hartsough. J. H. Fillmore.

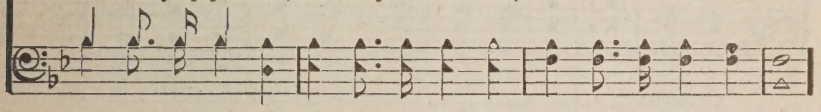
COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY FILLMORE BROS.
OWNED BY J. A. LEE & CO., GLENCOE, KY.



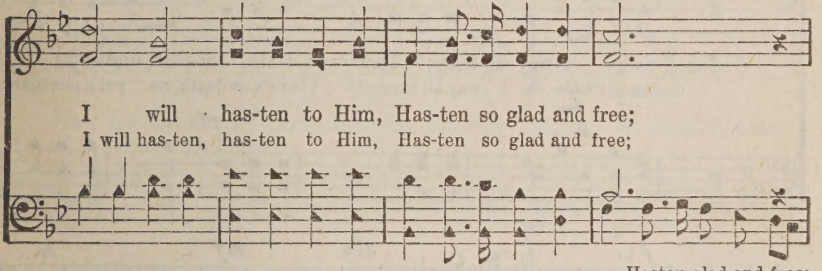
1. I am resolved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav - ior, Leav-ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav - ior, Faith-ful and true each day;
4. I am resolved to en - ter the Kingdom, Leav-ing the paths of sin;



Things that are high-er, things that are no - bler, These have al-lured my sight.
He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say-eth, do what He will - eth, He is the liv - ing way.
Friends may op-pose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.

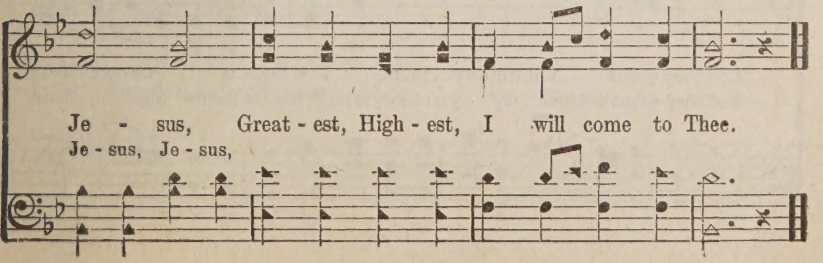


CHORUS.



I will has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;
I will has-ten, has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;

Hasten glad and free;



Je - sus, Great - est, High - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

No. 72

No Night There.

John R. Clements.

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H. P. Danks.

Solo or Semi-Chorus.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies the "cit - y four-square;"
2. All the gates of pearl are made In the "cit - y four-square;"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To the "cit - y four-square;"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In the "cit - y four-square;"

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

CHORUS.

God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

f *dim.* *mf*

And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there."
And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night there."

No. 73. I Owe It All to Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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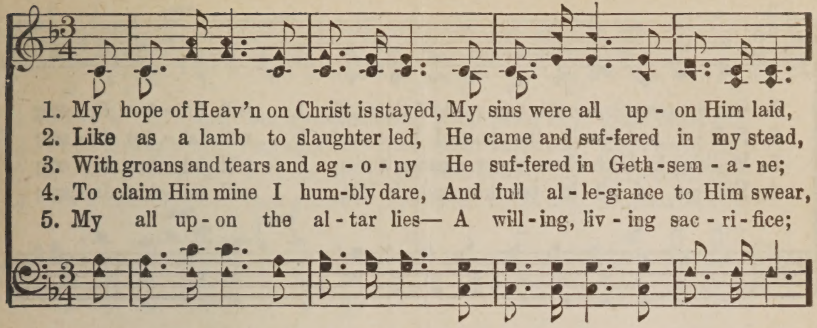
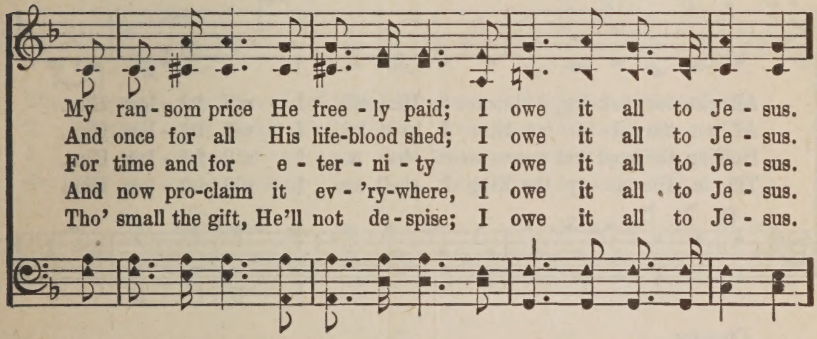
WORDS AND MUSIC.

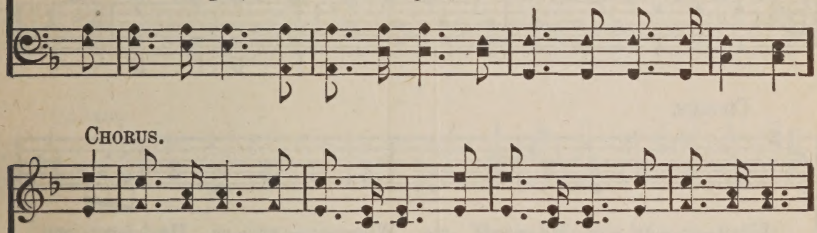
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. My hope of Heav'n on Christ is stayed, My sins were all up - on Him laid,
2. Like as a lamb to slaughter led, He came and suf-fered in my stead,
3. With groans and tears and ag - o - ny He suf-fered in Geth-sem - a - ne;
4. To claim Him mine I hum-bly dare, And full al - le-giance to Him swear,
5. My all up - on the al - tar lies— A will - ing, liv - ing sac - ri - fice;

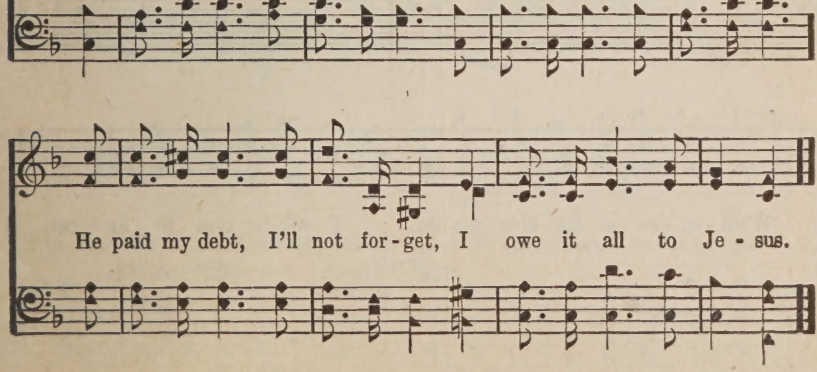


My ran - som price He free - ly paid; I owe it all to Je - sus.
And once for all His life-blood shed; I owe it all to Je - sus.
For time and for e - ter - ni - ty I owe it all to Je - sus.
And now pro-claim it ev - 'ry-where, I owe it all to Je - sus.
Tho' small the gift, He'll not de - spise; I owe it all to Je - sus.



CHORUS.

For me the thorn-y crown He wore, For me the cru - el cross He bore;



He paid my debt, I'll not for - get, I owe it all to Je - sus.

No. 74.

My Choice.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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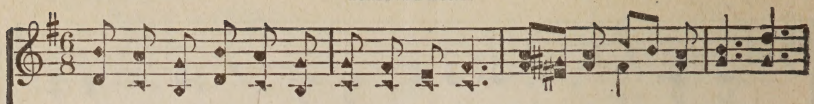
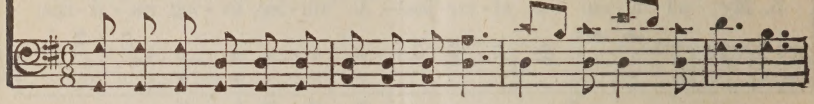
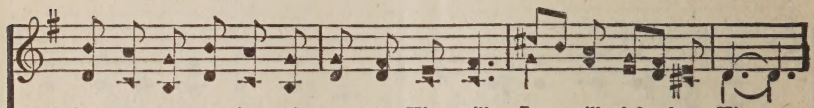
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

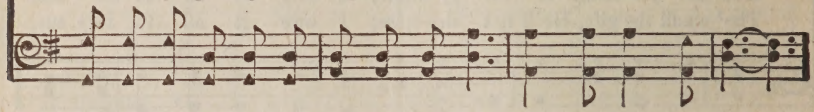


1. Oth-ers may choose this vain world if they will, I will fol - low Je - sus;
2. Full - y and free-ly the choice I have made, I will fol - low Je - sus;
3. Walking by faith where my eyes can-not see, I will fol - low Je - sus;
4. Fair-est of all in ten thousand is He, I will fol - low Je - sus;

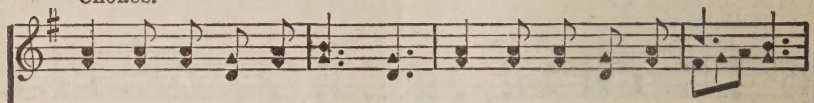




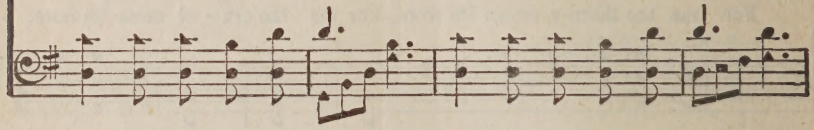
All else for - sak-ing, will cleave to Him still, I will fol - low Him.
All on the al - tar for Him I have laid, I will fol - low Him.
Holding the hand that was wounded for me, I will fol - low Him.
Till in His glo - ry the King I shall see, I will fol - low Him.

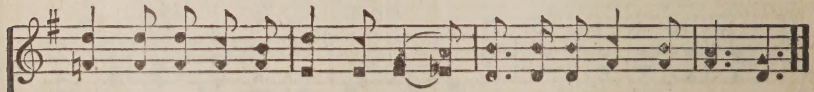


CHORUS.

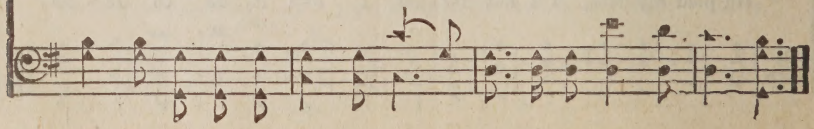


When - so - ev - er He needs me, Where-so - ev - er He leads me,





What - so - ev - er He bids me do, I will be true to Je - sus.



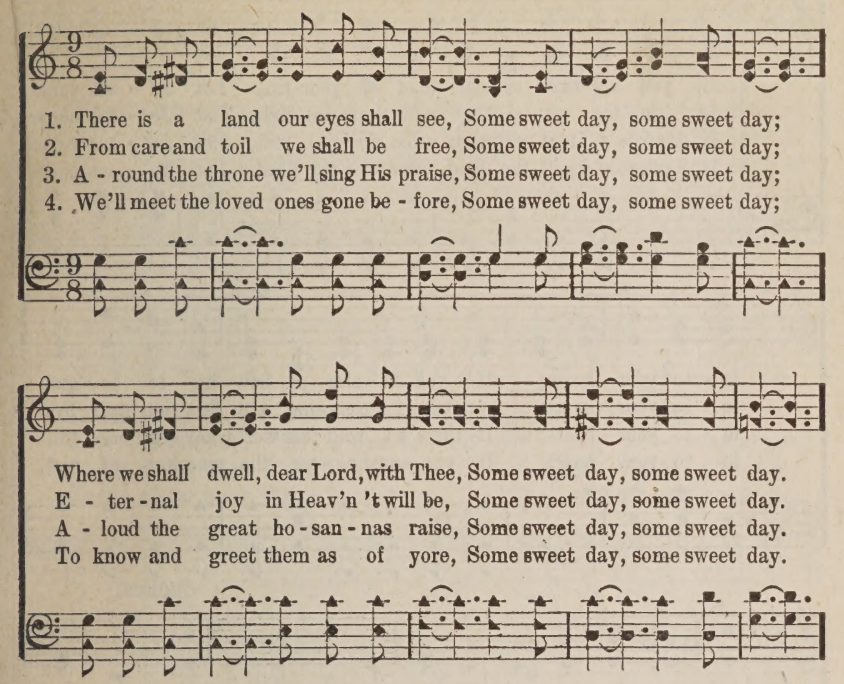
No. 75.

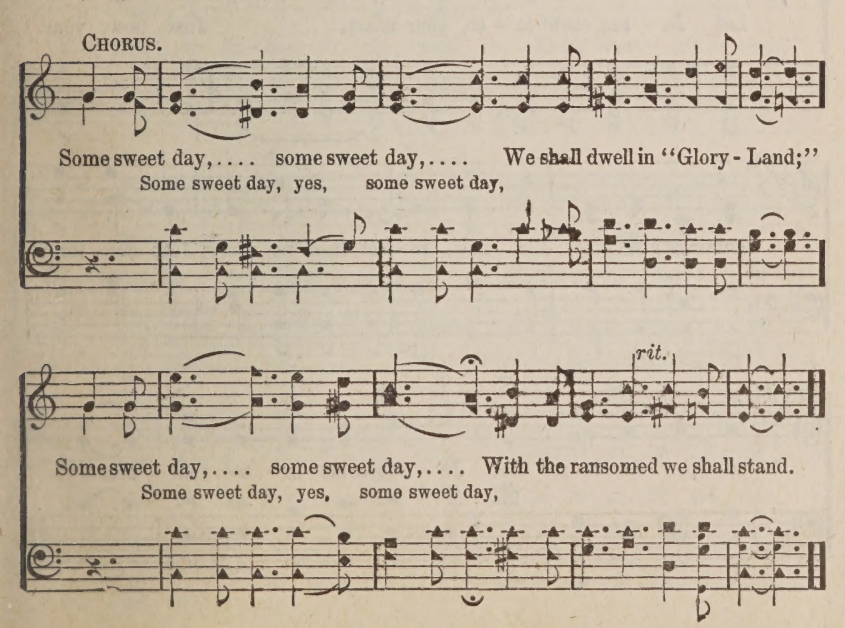
Some Sweet Day.

I. E. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

I. E. Reynolds.





No. 76. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

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Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow - ing near by,
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

No. 77.

Keep Close to Jesus.

J. L.

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John Lane.

1. When you start for the land of heav-en-ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev-er mind the storms or tri-als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e-vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in Heav-en by and by, Keep close to

Je-sus all the way; For He is the Guide and He knows the way best,
Je-sus all the way; 'Tis a com-fort and joy His fa-vor to know,
Je-sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vic-to-ry is won,
Je-sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll nev-er say good-bye,

CHORUS.

Keep close to Je-sus all the way. Keep close to Je-sus,

Keep close to Je-sus, Keep close to Je-sus all the way; By day or by

night nev-er turn from the right; Keep close to Je-sus all the way.

No. 78.

Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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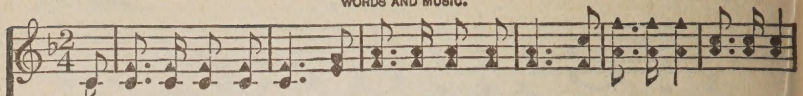
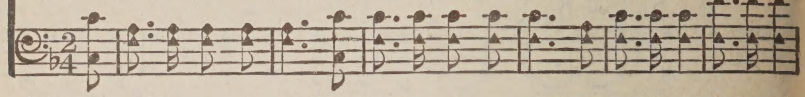
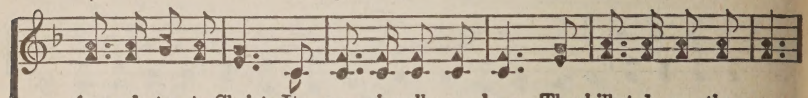
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

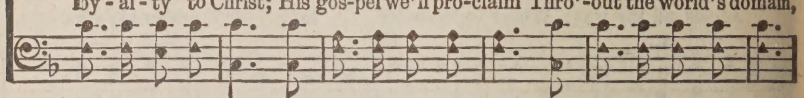


1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loyal throng, We'll rout the gi-ant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,

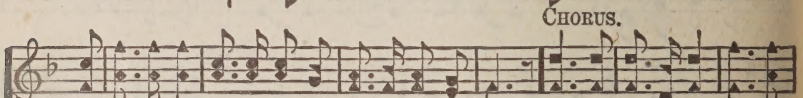




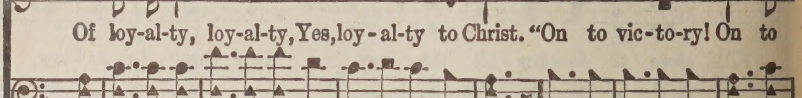
loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,



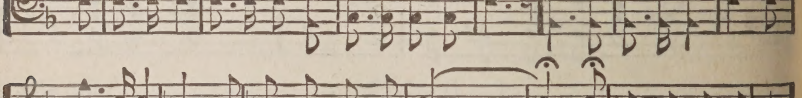
CHORUS.

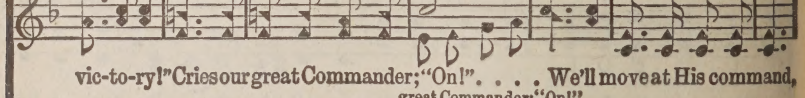


Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy - al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to

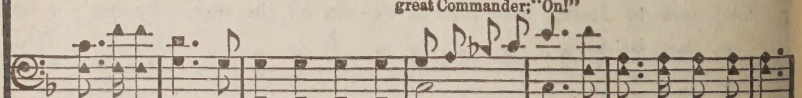


vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"





We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.



No. 79. Grace to Help Me.

E. E. Hewitt.

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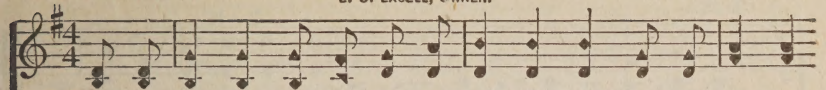
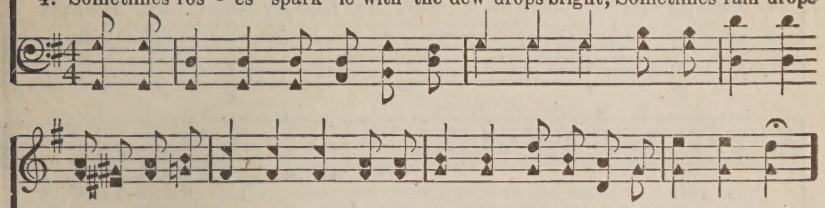
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

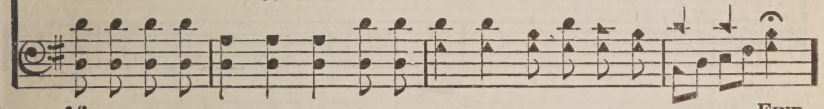
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. When a con - trite sin - ner to the Lord I came, Peace I found be-
2. In the dai - ly war-fare that I wage with sin, He hath pow'r to
3. In my lack of wis-dom, as His work I do, Look-ing to my
4. Sometimes ros - es spark - le with the dew-drops bright; Sometimes rain-drops

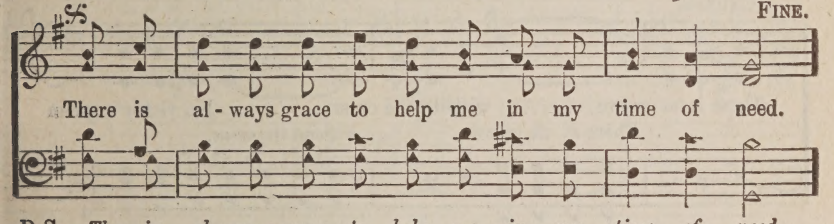


liev-ing in His precious name; Now I'm ev - er proving when for strength I plead,
give me vic-to - ry with - in; In His might-y Spir-it there is strength in-deed;
Savior brings me guidance true; Rich-ly will He bless me, as I sow the seed,
fall a-mid the chill - y night; Thro' the shade and sunshine He will gen-tly lead,



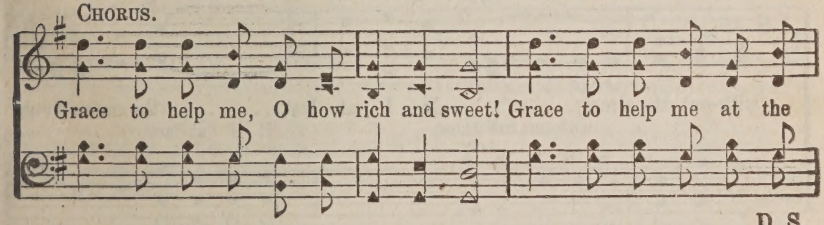
FINE.

There is al - ways grace to help me in my time of need.



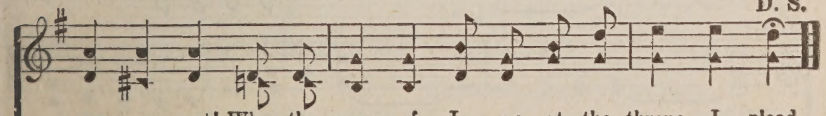
D.S.—*There is al - ways grace to help me in my time of need.*

CHORUS.

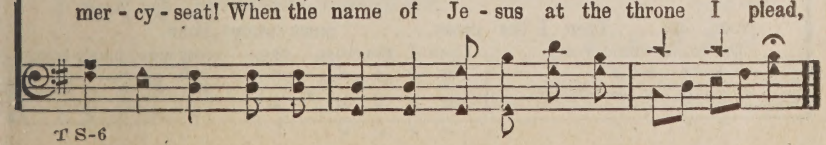


Grace to help me, O how rich and sweet! Grace to help me at the

D. S.



mer - cy - seat! When the name of Je - sus at the throne I plead,



No. 80. No Crown Without the Cross.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

DUET.

1. "If thou wouldst My dis - ci - ple be, Take up thy cross and fol - low Me;"
2. If lone - ly seems the way I take, If foes de-ride and friends for-sake,
3. For us the cru - el cross He bore, For us the thorn-y crown He wore,
4. Then joy - ful - ly the cross I take, And hum-bly bear it for His sake

And where the Lord be-fore has gone, Fear not, my soul, to fol - low on.
I'll think of Him who prayed for me A - lone in dark Geth-sem-a - ne.
That crowns of glo-ry ours might be Throughout a long e - ter - ni - ty.
Un - til in death I lay it down, And go to claim my gold - en crown.

CHORUS.

There is no crown..... without the cross,..... No victor's palm
There is no crown without the cross,

rit......

with-out the dross;.....If I at last..... the crown would
with-out the dross; If I at last

wear,..... Then I the cross..... must surely bear.....
the crown would wear, Then I the cross, the cross must surely bear.

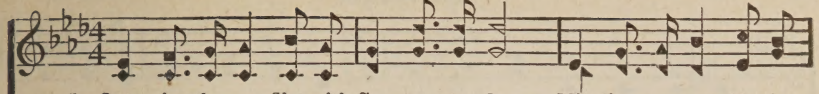
No. 81.

Do your Best.

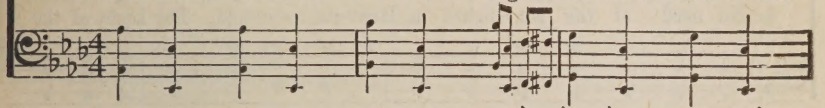
Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

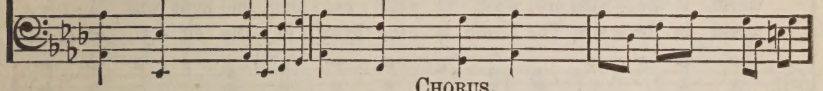
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



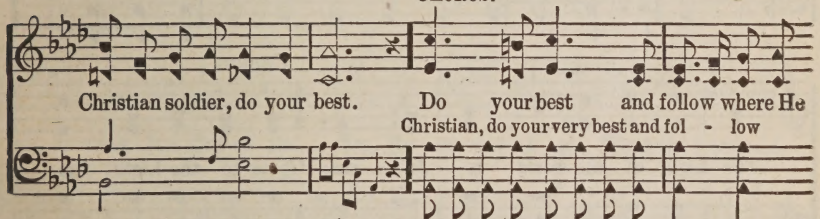
1. Out in the con-flict with Sa - tan to - day Mil - lions sem - ble in
2. Fling wide the ban-ner, a - far let it wave; Stand like a he - ro, cou-
3. Trust in the arm of Je - ho - vah a - lone, His is the bat - tle and
4. Less than our best shall we of - fer our King? Less than our best to His



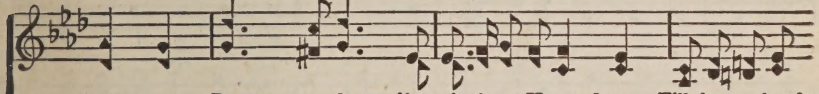
bat - tle ar - ray; Fol - low your Lead - er and haste to the fray;
ra-geous and brave; Strong in the strength of the "Might - y to save,"
we are His own; Hard-ness en-dure, nor the ar - mor lay down;
feet shall we bring? Till in the Home-land the vict - 'ry we sing,



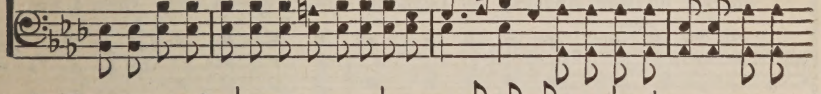
CHORUS.



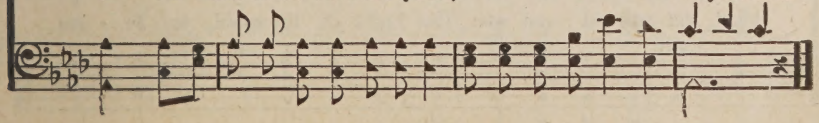
Christian soldier, do your best. Do your best and follow where He
Christian, do your very best and fol - low



leads you; Do your best if at the front He needs you; Till the warfare's
where He leads you; Christian, do your very best if at the front He needs you; Till the warfare's



o-ver and in Heav'n we rest, Christian soldier, do your best.
o - ver and in Heav'n we safe-ly rest, your best.



No. 82. The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. B.

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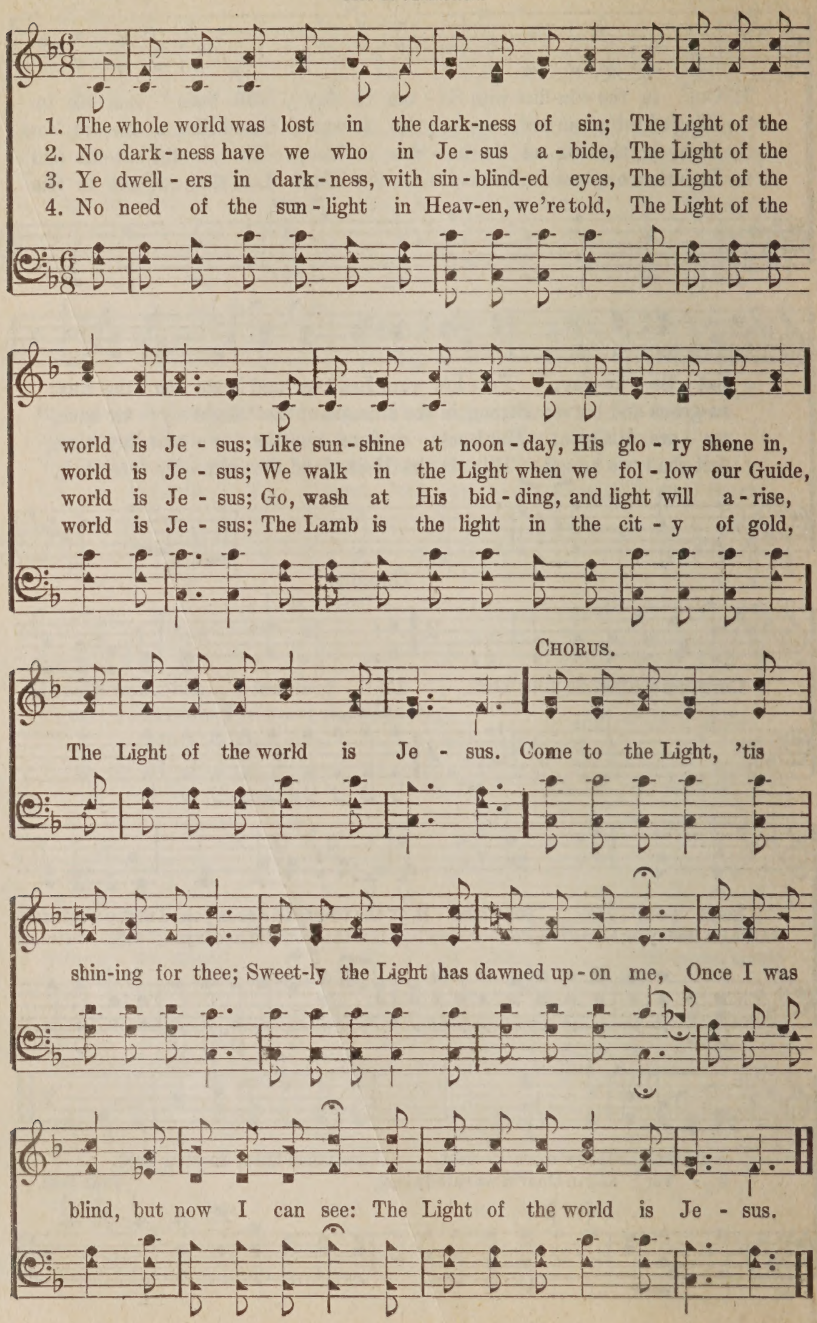
P. P. Bliss.



No. 83.

He Included Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go singing a - long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to - day;"
3. Ev - er God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!

Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je - sus in-clud - ed me too."
But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev - er will," Je - sus in-clud - ed me too.

CHORUS.

Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in - clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so - ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je - sus in - clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me.

No. 84. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an - guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bal - tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

King some day; (some day;) On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day; (some day;) Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day; (some day;) Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day; (some day;) Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day, (some day,)

We shall shout and sing some day; (some day;) Gathered 'round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 85. None is Excluded.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. None is ex-clud-ed, hear ye the call; God's in-vi-ta-tion
2. None is ex-clud-ed, no one de-nied, The door of wel-come
3. None is ex-clud-ed, mer-cy is free, Christ bought our ran-som
4. None is ex-clud-ed, glo-ry to God! All are in-clud-ed

sound-eth to all Sin-ners a-wear-y wher-e'er they roam;
stands o-pen wide; Back to the shel-ter of Fa-ther's home,
on Cal-va-ry; None is too sin-ful, too far from home,
un-der the blood; Ev-'ry lost sin-ner 'neath Heav-en's dome,

CHORUS.

"Who-so-ev-er will may come." None is ex-clud-ed, all are in-clud-ed,

Full and free re-demp-tion for the sons of men; None is ex-clud-ed,

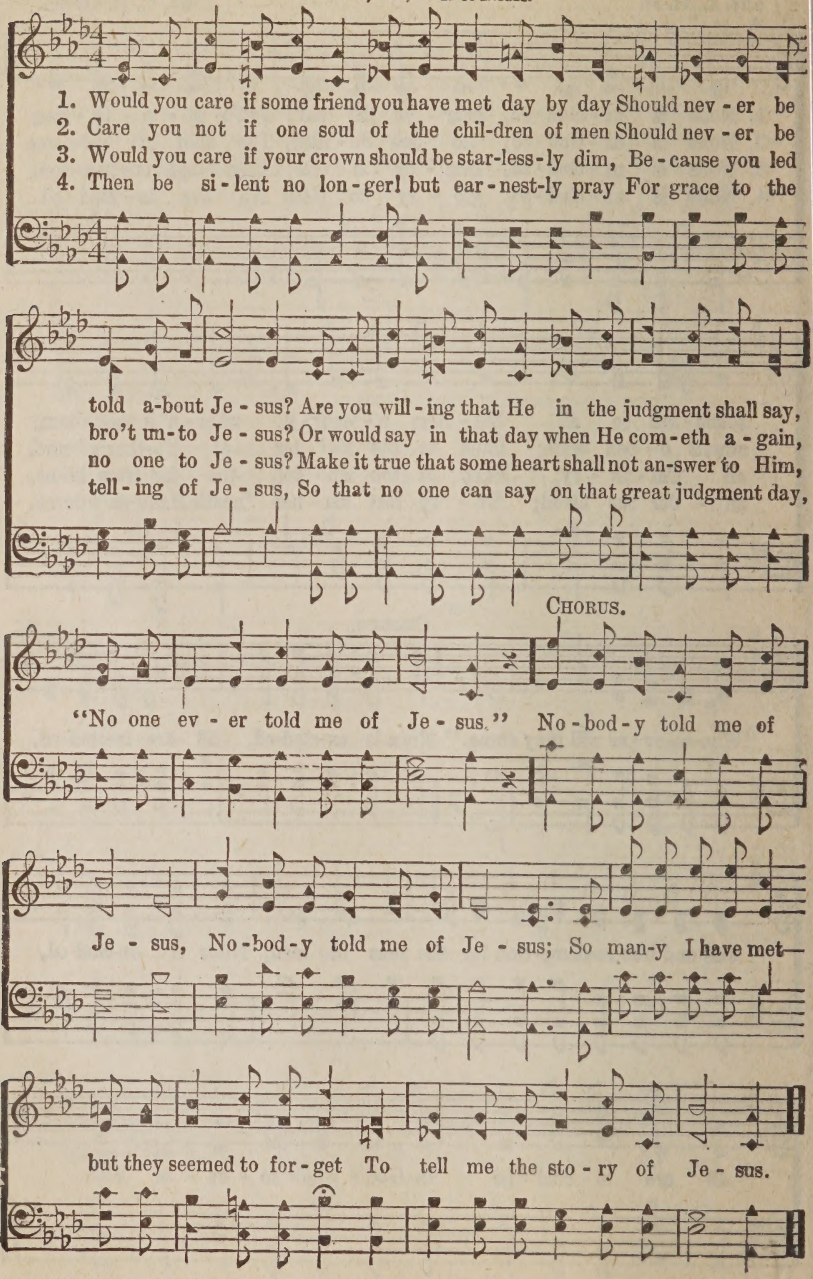
all are in-clud-ed In God's who-so-ev-er plan.

No. 86. Nobody Told Me of Jesus.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 87. There's Redemption for You at Galvary.

I. E. R. OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX. I. E. Reynolds.

1. O the price that was paid to make you free, Such a won - der - ful
2. For 'twas His on - ly Son, be-trayed, condemned, Wore a crown made of
3. When you're bound by your sin, in dark de - spair, To the Sav - ior re-
4. Sin - ner, will you not hear the Sav - ior call? Thro' His grace ev - er

love, how could it be, That the Fa-ther should give His Son to die?
thorns, and all ungemmed, By the mob standing 'round was cru - ci - fied:
turn, seek Him in prayer; Par-don free He will give thro' Christ our Lord:
free there's hope for all—Trust the soul-cleansing blood of Him who died:

CHORUS.

There's re-demp-tion for you at Cal - va - ry. There's re-demp-tion for

you at Cal - va - ry, There's redemption for you at Cal - va - ry,

There's redemption for you at Cal - va - ry, Thro' faith in Je-sus' blood.

No. 88. Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION.

R. Kelso Carter.

1. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
2. Standing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
3. Standing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
4. Standing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand-ing, stand-ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,

Standing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand-ing,
Standing on the prom-is-es,

stand-ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.
standing on the prom-is-es,

No. 89. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-ed
3. I stand on the mountain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heavens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

with rapt-ure I sing; To Him, in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He in-treat-ed in vain,
a shad-ow to cast, His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS.

For He is so precious to me. For He is so pre-cious to me, ... For He is so precious to me, ... 'Tis heav-en be-low My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so precious to me.

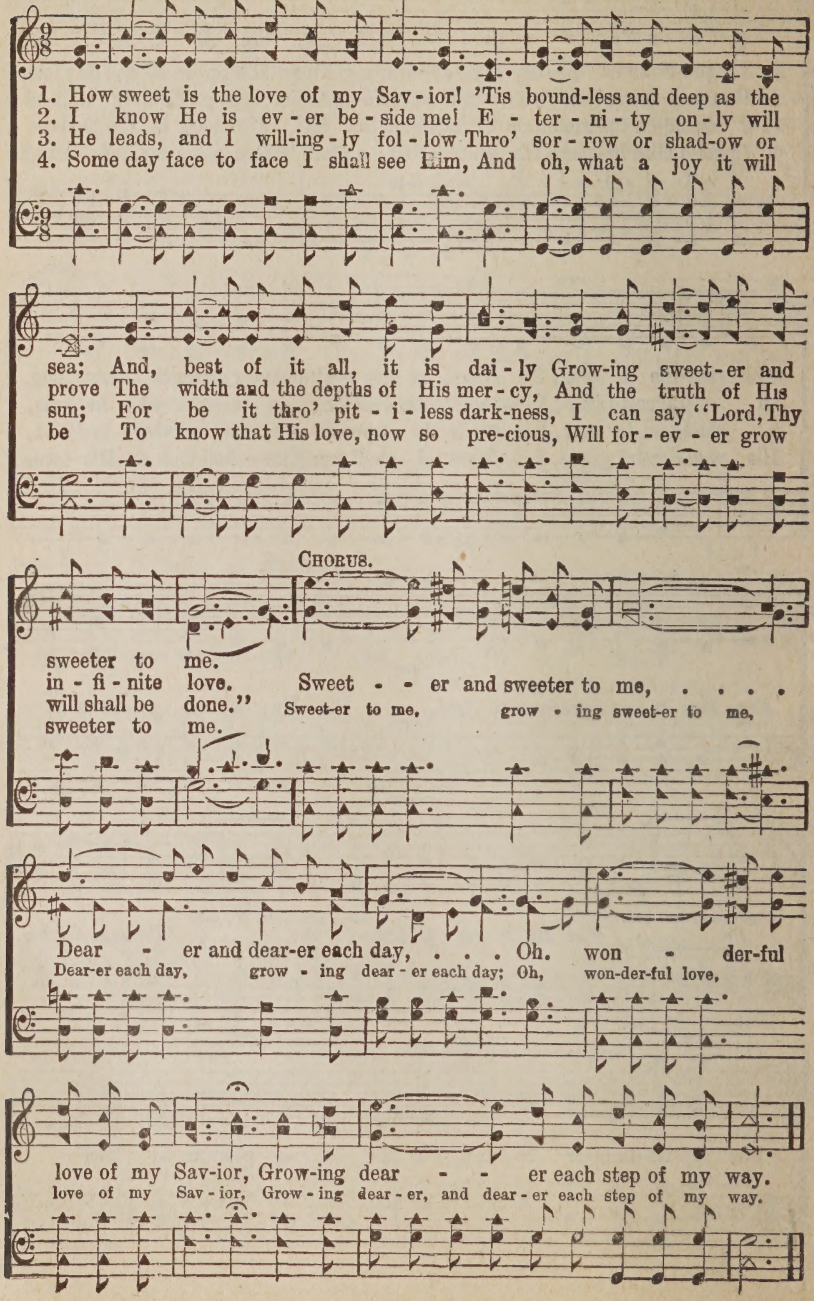
so precious to me, so pre-cious to me,

rit.

No. 90. Growing Dearer Each Day.

In appreciation of, and at his request, this song was written expressly for Gipsy Smith.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 91.

I Am Safe.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

I. E. R.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. I am safe from ev - 'ry storm, Christ doth love me so;
2. I am safe when troub - les come, With my Sav - ior near;
3. I am safe for - ev - er - more, Thro' the crim - son flood;
4. I am safe what - e'er be - fall, With a Friend so strong;

I am safe from ev - 'ry harm, For my Lord I know.
I am safe from Sa - tan's wiles, For my prayer He'll hear.
I am safe and Christ I'll see, By His pre - cious blood.
I am safe for Heav'n and home, With the blood - washed throng.

CHORUS.

I am safe, (so safe,) I am safe, (so safe,) For my Sav - ior died for me; I am safe,..... I am safe in Him, In His like - ness I shall be. (so safe.)

No. 92. There'll Be No Dark Valley.

William O. Cushing. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
USED BY PERMISSION. Ira D. Sankey.

1. There'll be no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be
2. There'll be no more sor - row when Je - sus comes, There'll be
3. There'll be no more weep - ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be
4. There'll be songs of greet - ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be

no dark val - ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark val - ley when
no more sor-row when Je - sus comes; But a glo-rious mor-row when
no more weep-ing when Je - sus comes; But a bless - ed reap-ing when
songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meet-ing when

REFRAIN.

Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath-er His loved ones

home, To gath - er His loved ones home; There'll be
safe home, safe home;

p *m*

no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.

No. 93. Jesus Will Help You.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Wm. Stevenson. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, sin - ner— Urg - ing you now to draw
2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, O why will you
3. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, wand'rer— Points you to man-sions on
4. There's dan-ger in lon - ger de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the mo-ments pass

nigh; He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him; Je - sus will
die? Ac - cept Him by faith as your Sav - ior; Je - sus will
high; Re - turn to the path that leads home-ward; Je - sus will
by; If now you will come, there is mer - cy; Je - sus will

REFRAIN.

help if you try. Je - sus will help you, Je - sus will help you,

Help you with grace from on high; The weak - est and poor-est the

Sav - ior is call - ing; Je - sus will help if you try.

No. 94. There is Pow'r in the Blood.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PERMISSION.

L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whi-ter, much whi-ter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;
pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, there is

Wonder-wor'king pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is in the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r.

No. 95.

Pray Yourself Out.

D. R. Wade.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

I. E. Reynolds.

1. Tho' bil - lows of sor - row sweep o - ver your soul, And toss you, and
2. When bent by the bur - den of troub - le or care, If you should be
3. When storms beat up - on you, or foes o - ver-take, And friends do not
4. What - ev - er be - tide you while here you re - main, Don't go from the

drift you a - bout, Don't yield to temp-ta - tion, let Je - sus con - trol,
tempt-ed to doubt, Cling clo - ser to Je - sus and nev - er de - spair,
hear when you shout, The Lord will be near you and will not for - sake,
love-light - ed rout; The bless - ing you need from the Lord you shall gain,

CHORUS.

Just pray, brother, pray your-self out. Pray yourself out, pray yourself

out, Je - sus, the Sav - ior of love nev - er doubt; He will be

near you, read - y to hear you; Pray, brother, pray your-self out.

No. 96.

Send the Light.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Mac-e-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry-where a-bound; Send the light!
4. Let us not grow wear-y in the work of love; Send the light!

Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,

Send the light!

REFRAIN.

Send the light! . . . Send the light . . . . Send the light! . . . the

Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

1

bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine . . . . from shore to

the bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine

2

shore! . . . . . shine . . . . for-ev-er-more . . . . . .

from shore to shore! Let it shine for-ev-er-more.

No. 97. We've a Story to Tell.

Colin Sterne. H. E. Nichol.

Voices in Unison.

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the

turn their hearts to the right; A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness,
lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con-quer e - vil
Lord who reign-eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us,
path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple

A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
And shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God!

REFRAIN.

For the darkness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawn-ing to noon-day bright,

And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king-dom of love and light.

No. 98. Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH.
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H. G. Smyth.

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you bur-dened for
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai-ly
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not

flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-ior? Are you
those that are lost? Have you urged up-on those who are stray-ing, The
tell-ing for Him? Have you spo-ken the word of sal-va-tion To
free from all sin; We will bar-ri-ers be and a hin-drance To

CHORUS.

read-y His serv-ice to do?
Sav-ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy-ing in sin?
those we are try-ing to win.

Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,

rit.

My serv-ice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day.

No. 99. Stepping in the Light.

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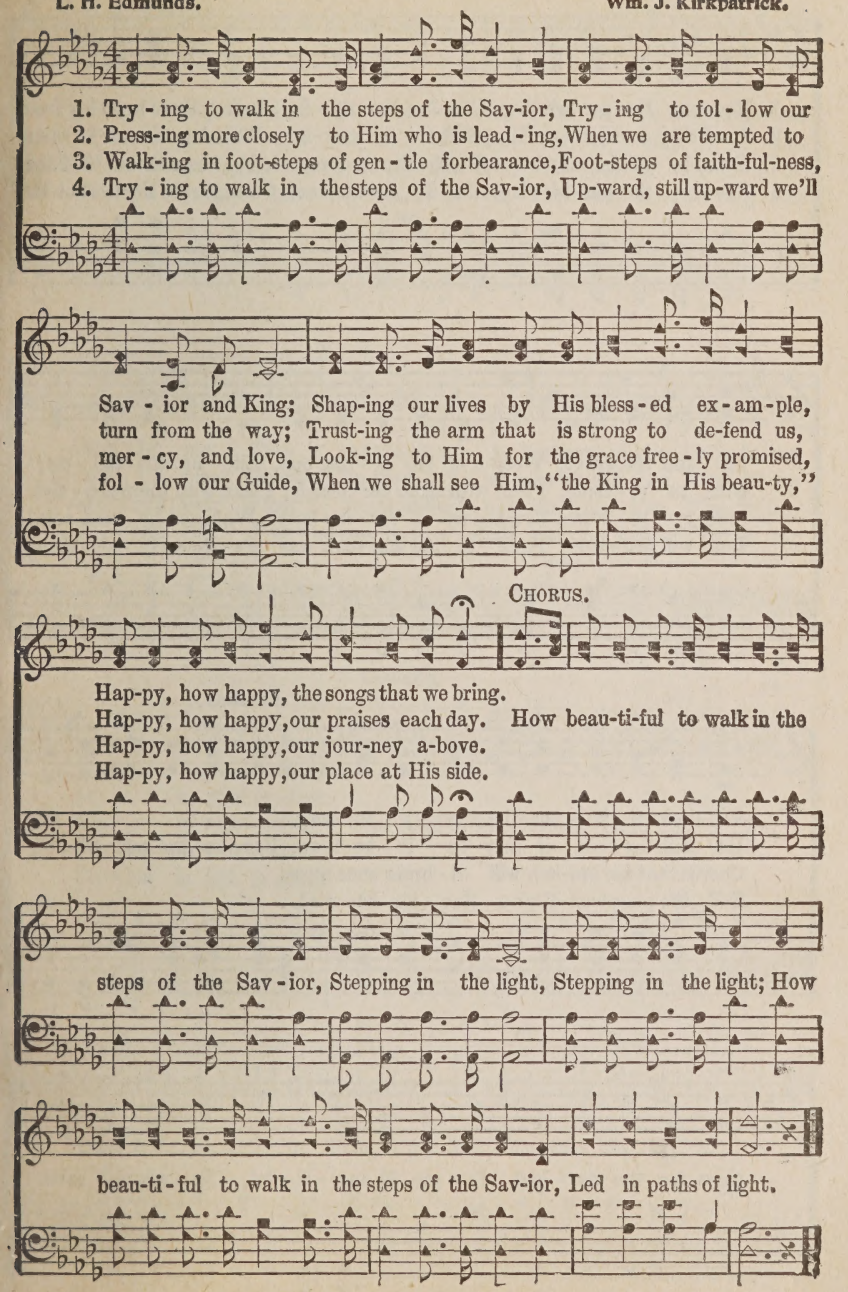
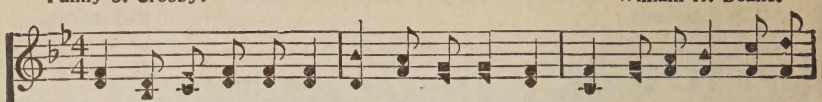
L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

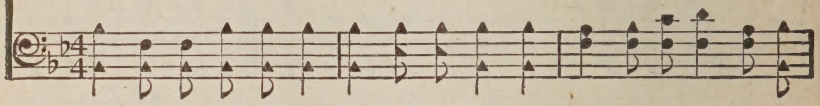


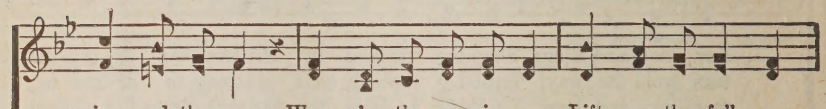
No. 100. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF F. T. DOANE. William H. Doane.

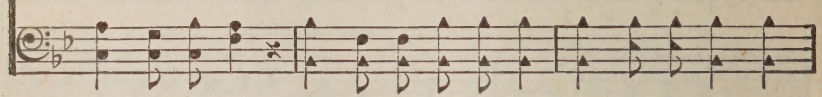


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

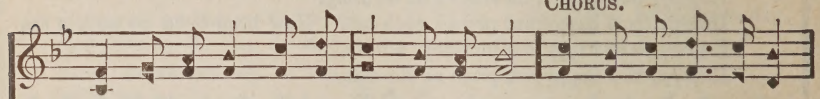




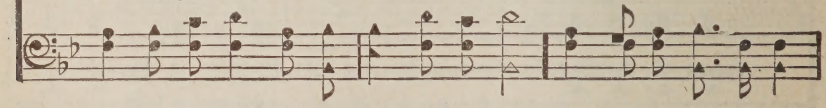
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gen - tly:
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

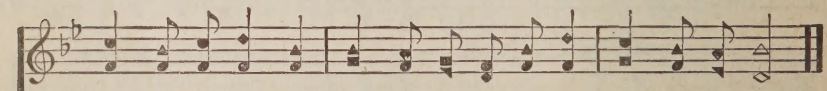


CHORUS.

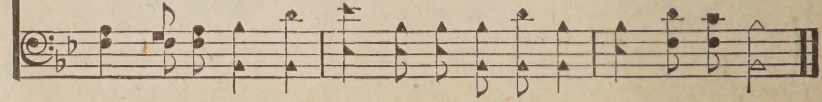


Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - ior has died.





Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.



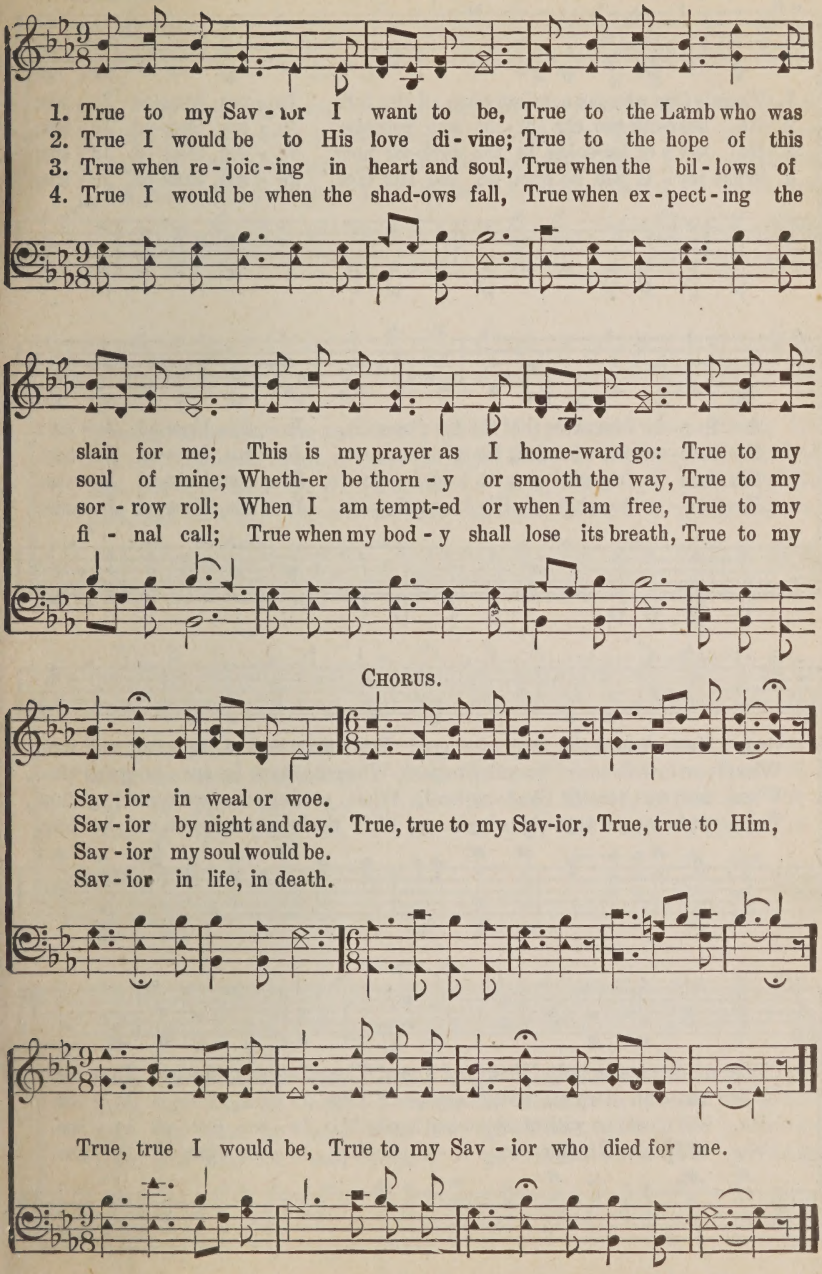
No. 101.

True to My Savior.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

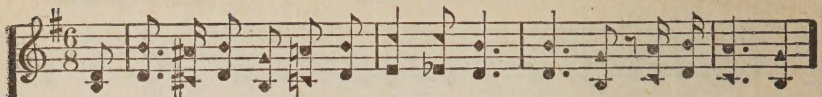


No. 102. Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

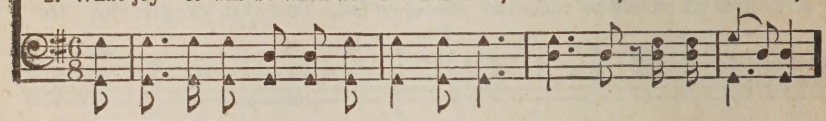
C. H. G.

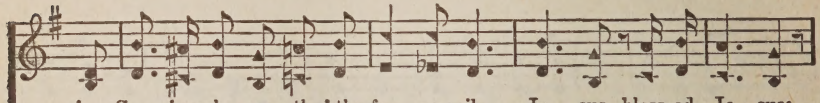
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

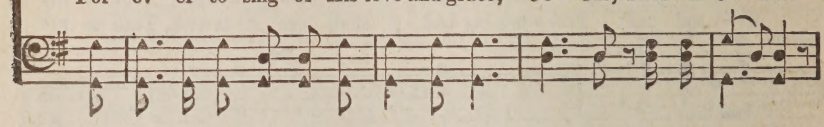


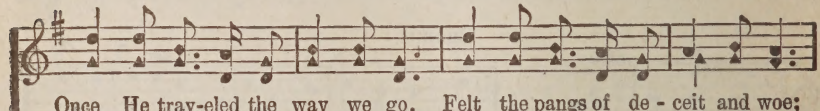
1. There's One who can comfort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear-eth the cry of the soul distressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;



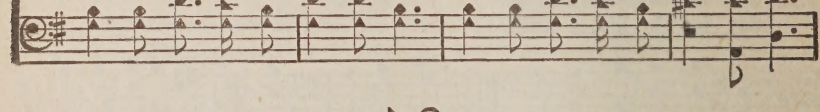


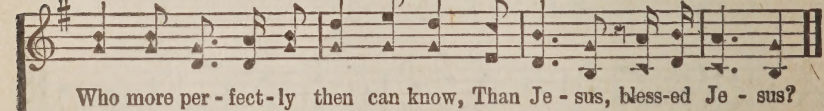
A Sav - ior who saves tho' the foe as-sails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
He heal - eth the wounded, He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
His arm is a-round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:



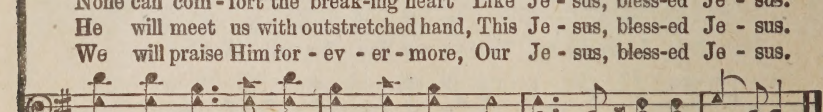


Once He trav-eled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
When from loved ones we're called to part, When the tears in our an-guish start,
When we en - ter the Shad-ow-land, When at Jor - dan we trembling stand,
There at home on that shin - ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be - fore,





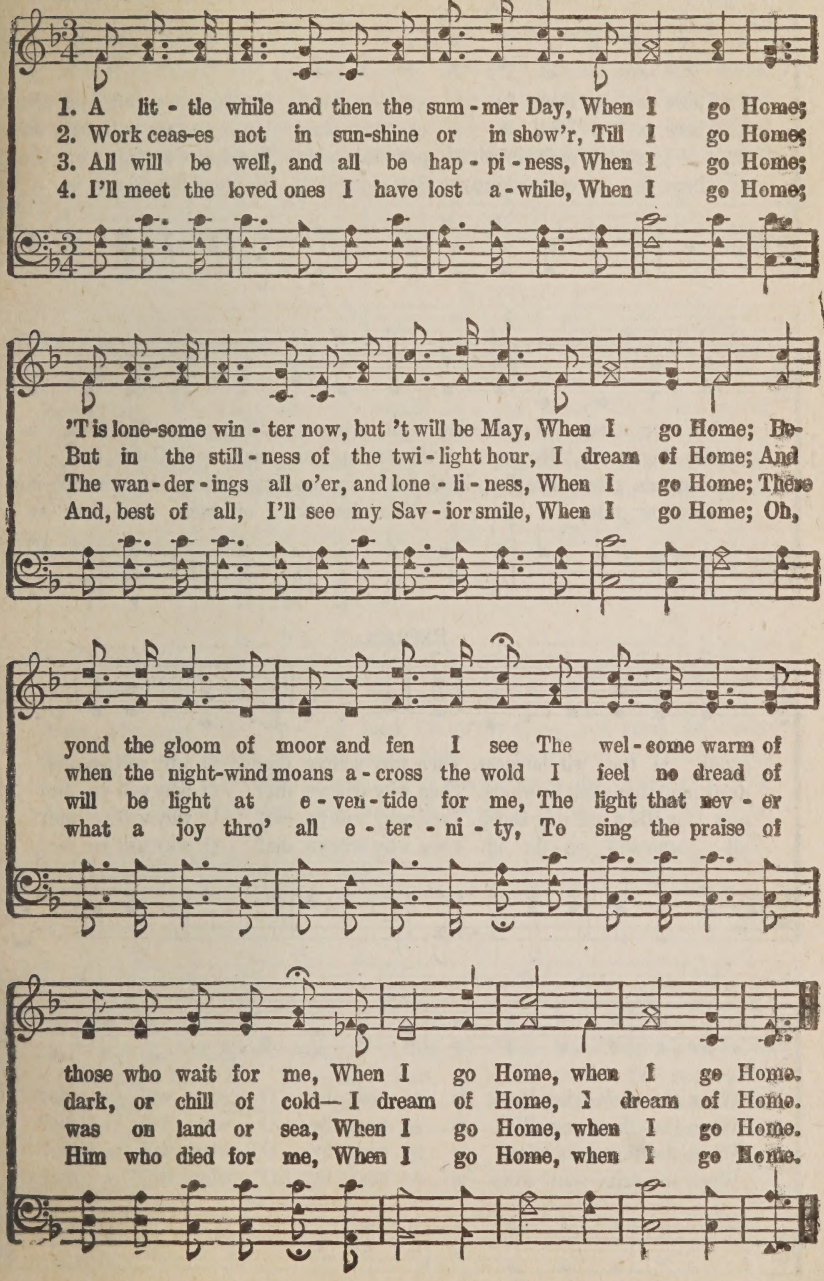
Who more per - fect - ly then can know, Than Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus?
None can com - fort the break-ing heart Like Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
He will meet us with outstretched hand, This Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
We will praise Him for - ev - er - more, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.



No. 103. When I Go Home.

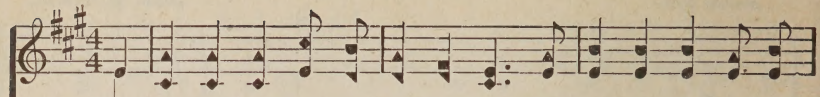
COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jennie Ree. Chas. H. Gabriel.

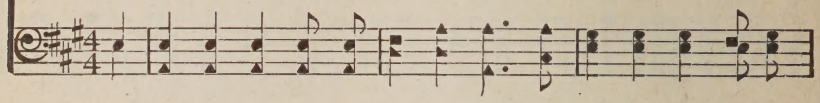


No. 104. The Sheltering Rock.

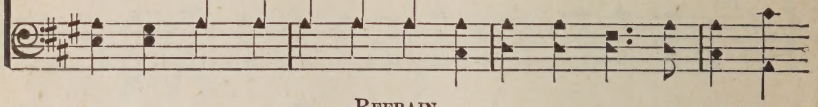
W. E. P. Rev. W. E. Penn.



1. There is a Rock in a wear - y land, Its shad - ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a-stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav - ior died; His blood flowed out in a



burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass, To seek a
treat - ing strain, "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst - ing, sin - sick soul, Come, free - ly
moun-tain side; The Shep-herd climbs o'er mountains steep; He's search-ing
crim - son tide, A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And free to



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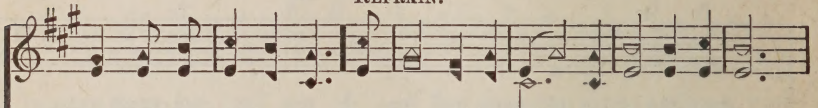
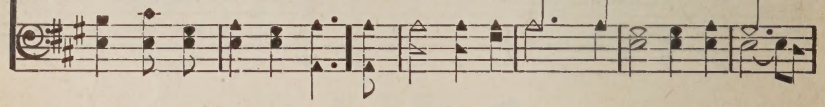
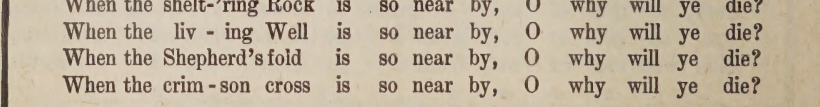


shade in the wil-der-ness. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
drink, and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
now for His wand'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?
all who will en - ter in. Then why will ye die? O why will ye die?



When the shelt-'ring Rock is so near by, O why will ye die?
When the liv - ing Well is so near by, O why will ye die?
When the Shepherd's fold is so near by, O why will ye die?
When the crim - son cross is so near by, O why will ye die?



No. 105.

Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, IN RENEWAL.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

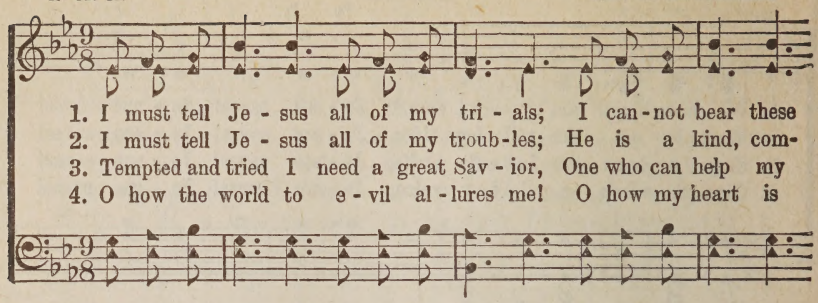
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

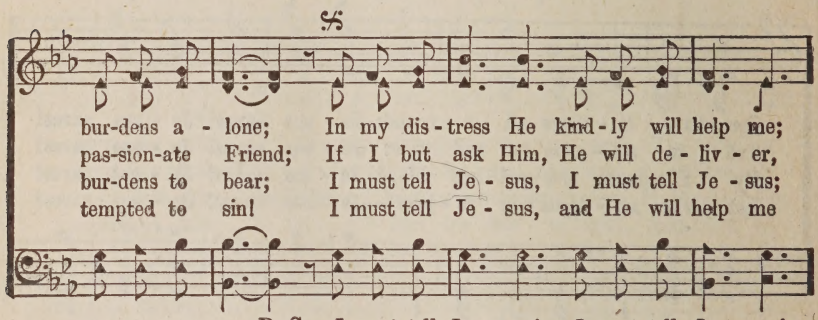
On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

No. 106. **I Must Tell Jesus.**

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

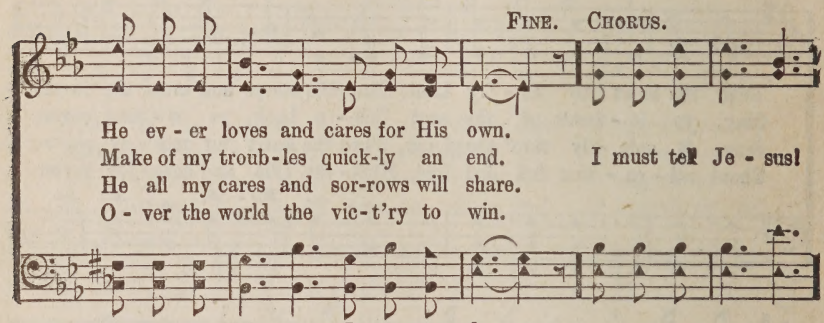


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is



bur-dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D. S.—*I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!*

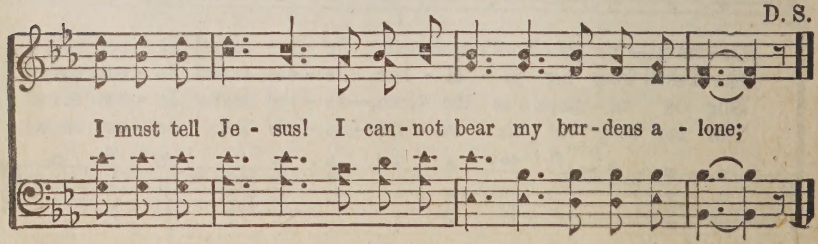


FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

D. S.



I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone;

No. 107. Throw Out the Life-Line.

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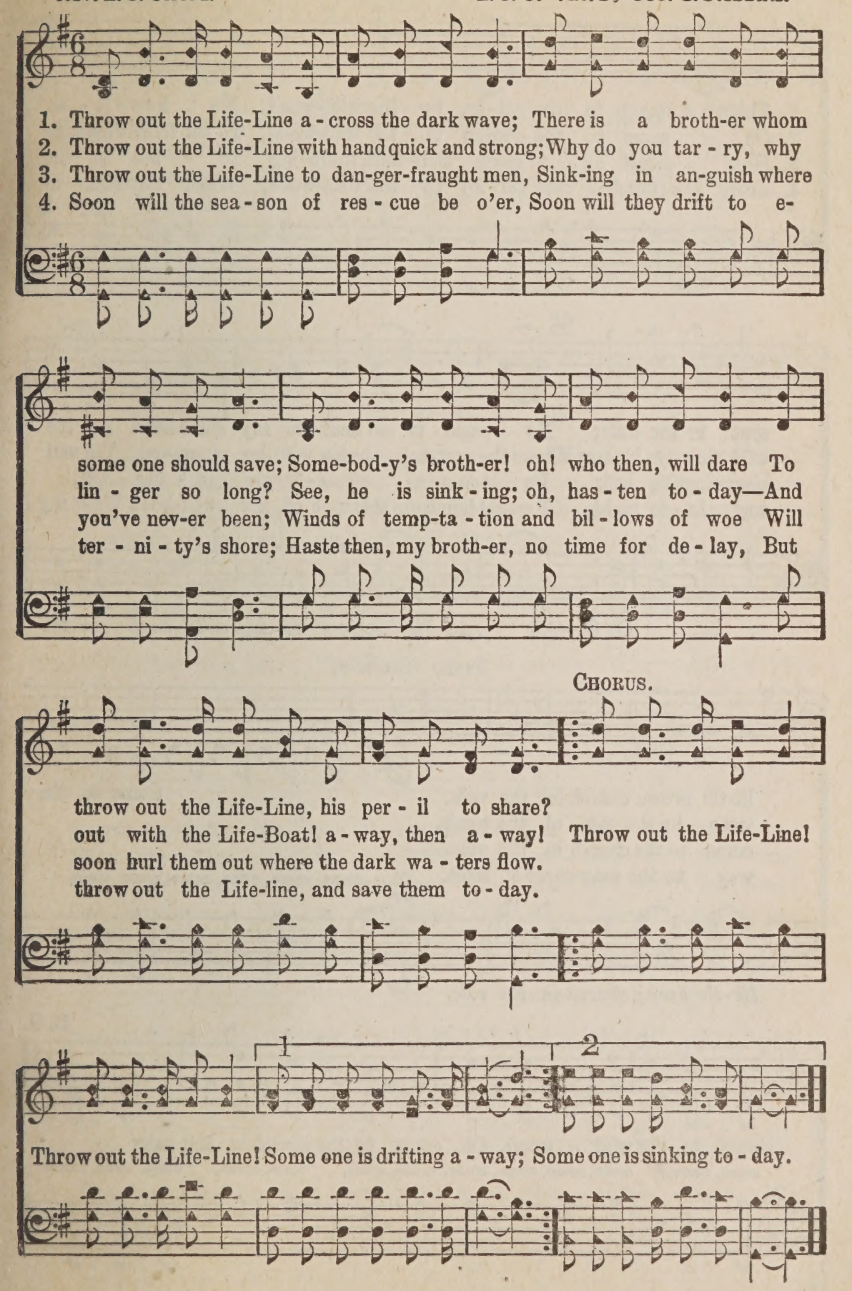
Rev. E. S. Ufford. E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

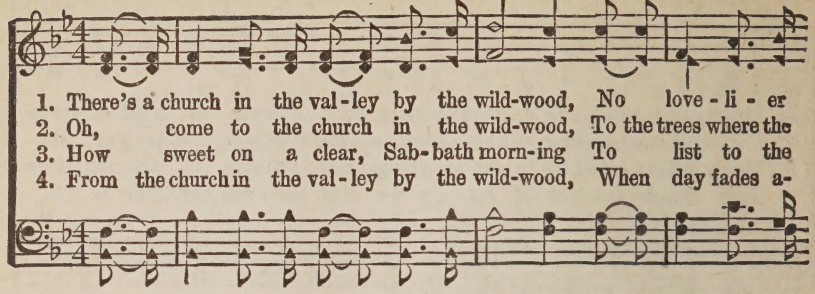


No. 108. The Church in the Wildwood.

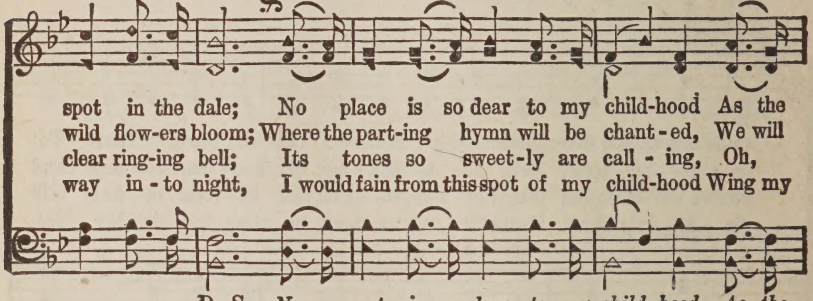
W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. William S. Pitts.



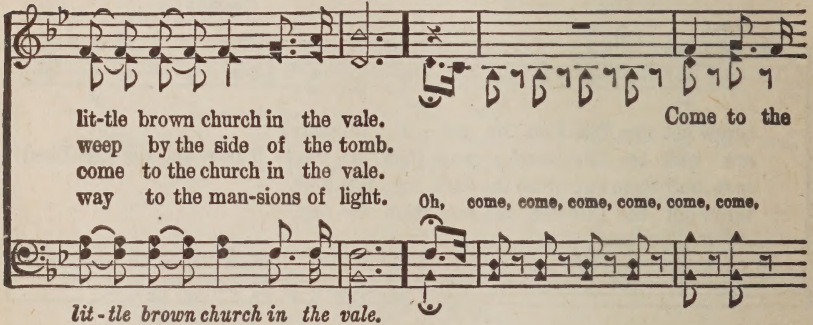
1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-



spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my

D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

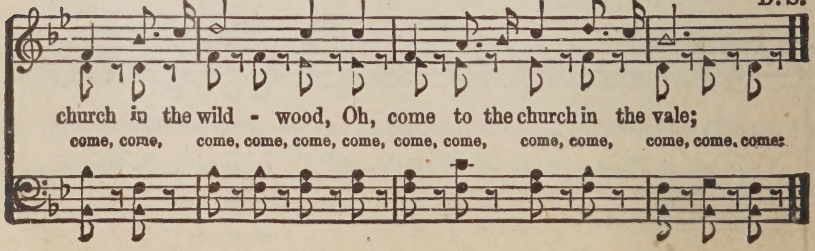
FINE. CHORUS.



lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man-sions of light. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.



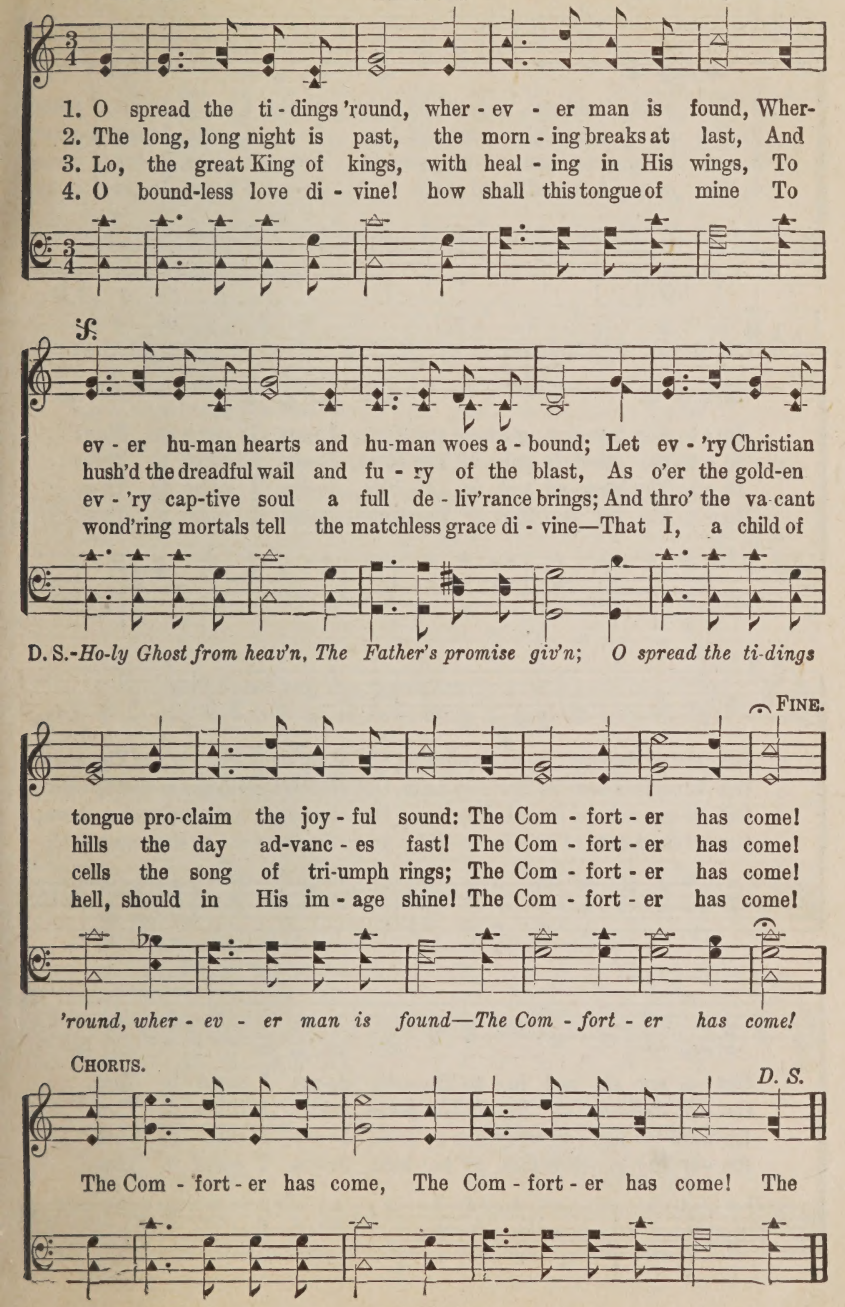
church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come.

No. 109. The Comforter Has Come.

F. Bottome.

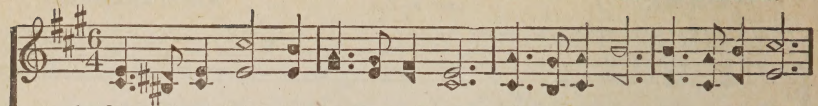
COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

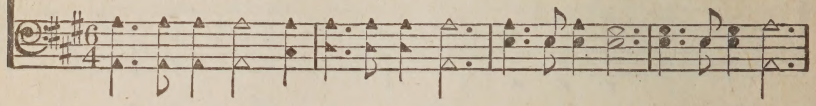


No. 110. Jesus, I Come.

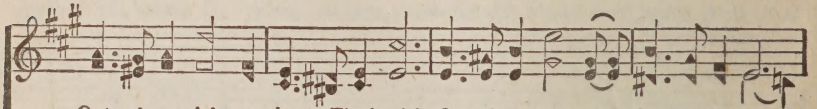
W. T. Sleeper. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.



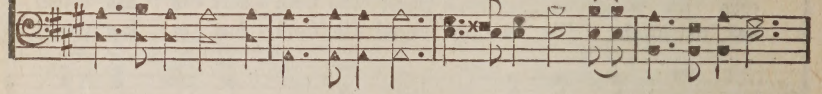
1. Out of my bond-age, sorrow and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;

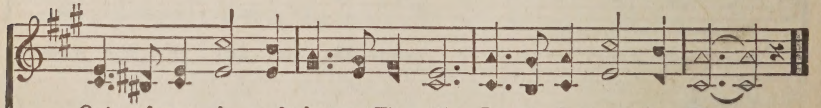


In-to Thy free-dom, gladness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;

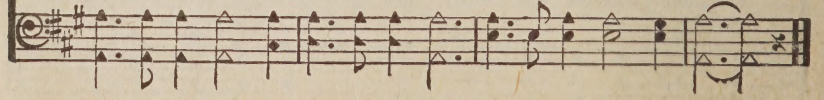


Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,





Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.



No. 113. Get Ye On to Canaan.

Mrs. Ida C. Reid.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

James V. Reid.

1. Oh, get ye on to Ca-naan, Don't die in E-gypt's sand; There's
use to live in bond-age, There's freedom for us all; If
2. Oh, get ye on to Ca-naan, A - rise, make up your mind! He's
feed you heav'n-ly man-na, With quail a-long the way: With

bread and milk a-bun-dant In that bright, hap-py land. No
you would take pos-ses-sion, Oh, heed the Lead-er's (*Omit. . . .*) call.
faith-ful who has prom-ised, "Not a hoof be left be-hind." He'll
fire by night He'll lead you, With a pillar of cloud by (*Omit. . .*) day.

CHORUS.

I re-mem-ber well the day When He washed my sins a - way, And
I can nev-er tell you how, But I have the bless-ing now; And

led me from the wil-der-ness To Canaan's blissful clime;
oh, I am so hap-py, oh, So (*Omit. . . . .*) happy all the time.

3 Don't fear the road to travel,
The sea will open wide;
The Lord will safely land you
Upon the other side.
Although you may find giants,
"The Lord will fight for you;"
Just keep your eyes upon Him,
He'll take you safely through.

4 Oh, Canaan is a good land,
A land of running brooks,
Of fountains in the valleys,
Of rills in shady nooks;
A land of wheat and barley,
Pomegranates, rich and fine,
With olive-oil and honey,—
Praise God, these all are mine!

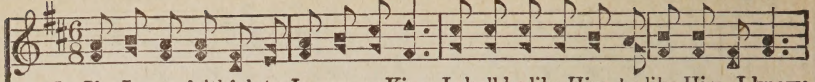
No. 114.

I Shall Be Like Him.

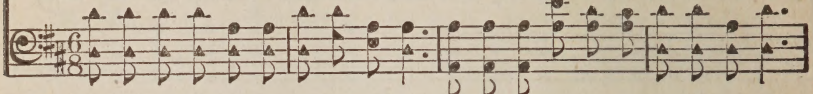
COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

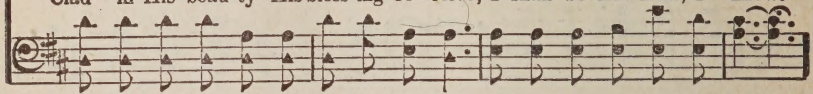
James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.



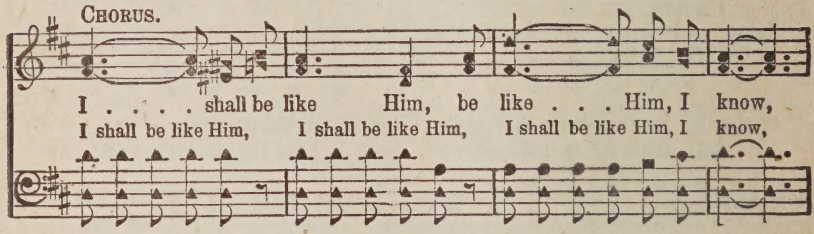
1. If I am faithful to Je-sus my King, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;
2. If I make known all His glorious love, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;
3. If I but trust Him till glo-ry be won, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;
4. If on the Cru-ci-fied One I be-lieve, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;



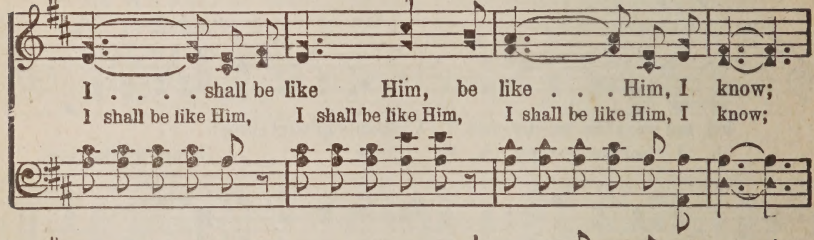
When in His pres-ence His prais-es I sing, I shall be like Him, I know.
If I am true till He calls me a-bove, I shall be like Him, I know.
If I press on-ward till du-ty is done, I shall be like Him, I know.
Clad in His beau-ty His bless-ing re-ceive, I shall be like Him, I know.



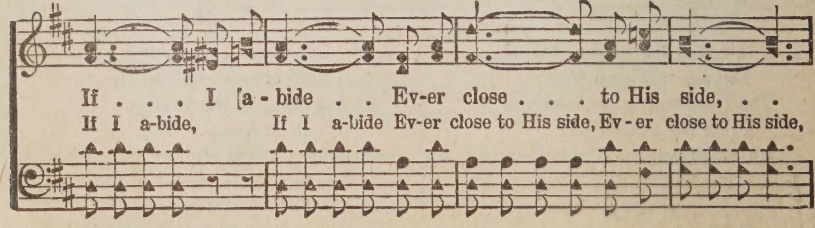
CHORUS.



I . . . . shall be like Him, be like . . . Him, I know,
I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I know,

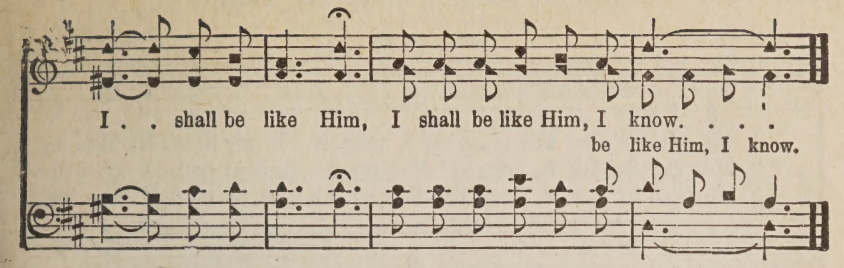


I . . . . shall be like Him, be like . . . Him, I know;
I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I know;



If . . . I [a-bide . . Ev-er close . . . to His side, . .
If I a-bide, If I a-bide Ev-er close to His side, Ev-er close to His side,

I Shall Be Like Him.



No. 115. Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS.
RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!

Thou art the Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me
Search me and try me, Mas-ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
Wound-ed and wear - y, Help me, I pray! Pow - er—all pow - er—
Hold o'er my be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it

Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing, Yield-ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum-bly I bow.
Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
Till all shall see Christ on-ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

No. 116. His Love Is Filling My Soul.

J. J. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

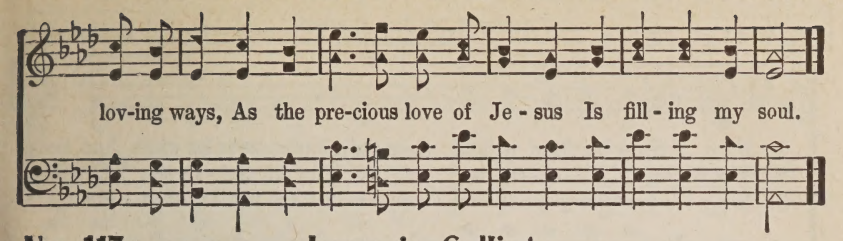
Jas. J. Bell

1. My soul is filled with gladness; A song is in my heart; No blind-ing tears of sad - ness Can from my eye-lids start. By faith I now am trust-ing This Christ who made me whole, The precious love of Je - sus Is
2. How can the day be drear - y? How can the shadows fall? I know that He will guide me, He hears me when I call. What tho' the storms may threaten? What tho' the ills be - tide? The precious love of Je - sus Is
3. How can I e'er re - pay Him For all His love to me? I can but lift His ban - ner, That oth - ers, too, may see, And dai - ly strive to bring some Poor wand'rer to the fold: The precious love of Je - sus Is

CHORUS.

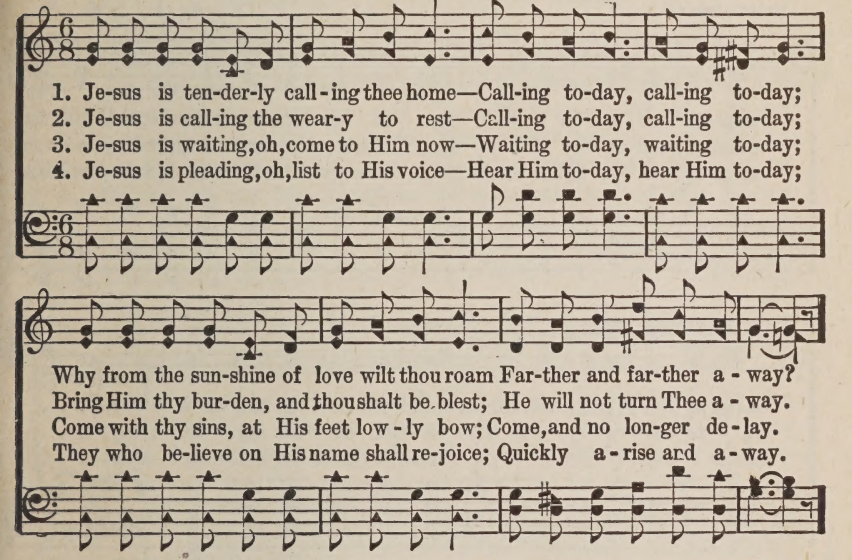
fill - ing my soul. Fill - ing my soul, fill - ing my soul! Riv - ers of mer - cy are fill - ing my soul. My voice I lift in praise For His kind and

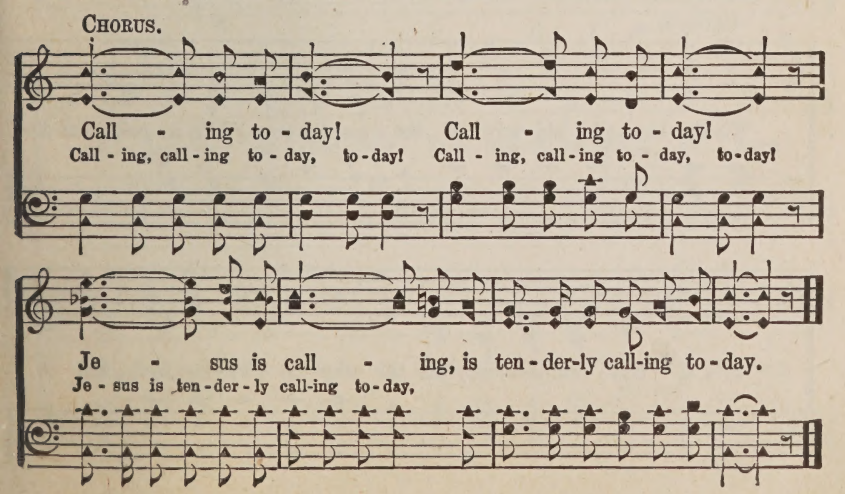
His Love Is Filling My Soul.



No. 117. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.





No. 118. The Blessed Old Way of the Cross.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morr

1. If I reach that land of light, where the saints are robed in white And there
2. "Would ye My dis-ci-ple be," said the Man of Gal-i-lee, "Ev-er-
3. With the heav'nly prize in view, here I bid the world a-dieu For a

shin-eth one e-ter-nal day; If be-fore the throne I stand, with the
more thy-self de-ny day by day; Take thy cross and fol-low Me, e-ven
cross up-on a hill lone and gray; Glo-ry crowns the way I take, as this

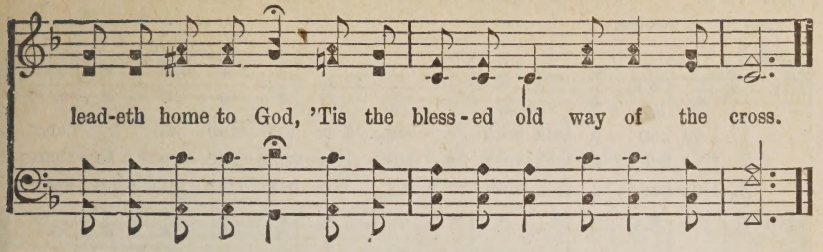
saved at God's right hand, I must walk with Him the nar-row way. . . .
un-to Cal-va-ry, For sal-va-tion 'tis the on-ly way." . . .
choice I free-ly make; I will take with Christ the lone-ly way. . . .

CHORUS.

'Tis the bless-ed old way of the cross, (the cross,) With its pain, self-de-

ni-al and loss; (and loss;) 'Tis the way the Sav-ior trod, and it

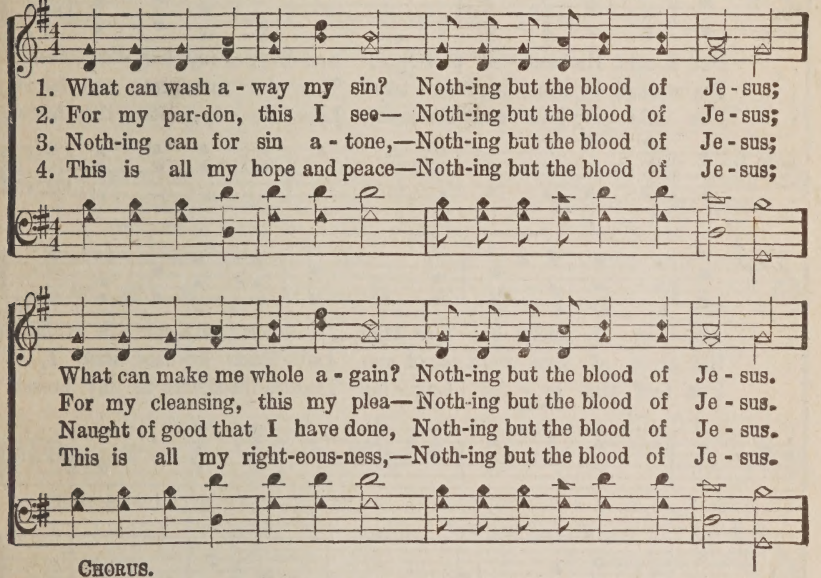
The Blessed Old Way of the Cross.



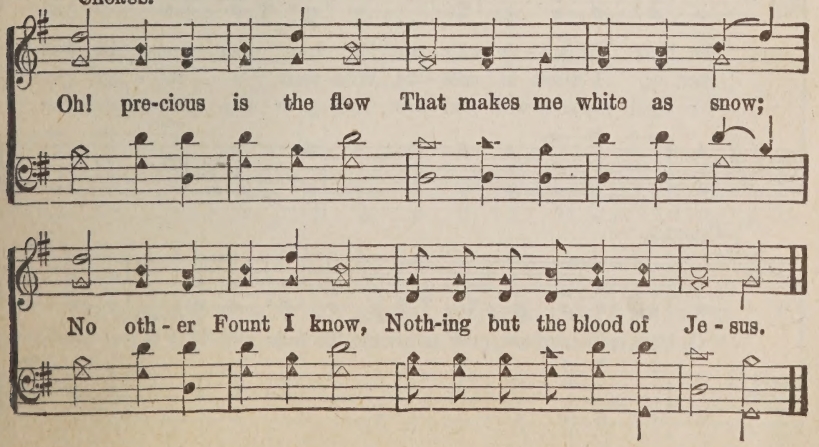
No. 119. Nothing But the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

R. L. Robert Lowry.



CHORUS.



No. 120. I've Had a Talk With Jesus.

Ida Scott Taylor. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. E. PENN. W. E. Penn.

1. I've had a talk with Je - sus, I've told Him all my care;
2. I've had a talk with Je - sus, His prom - ised peace to share;
3. I've had a talk with Je - sus, We held com - mun - ion sweet;

I've sought His bless - ed pres-ence, And dropped my bur - den there;
We walked by heal - ing wa - ters Thro' pas - tures green and fair;
I've laid my joys and sor-rows, Like Ma - ry, at His feet—

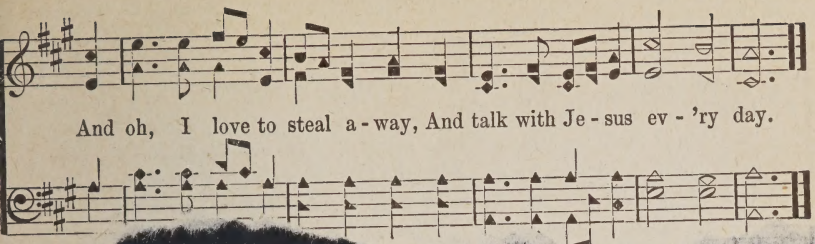
And when I knelt be - fore Him, I felt my spir - it thrill
His arms of love were round me, And blest in - deed was I,
I've told him ev - 'ry long - ing That throbbed with-in my breast;

To hear His gen - tle whis - per, "I love thee, peace be still."
And oh, I dwelt in safe - ty With such a ref - uge nigh!
He filled my soul with com - fort, And gave His peace and rest.

CHORUS.

O blest com-mun-ion, pure and sweet, To talk with Him is joy com-plete;

I've Had a Talk With Jesus.



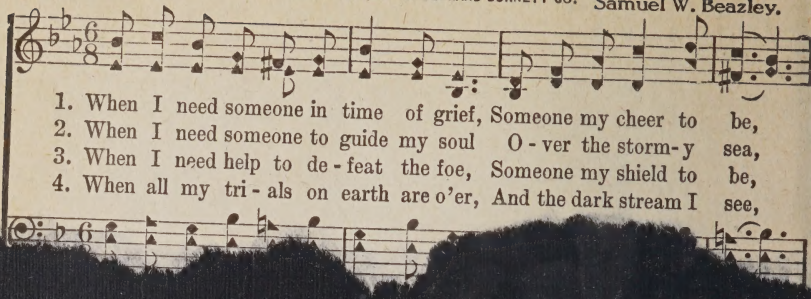
No. 122.

I Choose Jesus.

James Rowe.

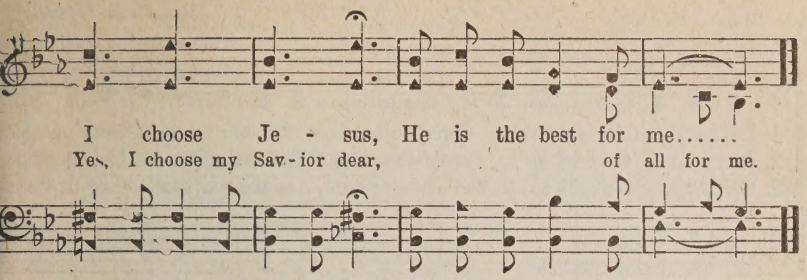
COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HILDEBRAND-BURNETT CO.

Samuel W. Beazley.



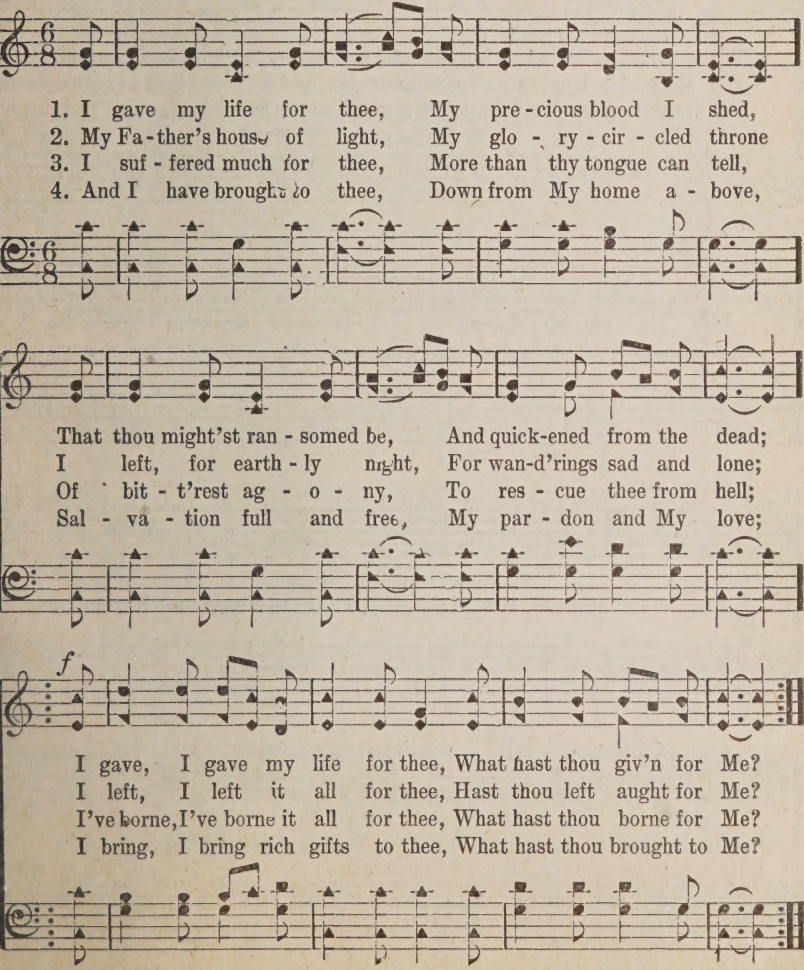
1. When I need someone in time of grief, Someone my cheer to be,
2. When I need someone to guide my soul O - ver the storm - y sea,
3. When I need help to de - feat the foe, Someone my shield to be,
4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,

I Choose Jesus.



No. 123. I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.



No. 124. **The Christian's Race.**

Mrs. C. H. M.

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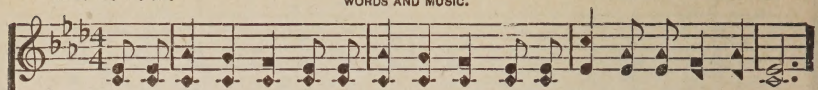
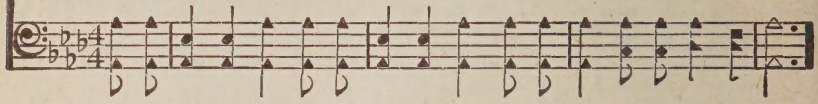
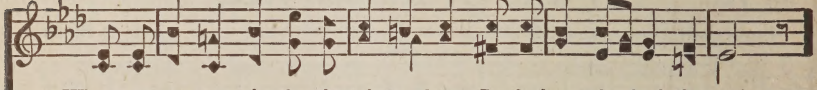
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

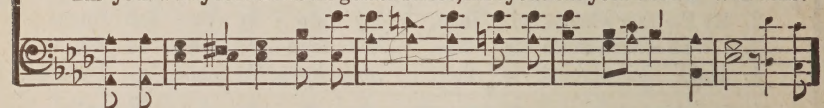


1. Brother, keep straight on in the Christian's race, With your eyes on the heav'nly goal,
2. Brother, keep straight on in the old-time way Which our fathers be-fore us trod;
3. Brother, keep straight on, to the end en - dure, And the goal shall at last be won;

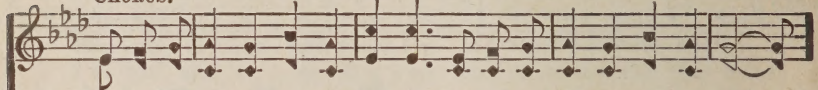




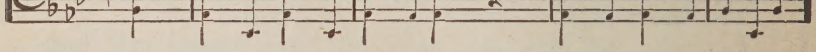
Where a rest re-mains for the tried and true In the home-land of the soul.
Tho' the way be long, rough and toilsome, too, And is stained with martyr's blood.
Till your weary feet tread the golden street, And you hear your Lord's "Well done."

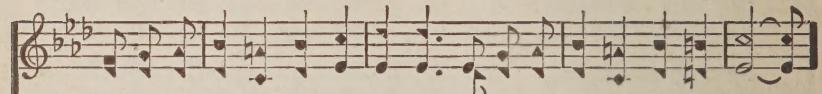


CHORUS.

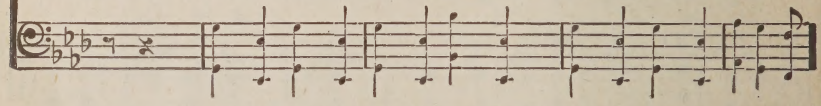


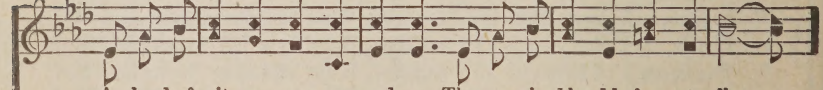
The Christian's race is set be-fore you, Lay ev'ry weight and sin a - side;



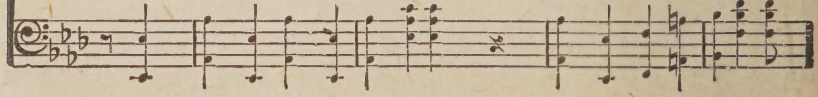


Keep ev - er on-ward, upward pressing, The Lord Himself will be your guide;





A cloud of wit-ness-es sur-round you, The promised land before you lies;



The Christian's Race.

Harmony.

Keep ev - er on - ward, up-ward press-ing, Tow'rd the mark for the prize.

No. 125. Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds. J. S. Fearls.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song-birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;

Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer-don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.

CHORUS.

Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti - ful Isle,

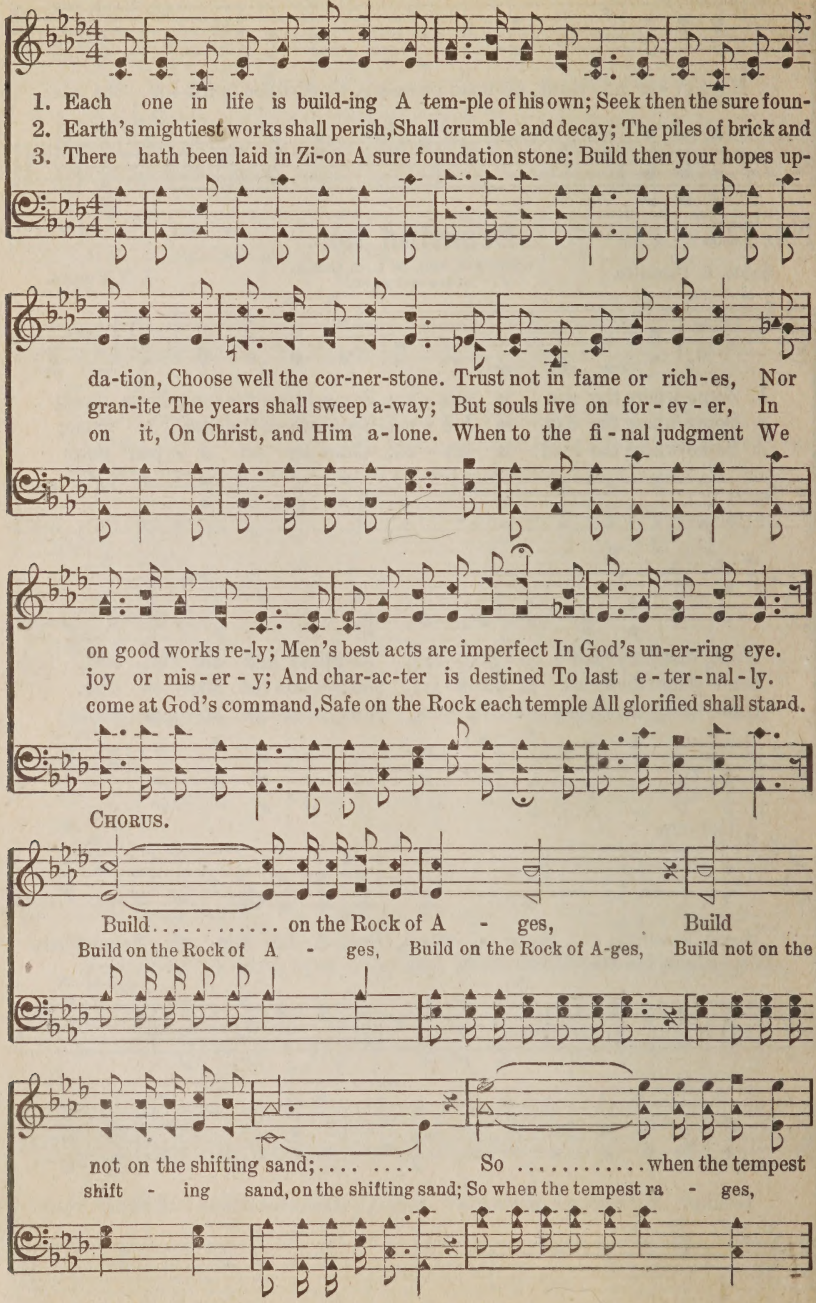
Land of the true, where we live a-new,—Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!

No. 126. The Sure Foundation.

Luella McCutcheon.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. N. LINCOLN.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER, DALLAS, TEXAS.

C. L. Chamberlin.



The Sure Foundation.

ra - ges, Safe - ly thy work shall stand.
So when the tempest ra-ges, shall sure-ly stand.

No. 127. Say, Are You Ready?

A. S. Kieffer. USED BY PERMISSION. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Should the Death Angel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of to-night,
2. Man - y sad spir - its now are de - part-ing In - to the world of de - spair;
3. Man - y redeemed ones now are as-cend-ing In - to the mansions of light;

Say, will your spir - it pass in - to tor-ment, Or to the land of de - light?
Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer; Sin-ner, O sin-ner, be - ware!
Je - sus is plead-ing, pa-tient-ly plead-ing, O let Him save you to-night.

CHORUS.

Say, are you read-y? O are you read-y? If the Death Angel should call, ...
should call,

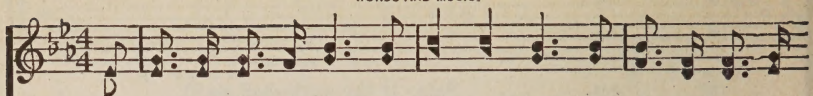
Say, are you read-y? O are you read-y? Mer-cy stands waiting for all.

No. 128. The Story of the Cross.

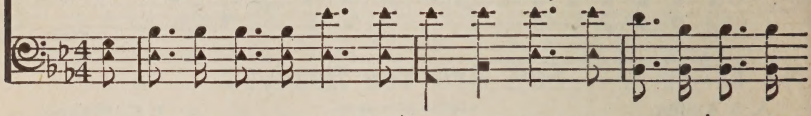
H. D. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

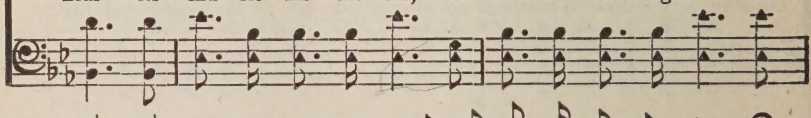
Harry Dixon Loes.



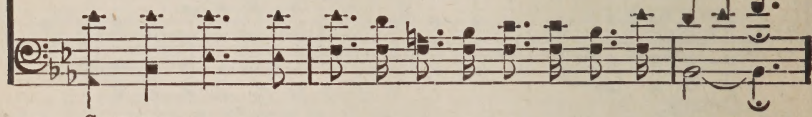
1. The sto - ry of the cross where Je - sus died Has oft - en been pro-
2. No oth - er theme can boast such deathless fame, And by no oth - er
3. A thousand times and more I've heard it told, But still I love to



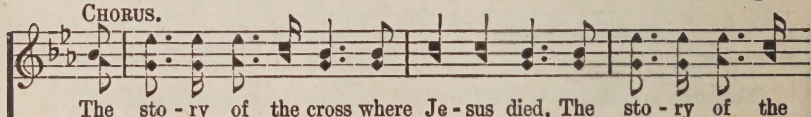
claimed as ti - dings glad to all; But He who there for me was
truth have souls been so in-spired; The glo - ries of the cross to
hear its mu - sic fill the air; To all the er - ring race the



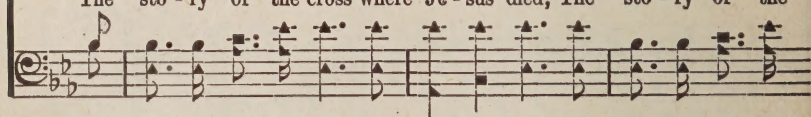
cru - ci - fied Is pre-cious as when first the news I heard.....
Christ ac - claim The right of way in ev' - ry heart and realm.....
cross shines bold, And points the way to life and back to God.....



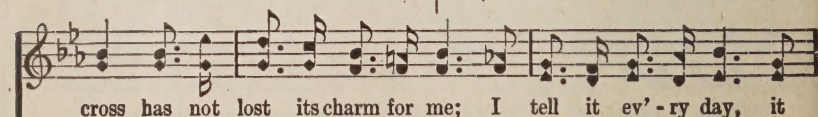
CHORUS.



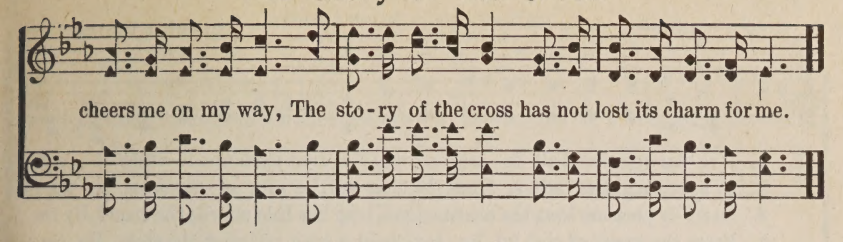
The sto - ry of the cross where Je - sus died, The sto - ry of the



cross has not lost its charm for me; I tell it ev' - ry day, it



The Story of the Cross.

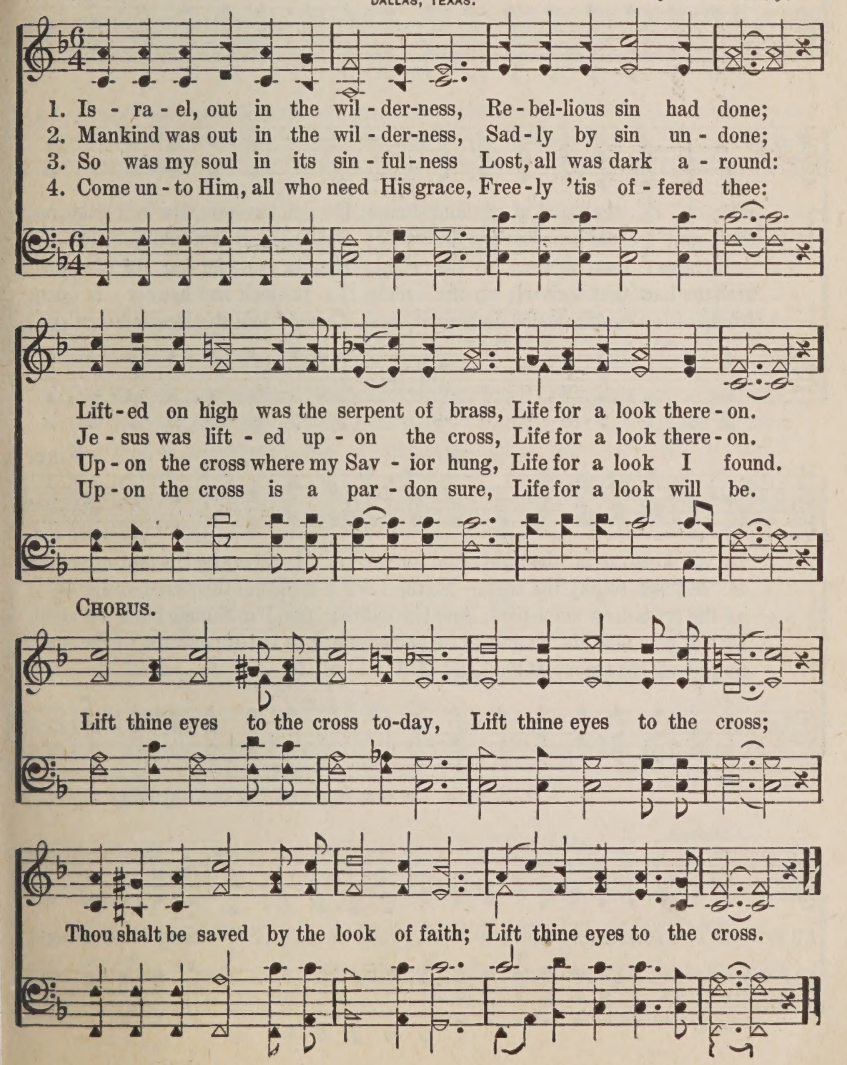


No. 129. The Look of Faith.

A. I. R

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

Alpha Ira Ruby.

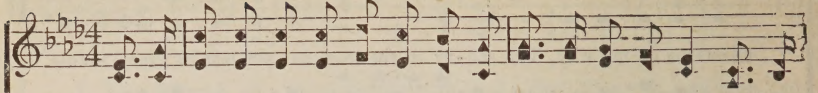


No. 130. Surrender All to Jesus.

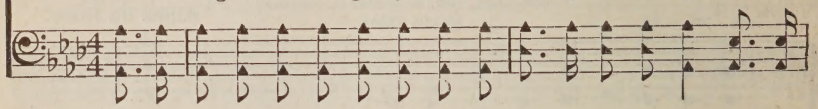
Robert Matthews.

COPYRIGHT, 1915 BY WILLIAM J RAMSAY,
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

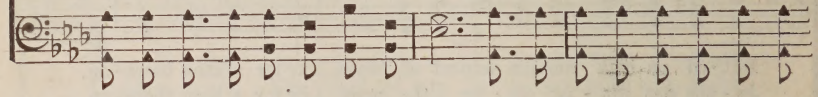
William J. Ramsay.



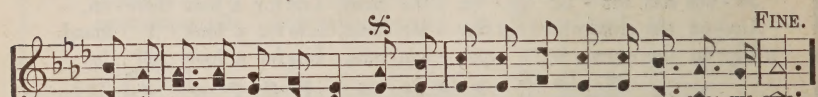
1. I've sur-ren-dered all to Je-sus, and I'm com-ing home to-night, I am
2. I have sought at oth-er times the bless-ed Sav-ior of the lost, I have
3. Earth-ly pleasure long has charmed me, long has held my captive heart, By the
4. From the wreck of sin-ful liv-ing Christ a-lone can wash the stain, He can
5. If the King in all His glo-ry should be com-ing back to-night, If the



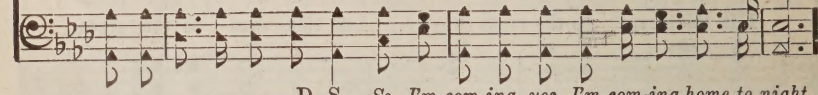
wear-y of the world of sin and shame; He will save me, He will guide me,
tho't that I could hear His ten-der call; But the Spir-it would not bless me,
world have I been blind-ed to the right; But the suf-fer-ing of Je-sus
heal the hurt that shriv-els up the soul; To the sick and heav-y-la-den,
trump of an-gels sounded Judgment Day, I would join the bless-ed com-pa-



FINE.

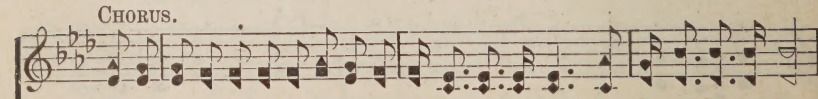


He will keep me in the right, And for-ev-er I will praise His precious name.
I re-fused to pay the cost,—To the Lord I could not then sur-ren-der all.
on the cross drew me a-part, And I'm coming, yes, I'm coming home to-night.
He will give new life a-gain, Life and strength to bat-tle onward to the goal.
ny around the throne of light, So I'll fol-low, fol-low Je-sus all the way.

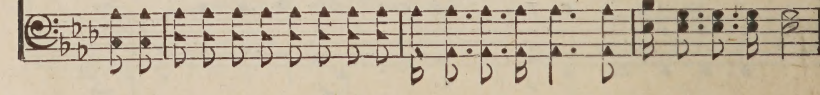


D. S.—*So I'm com-ing, yes, I'm com-ing home to night.*

CHORUS.



All to Jesus I've surrendered, and I'm coming home to-night, I'm coming home to-night,



Surrender All to Jesus.

D. S.

coming home to-night; He will save me, He will guide me and He'll keep me in the right,

No. 131. Our God Is Marching On.

I. E. R. I. E. Reynolds.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY I. E. REYNOLDS.

1. Our God is marching on with great triumphant stride, Behold the charging hosts;
2. Our God is marching on, the host of sin to fight, Be loy - al in His name;
3. Our God is marching on, the Lord is in command, With Him we are se - cure;

Our God is marching on, His ar-my true and tried Led by the Ho - ly Ghost.
Our God is marching on, With Him the way is bright; Let us His name proclaim.
Our God is marching on, No e - vil can withstand, Our vic-to - ry is sure.

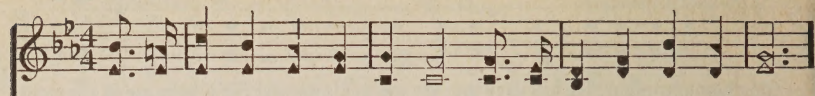
CHORUS.

Our God is marching on, Our God is marching on;
march-ing on, marching on;

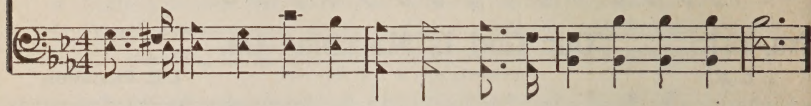
With a great firm tread He moves a - long, Our God is march-ing on.

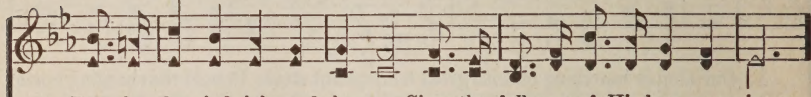
No. 132. Since the Fullness of His Love Came In.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY B. D. ACKLEY. B. D. Ackley.

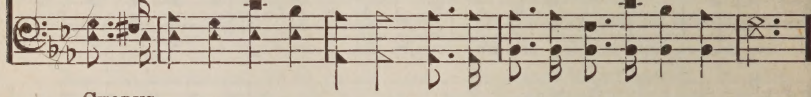


1. Once my way was dark and drear - y, For my heart was full of sin,
2. There is grace for all the low - ly, Grace to keep the trust-ing soul;
3. Let me spread a-broad the sto - ry, Oth - er souls to Je - sus win;

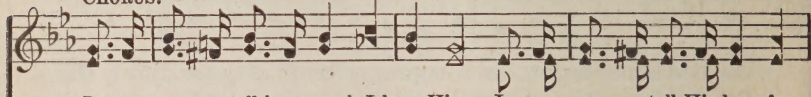




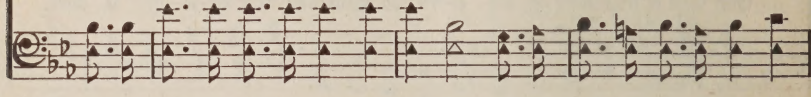
But the sky is bright and cheer-y, Since the full-ness of His love came in.
Pow'r to cleanse and make me ho-ly; Je - sus shall my yielded life con - trol,
For the cross is now my glo - ry, Since the full-ness of His love came in.

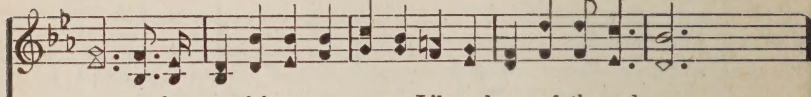


CHORUS.

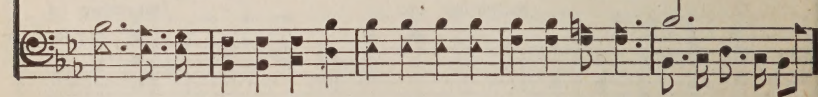


I can nev - er tell how much I love Him, I can nev - er tell His love for

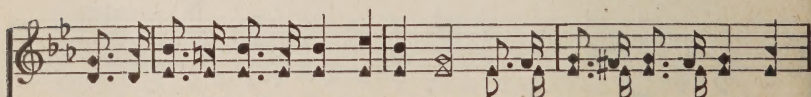




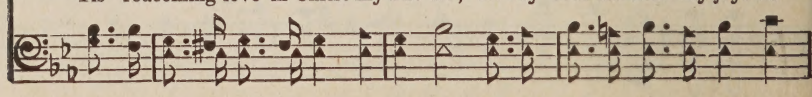
me; For it passeth human measure, Like a deep, unfathomed sea;



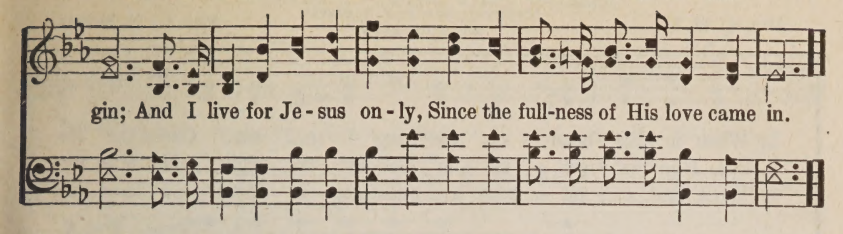
deep, unfathomed sea;



'Tis redeeming love in Christ my Sav-ior, In my soul the heav'nly joys be-



Since the Fullness of His Love Came In.



No. 133. Parting Song.

E. V. L.

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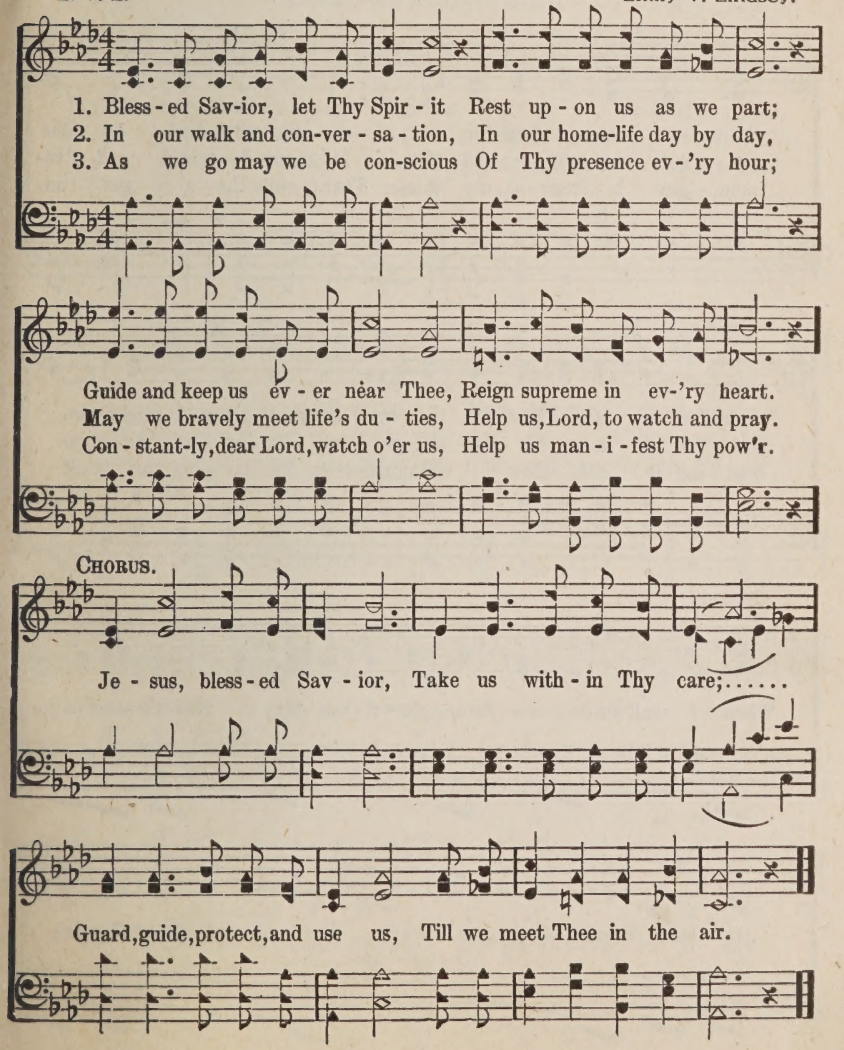
Emily V. Lindsey.



No. 134. When I Shall See Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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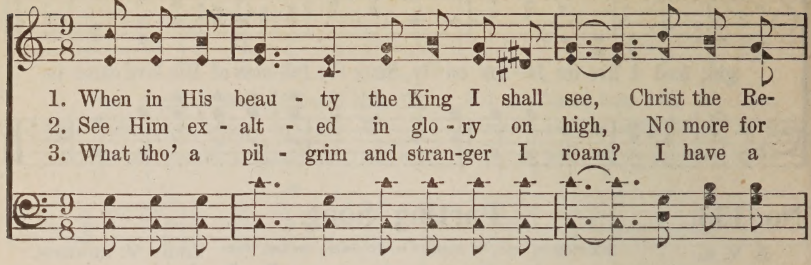
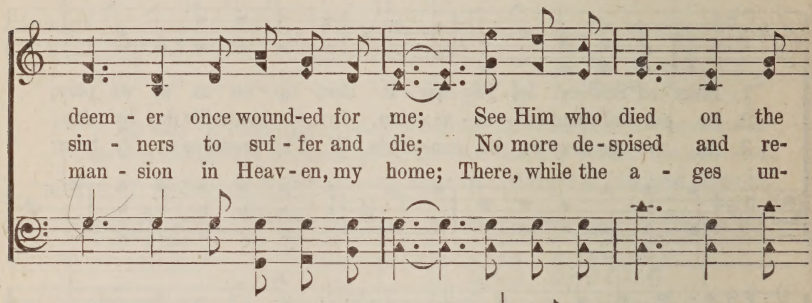
WORDS AND MUSIC.

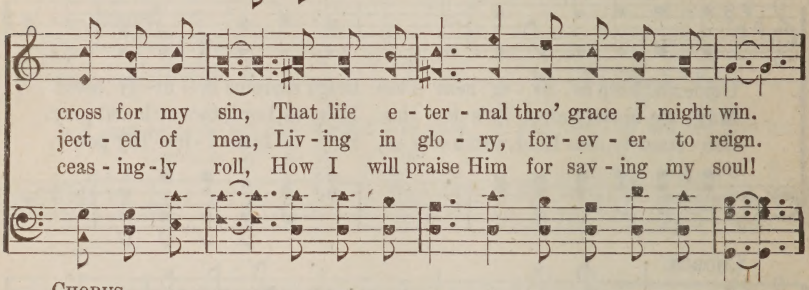
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. When in His beau - ty the King I shall see, Christ the Re-
2. See Him ex - alt - ed in glo - ry on high, No more for
3. What tho' a pil - grim and stran-ger I roam? I have a

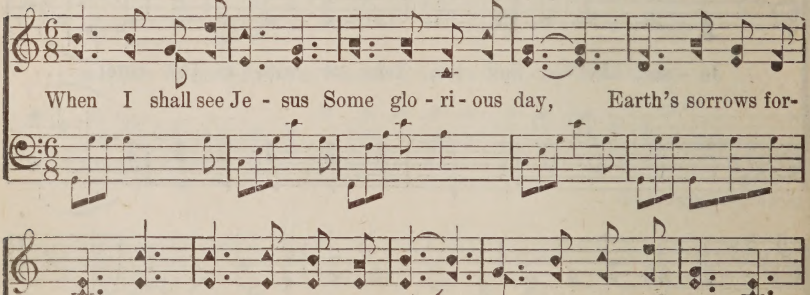


deem - er once wound-ed for me; See Him who died on the
sin - ners to suf - fer and die; No more de - spised and re-
man - sion in Heav - en, my home; There, while the a - ges un-

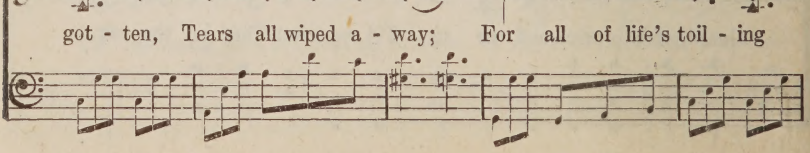


cross for my sin, That life e - ter - nal thro' grace I might win.
ject - ed of men, Liv - ing in glo - ry, for - ev - er to reign.
ceas - ing - ly roll, How I will praise Him for sav - ing my soul!

CHORUS.



When I shall see Je - sus Some glo - ri - ous day, Earth's sorrows for-



got - ten, Tears all wiped a - way; For all of life's toil - ing

When I Shall See Jesus.

Parts.

'Twill rich-ly re-pay, When I shall see Je-sus Some glo-ri-ous day.

No. 135. There's No Friend Like Jesus.

M. J. B. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. M. J. Babbitt.

1. There's no friend to me like Je-sus, He my ev-'ry need sup-plies;
2. All, yes, all to me is Je-sus, Blest Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, Guide,
3. I will nev-er cease to love Him, He who died to set me free;

He not on-ly saves but keeps me, Noth-ing good from me de-nies.
And from ev-'ry foe de-fends me, And in Him I'll ev-er hide.
Now in Him I am a-bid-ing And some day His face I'll see.

CHORUS.

Yes, in Him I'm full-y trust-ing, Yes, thro' Him I'll con-quer all;

For I know He saves and keeps me, And He'll nev-er let me fall.

No. 136. Where His Voice is Guiding.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1893 AND 1896, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hark, 'tis the Mas-ter! He's call-ing you to-day, Fol-low where His voice is
2. New fields of bless-ing will o-pen to your view, Fol-low where His voice is
3. What tho' temp-ta-tions may beck-on you a-side? Fol-low where His voice is

guid-ing; Look for His foot-prints along the Heav'nward way, Follow where His
guid-ing; Seek-ing His Spir-it your dai-ly strength re-new, Follow where His
guid-ing; Un-der His ban-ner in loy-al-ty a-bide, Follow where His

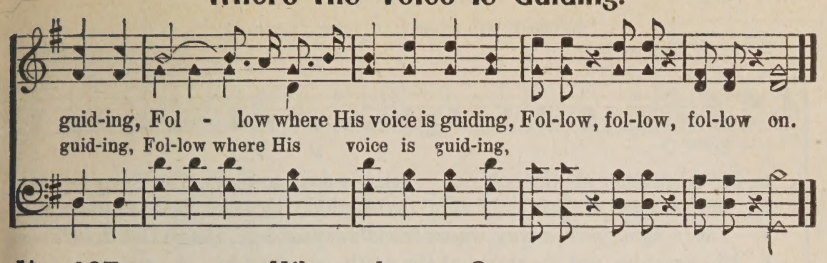
voice is guid-ing. He.... who lives for-ev-er-more, Trod this earthly
voice is guid-ing. Press-ing on-ward, glad and free, Sweet-er will His
voice is guid-ing. Tho' the way seem hard and long, Faith will sing her

path be-fore, Knows its dangers, knows its grief, He will send your soul relief.
serv-ice be, Rich-er His re-wards of love, Foretastes of the feast above.
cheer-y song; Soon we'll lay the burdens down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.

CHORUS.

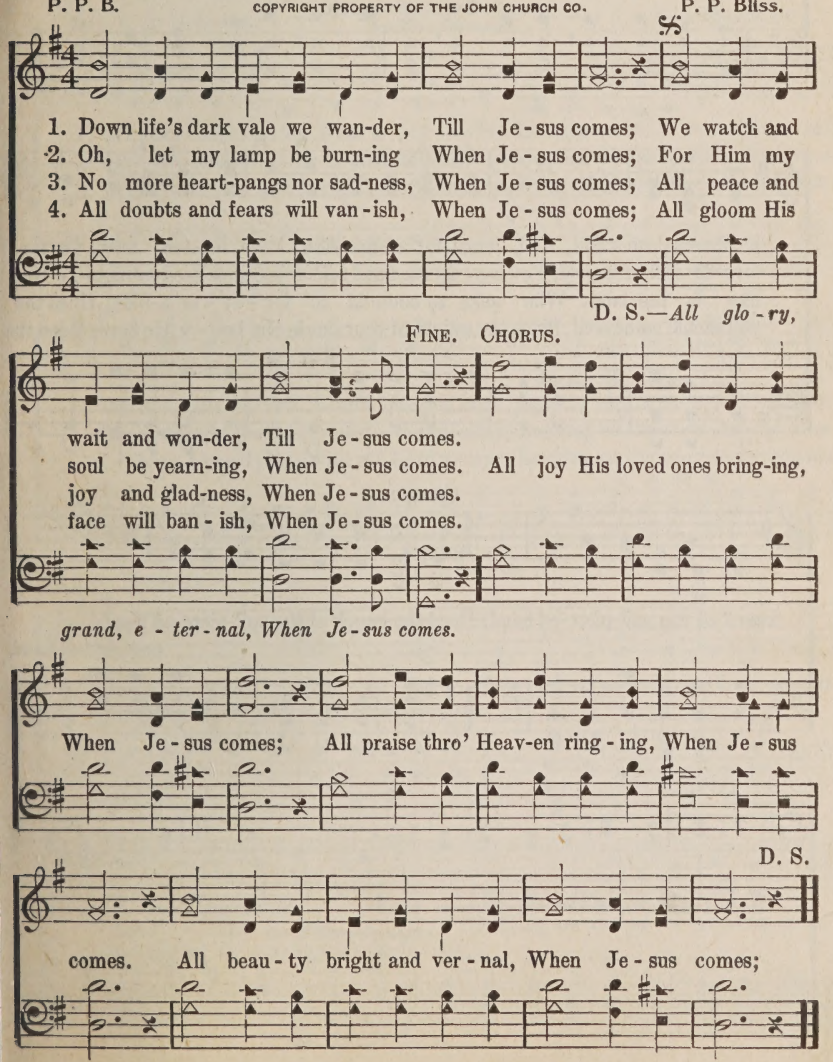
Fol-low, fol-low where His voice is guiding, Fol-low, fol-low where His voice is
Fol-low where His voice is guid-ing, Fol-low where His voice is

Where His Voice is Guiding.



No. 137. When Jesus Comes.

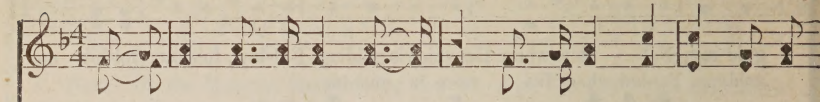
P. P. B. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.



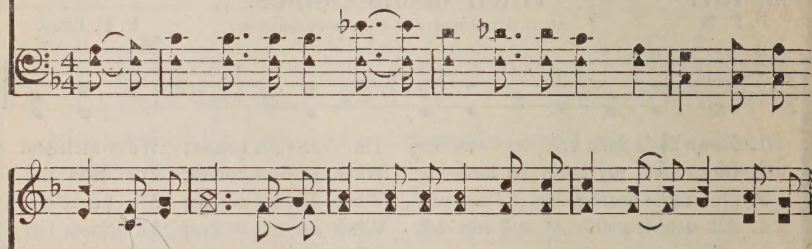
No. 138. The Nail-Pierced Hand.

COPYRIGHT 1897, BY MRS. L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

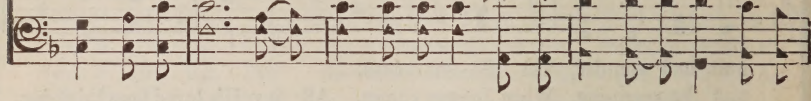
John R. Clements. Jno. R. Sweney.



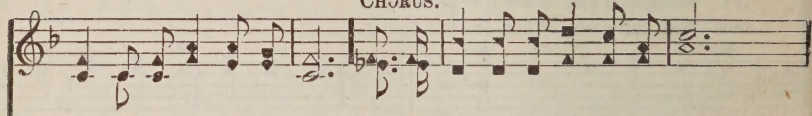
1. Dost thou know at thy bolt - ed heart's-door to-night, The Sav - ior in
2. Out - side He has stood thro' the length of the years, Since Mother the
3. You turn not a-way when a friend's at your door, Here's One there's none
4. All the pain and the shame of His death on the tree, A wel-come from



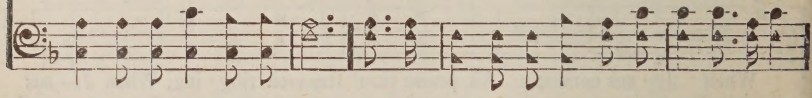
meekness doth stand, And longs for ad-mis-sion? Pray, lis - ten now To the
love-flame first fanned; You have spurned and rejected, O give heed to-night To the
like in the land, Who asks to come in to for - ev - er a-bide; Heed the
you should command, Since the weight of your sins in His bod - y He bore; Heed the

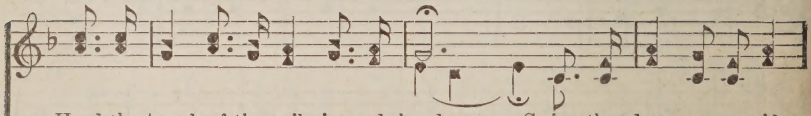


CHORUS.

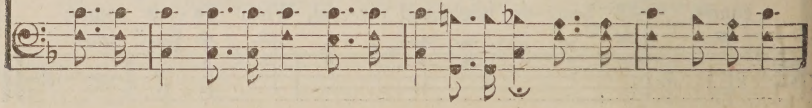


knock of the nail-pierc-ed hand. Heed the knock of the nail-pierc-ed hand,
nail-pierced hand,

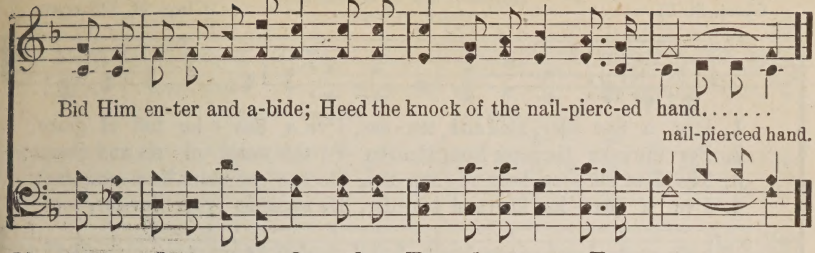




Heed the knock of the nail-pierc-ed hand; Swing the door o-pen wide,
nail-pierced hand;

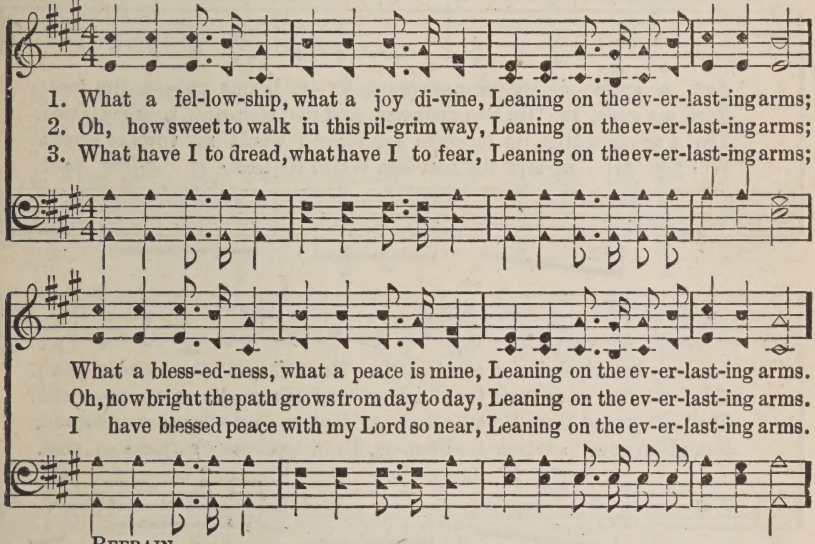


The Nail-Pierced Hand.



No. 139. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. COPYRIGHT BY A. J. SHOWALTER. USED BY PERMISSION. A. J. Showalter.



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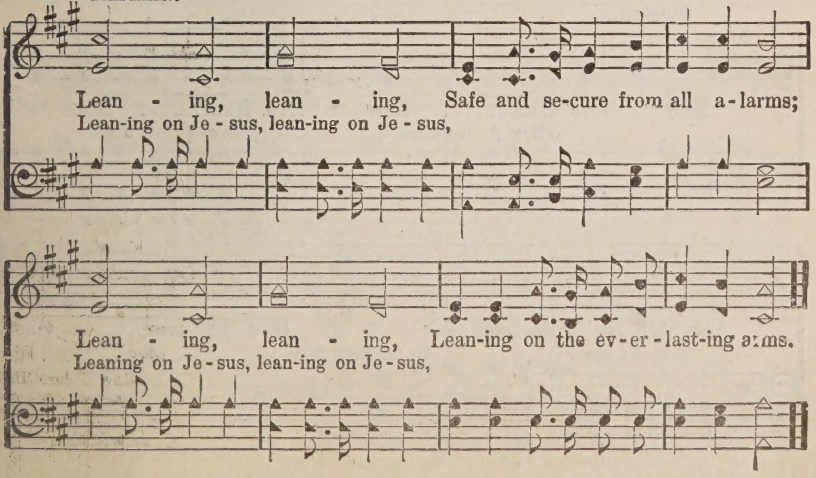


No. 140. My Savior.

Chas. M. F.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY FILLMORE BROS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Chas. M. Fillmore.

1. I've a Sav - ior, kind and ten - der, I've a Sav - ior full of grace,
2. For my sake He came from Heaven To this world of sin and shame;
3. Tho' I've oft - en been un - wor-thy, He has con-stant been, and true;
4. I've a Sav - ior, kind and ten - der, He would be your Sav-ior, too;

And a smile of win-ning sweetness Ev - er beams up - on His face.
Bore my guilt, tho' He was guilt-less, And tho' blameless, took my blame.
Tho' I wronged Him, He for-gave me When I would my vows re - new;
Will you not ac-cept the par - don Which He free - ly of-fers you?

In my heart's shrine of af - fec - tion He shall hold the high-est place.
Can I ev - er cease to love Him, And His good-ness to pro-claim?
Tho' I spurned Him, He with kindness My re - bel - lious heart did woo.
Take Him now as your Re-deem-er, Earth has not a friend so true.

CHORUS.

How I love Him!..... How I love Him!..... Since for
How I love Him! How I love Him!

me..... He bled and died; How I love..... Him!
Since for me He bled and died; How I love Him!

My Savior.

Yes, I love Him..... More than all..... the world be - side.

Yes, I love Him More than all

No. 141. Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
2. Near the cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun-tain.
There the bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

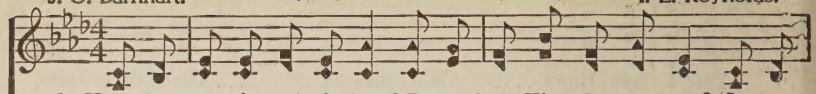
CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

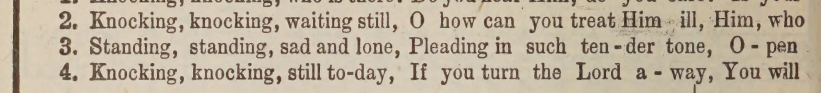
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

No. 142. Knocking, Knocking.

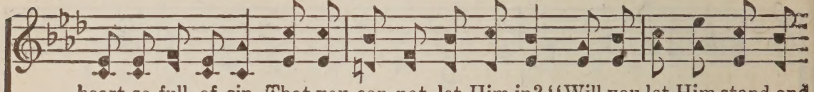
J. O. Barnhart. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX. I. E. Reynolds.



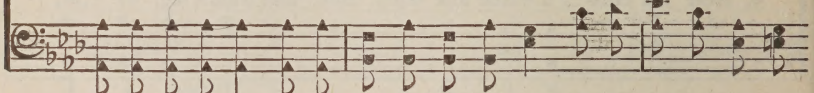
1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Do you hear Him, do you care? Is your
2. Knocking, knocking, waiting still, O how can you treat Him ill, Him, who
3. Standing, standing, sad and lone, Pleading in such ten-der tone, O-pen
4. Knocking, knocking, still to-day, If you turn the Lord a-way, You will



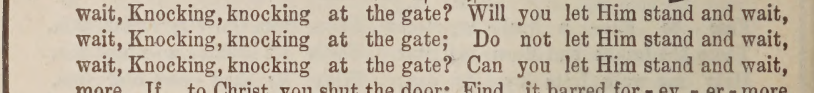
heart so full of sin That you can-not let Him in? "Will you let Him stand and
gave His life for you, Pardon free and blessing too? "Do not let Him stand and
wide to Me the door, I will leave you nev-er-more: "Can you let Him stand and
stand all unforgiv'n, Some day at the gate of Heav'n; "Find it barred for-ev-er-



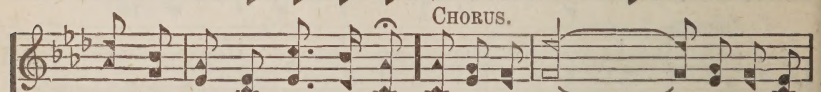
wait, Knocking, knocking at the gate? Will you let Him stand and wait,
wait, Knocking, knocking at the gate; Do not let Him stand and wait,
wait, Knocking, knocking at the gate? Can you let Him stand and wait,
more, If to Christ you shut the door; Find it barred for-ev-er-more,



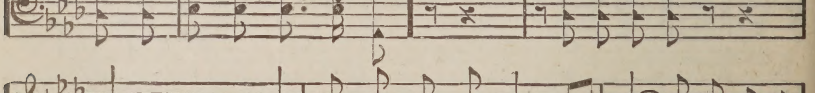
CHORUS.



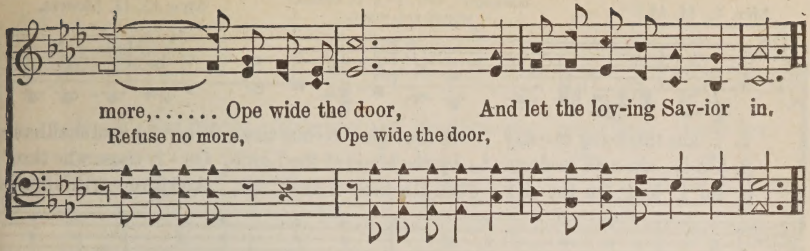
1-3. Knocking, knocking at the gate?" O let Him in, ... O let Him
4. If to Christ you shut the door." O let Him in,



in, (O let Him in,) He came to cleanse your heart from sin; ... Re-fuse no



Knocking, Knocking.



No. 143. More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
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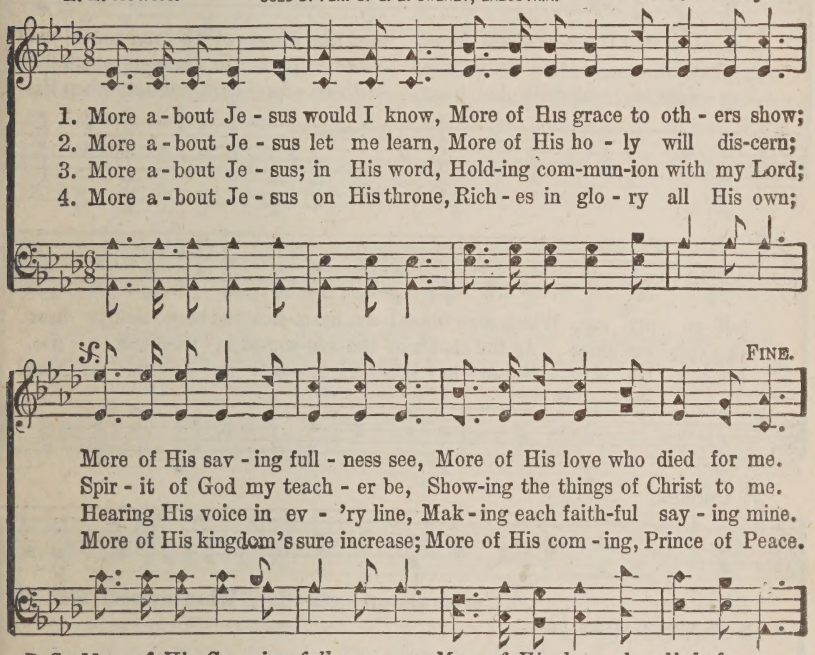
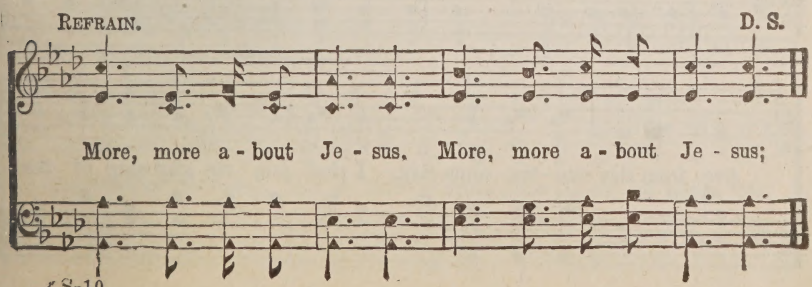
Jno. R. Sweney.





No. 144. Some Day.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. I am think-ing to-day of that glo-ri-ous time When my soul shall have
2. On-ly sin-ners re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb, On-ly those who thro'
3. So I long for the day when His face I shall see, And from earth's lim-i-

en-tered that Heav-en-blest clime, And the song of the ran-somed shall
great trib-u-la-tion have come, Have a part in the song which shall
ta-tions my soul shall be free; With no dis-cord-ant note when His

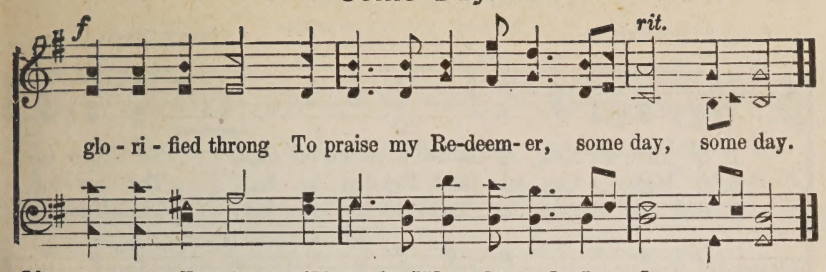
fall on my ear, Which sometimes I am heart-sick and home-sick to hear.
ring thro' the skies As the shouts of the ran-somed in tri-umph a-rise.
prais-es I'll sing— Hal-le-lu-jahs for-ev-er to Je-sus my King!

CHORUS.

Some day, ... some glo-ri-ous day, When my soul shall be
Some beau-ti-ful day,

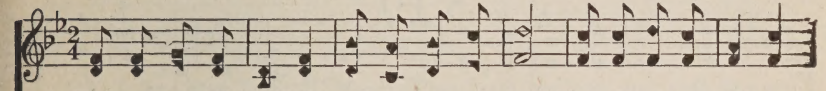
free from this cum-ber-some clay, I shall join the glad song of the

Some Day.

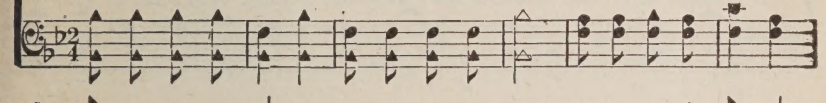


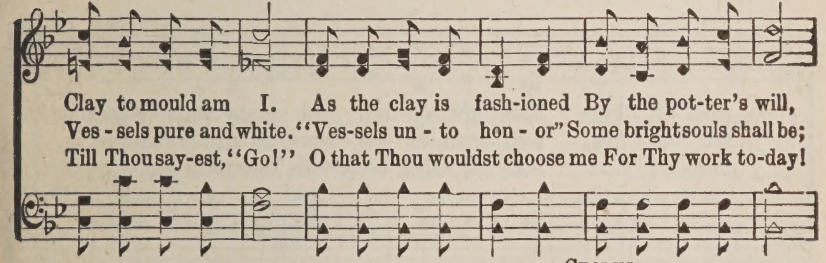
No. 145. Patient 'Neath Thy Hand, Lord.

Flora Kirkland. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX. **Howard E. Smith.**

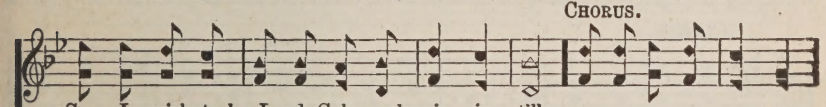


1. Patient 'neath Thy hand, Lord, Ev-er let me lie; Thou the heav'nly Worker,
2. On-ly Thou canst cleanse me From my sins' dark blight; Only Thou canst fash-ion
3. Read - y for Thy serv-ice If Thou choosest so; Read-y but to wait, Lord,

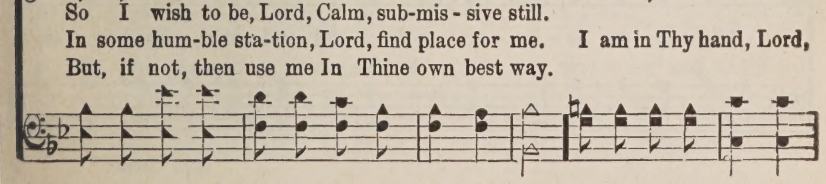




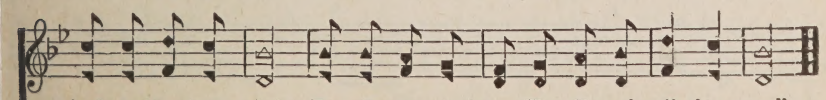
Clay to mould am I. As the clay is fash-ioned By the pot-ter's will,
Ves - sels pure and white. "Ves-sels un - to hon - or" Some bright souls shall be;
Till Thou say-est, "Go!" O that Thou wouldst choose me For Thy work to-day!

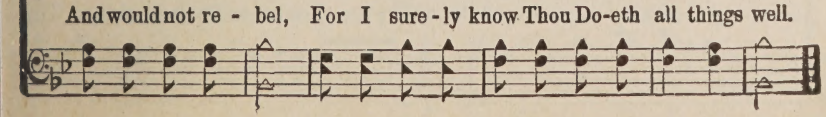


CHORUS.



So I wish to be, Lord, Calm, sub-mis - sive still.
In some hum-ble sta-tion, Lord, find place for me. I am in Thy hand, Lord,
But, if not, then use me In Thine own best way.





And would not re - bel, For I sure - ly know Thou Do-eth all things well.

No. 146.

Mighty to Deliver.

Eben E. Rexford.

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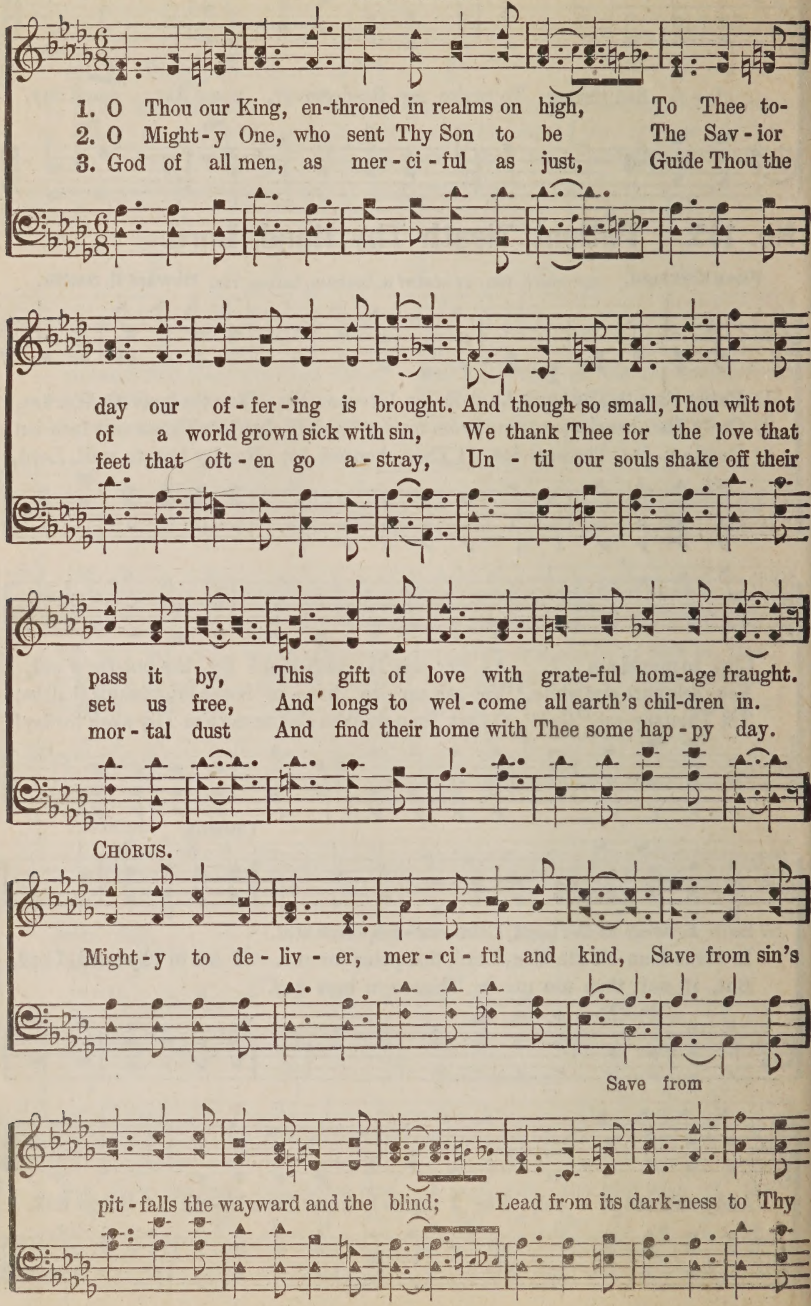
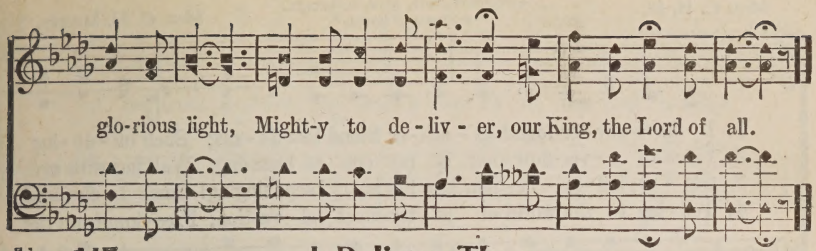
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Harry Dixon Loes.



Mighty to Deliver.



No. 147. I Believe Thee.

E. G. W. Wesley.

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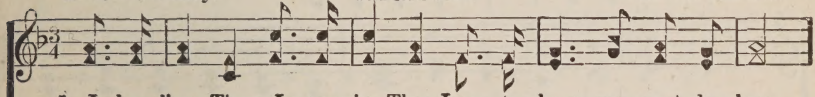
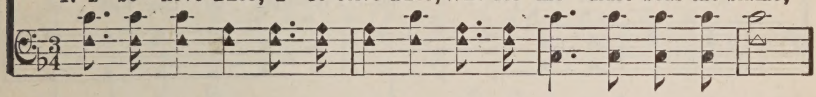
WORDS AND MUSIC.

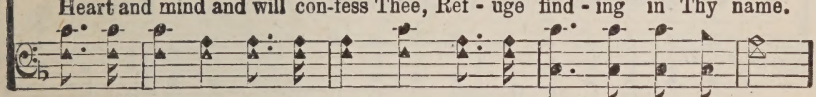
Chas. H. Gabriel.



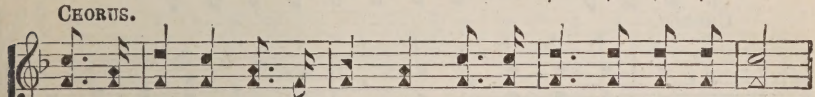
1. I be - lieve Thee; I re-ceive Thee, Long, too long my past de - lay;
2. I be - lieve Thee, I re-ceive Thee, From this mo - ment Thine I am
3. I be - lieve Thee, I re-ceive Thee, Thou my Sav - ior, Lord and King;
4. I be - lieve Thee, I re-ceive Thee, Who for me didst bear the blame,



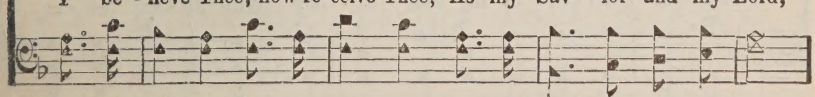
Now I yield my - self un - to Thee, Thou the True and Liv - ing way.
All my life and love I give Thee, Thou the sin a - ton - ing Lamb.
Thou hast saved me, I will serve Thee, Prais-es to Thy name I bring.
Heart and mind and will con-fess Thee, Ref - uge find - ing in Thy name.



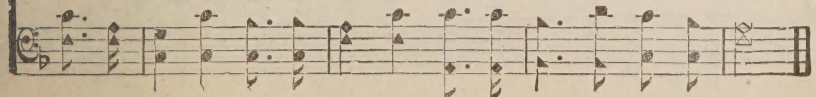
CHORUS.



I be - lieve Thee, now re-ceive Thee, As my Sav - ior and my Lord;



I be-lieve Thee, now re-ceive Thee, Thou who art by heav'n a - dored.

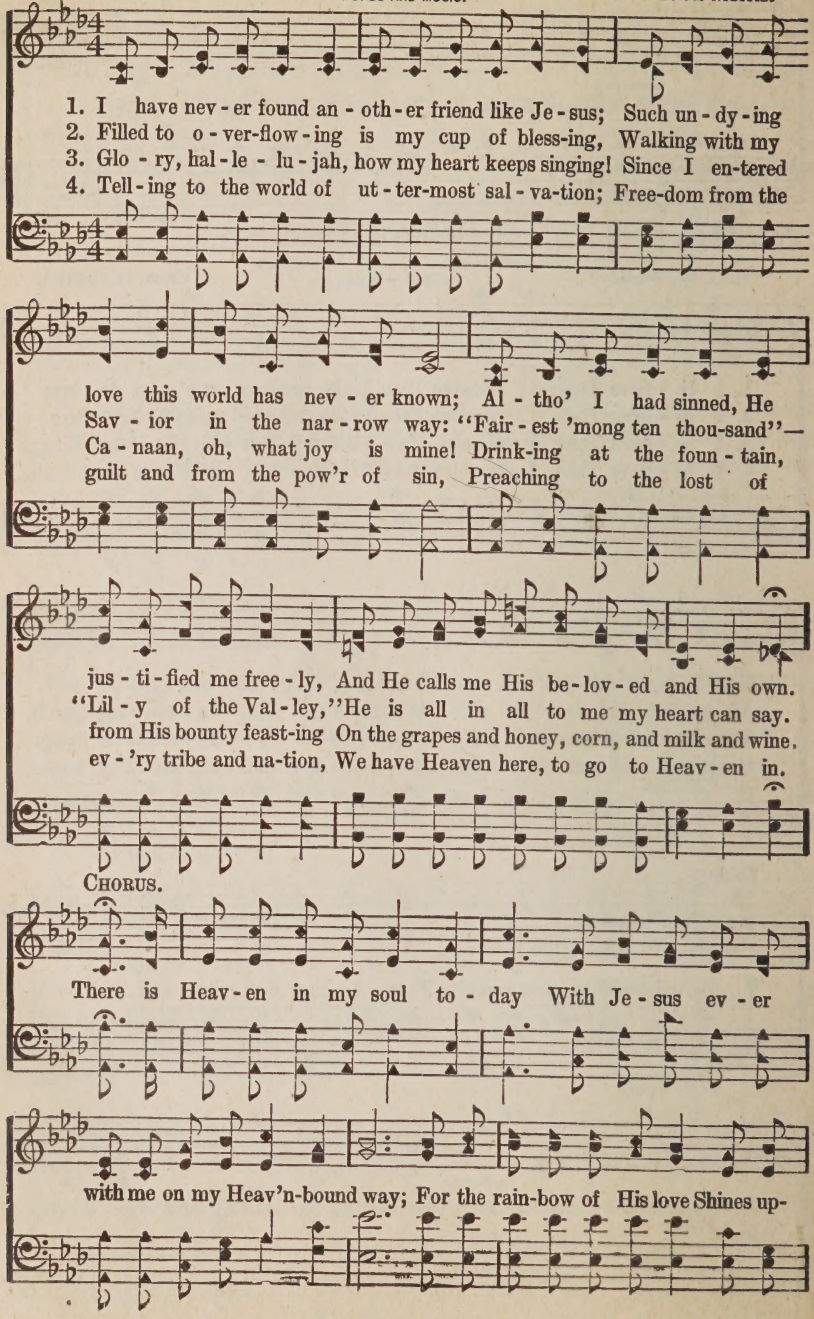


No. 148. There's Heaven In My Soul.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



There's Heaven in My Soul.

on me from a - bove, And there's Heav-en in my soul to - day.

No. 149. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF HOPE PUBLISHING CO. Will L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day coming
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day coming
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day coming

by and by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left,
by and by; But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord,
by and by; When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not,"

CHORUS. *m* *pp*

Are you read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y? Are you read-y?

1 2

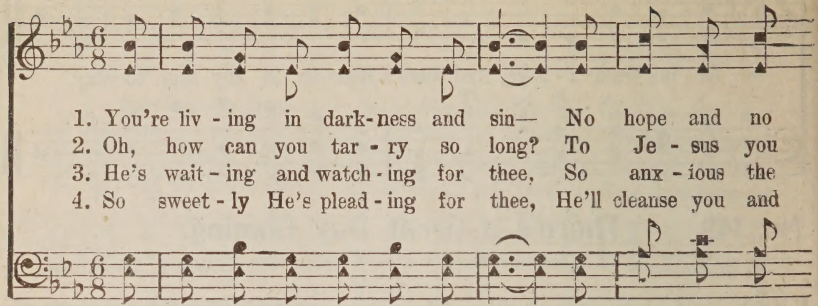
Are you read - y for the judg-ment day? For the judg - ment day?

No. 150. He Loves You So.

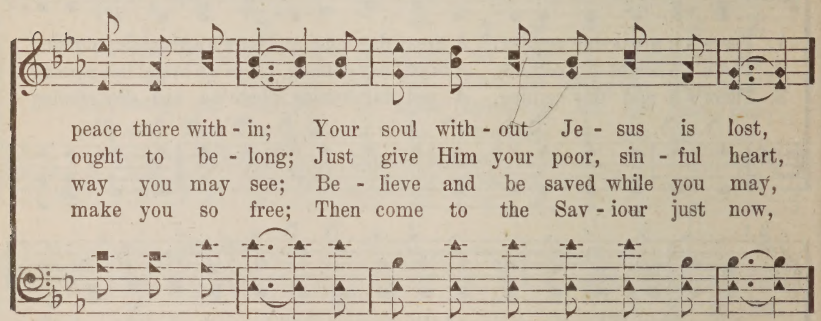
I. E. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

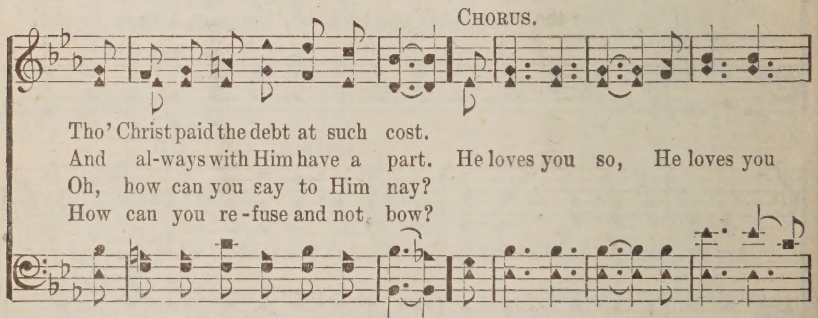
I. E Reynolds.



1. You're liv - ing in dark-ness and sin— No hope and no
2. Oh, how can you tar - ry so long? To Je - sus you
3. He's wait - ing and watch - ing for thee, So anx - ious the
4. So sweet - ly He's plead - ing for thee, He'll cleanse you and

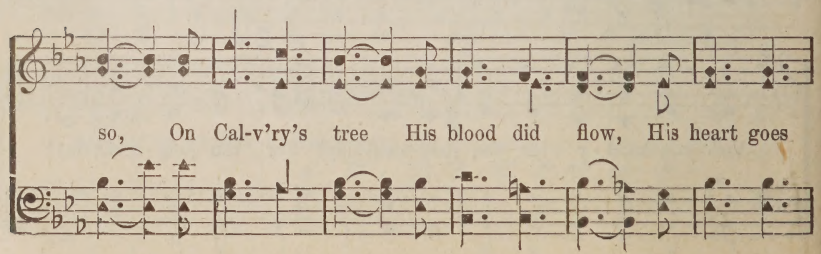


peace there with - in; Your soul with - out Je - sus is lost,
ought to be - long; Just give Him your poor, sin - ful heart,
way you may see; Be - lieve and be saved while you may,
make you so free; Then come to the Sav - iour just now,



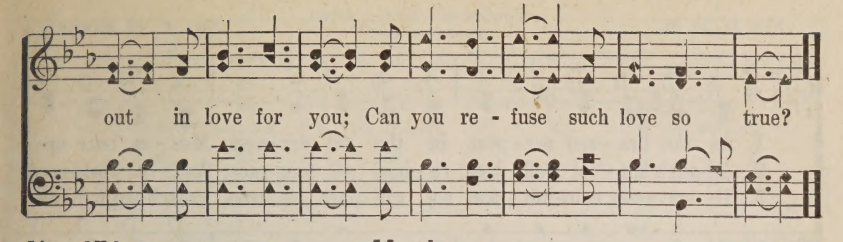
CHORUS.

Tho' Christ paid the debt at such cost.
And al-ways with Him have a part. He loves you so, He loves you
Oh, how can you say to Him nay?
How can you re-fuse and not bow?



so, On Cal-v'ry's tree His blood did flow, His heart goes

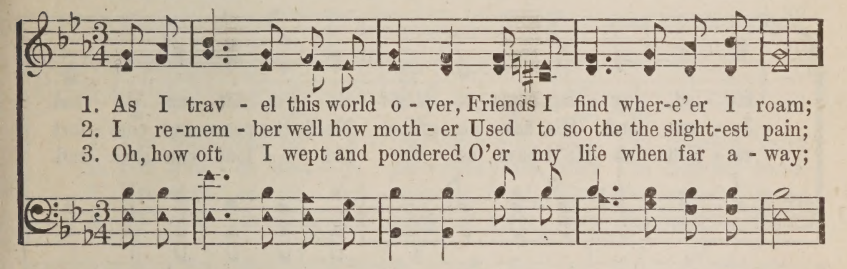
He Loves You So.

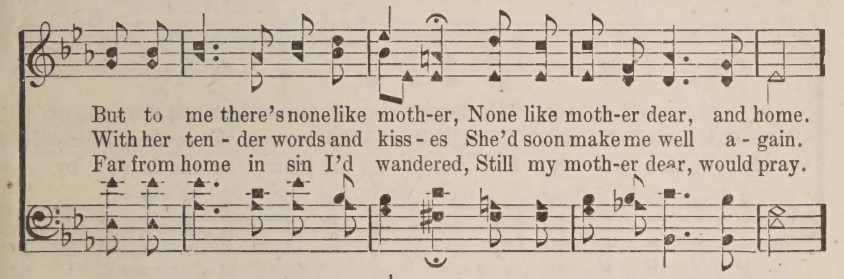


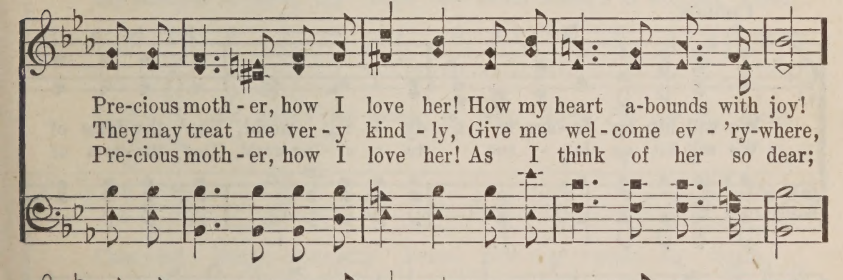
No. 151. Mother.

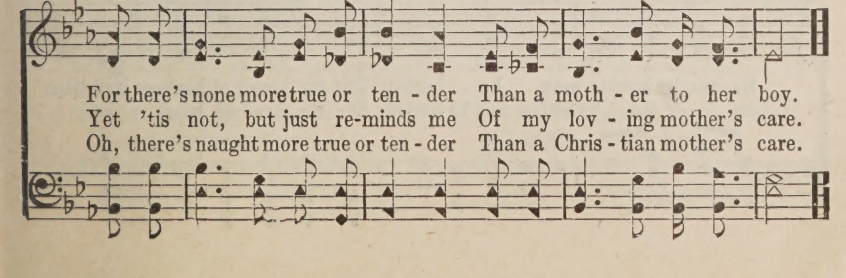
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

Words anonymous. E. L. Wolslagel.









No. 152. We Will Lift Up Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. As the bra - zen ser - pent in the wil - der - ness, Mos - es once up-
2. Ad-am's sin - ful fall has ru - ined all our race, And the world needs
3. To our great com-mis - sion we will dare be true, Preach-ing full sal-

lift - ed, dy - ing souls to bless: So we lift up Je - sus
Je - sus and His sav - ing grace; Needs the peace and com - fort
va - tion as He'd have us do: He a - lone can save and

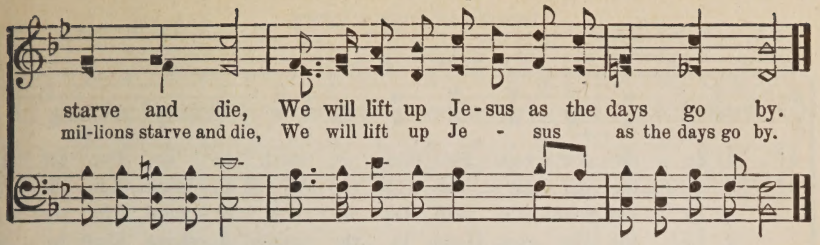
to the sons of men, Bid - ding dy - ing sin - ners look and live a - gain.
which He can be - stow, Needs the blood which wash-es whit-er than the snow.
whol - ly sanc - ti - fy, So we lift up Je - sus as the days go by.

CHORUS.

We will lift up Je - sus to a dy - ing world, Tho' the darts of
We will lift up Je - sus to a dy - ing world, Tho' the darts of

Sa - tan 'gainst us may be hurled; For the bread of heav - en mil - lions
Sa - tan 'gainst us may be hurled; For the bread of heav - en

We Will Lift Up Jesus.



No. 153. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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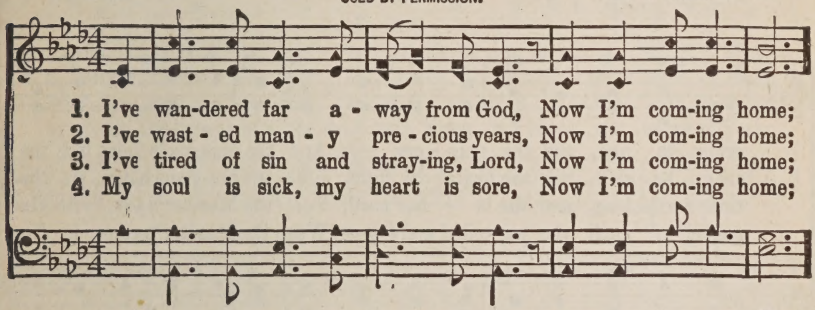
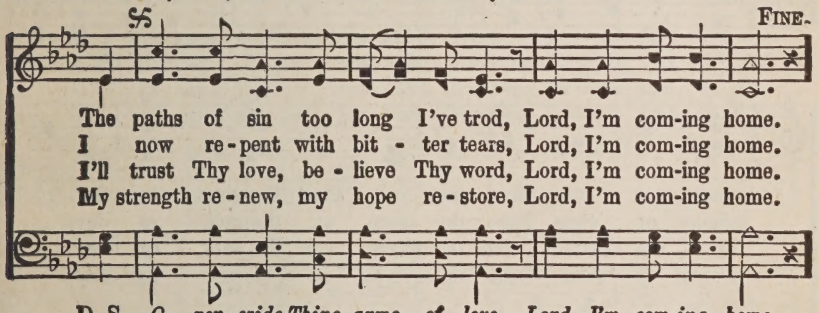
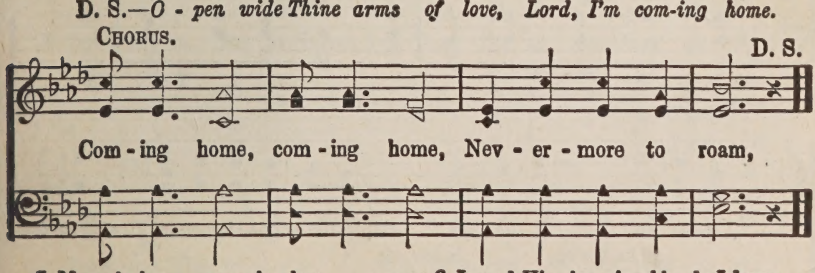
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





D. S.—*O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.*



5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 154. Labor On.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF F. T. DOANE.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. W. H. Doane.

Spirited.

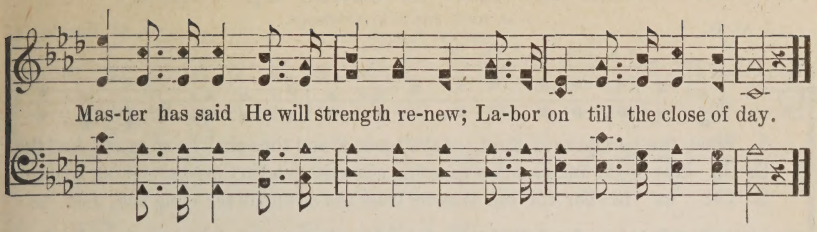
1. In the har - vest - field there is work to do, For the
2. Crowd the gar - ner well with the sheaves all bright, Let the
3. In the glean - er's path may be rich re - ward, Tho' the
4. Lo! the Har - vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be

grain is ripe, and the reap - ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the
song be glad, and the heart be light, Fill the pre-cious hours, ere the
time seems long, and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His
gained by each who has toiled and strove, When the Mas-ter's voice, in His

work - ers true Heed the call that He gives to - day.
shades of night Take the place of the gold - en day.
cho - sen shared, Drives the gloom from the dark - est day.
words of love, Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.

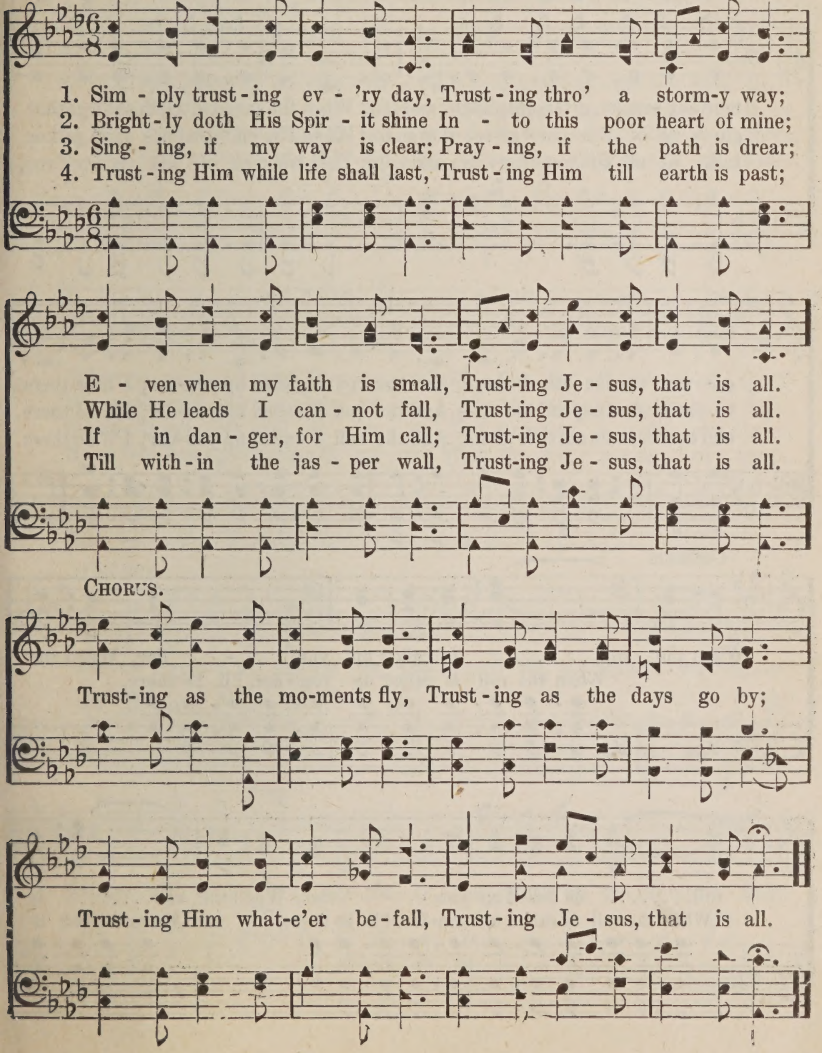
CHORUS.

La-bor on, la - bor on, Keep the bright reward in view, For the
La-bor on, la-bor on,



No. 155. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

E. P. Stites. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY, RENEWAL. Ira D. Sankey.

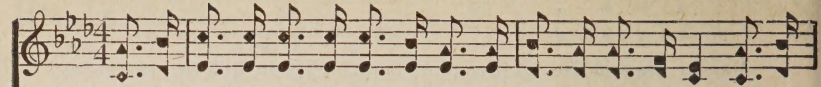


No. 156. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

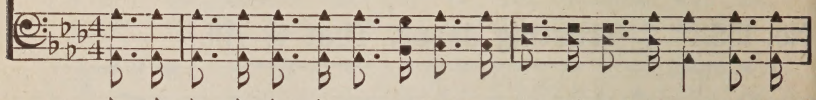
J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

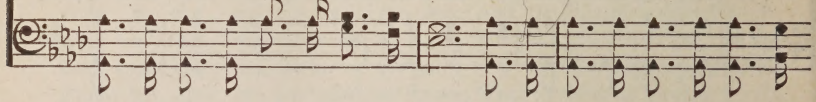
J. M. Black.



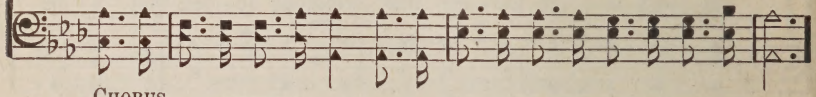
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us



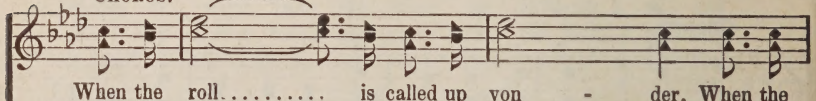
morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His cho-sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,



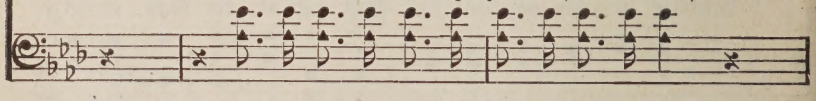
o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.



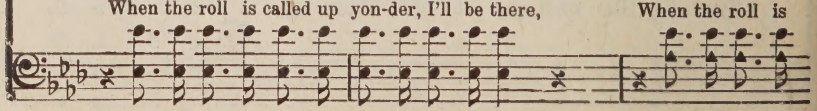
CHORUS.



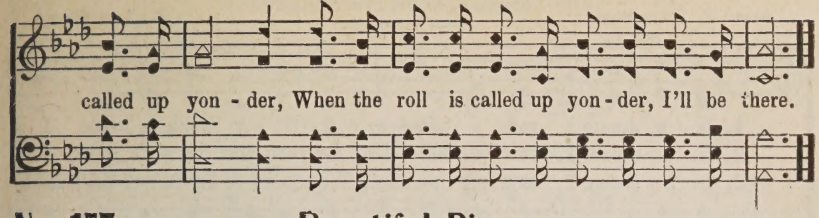
When the roll..... is called up yon - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,



roll..... is called up yon - der, When the roll..... is
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is



When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder.



No. 157. Beautiful River.

R. L.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
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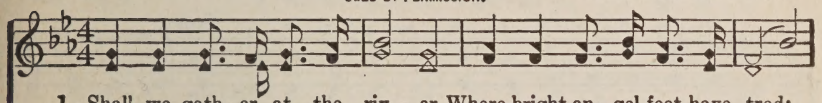
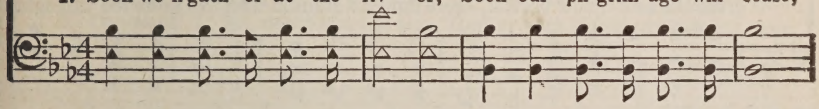
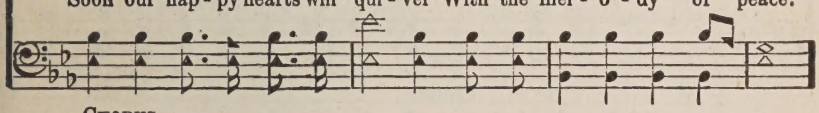
Rev. Robert Lowry.



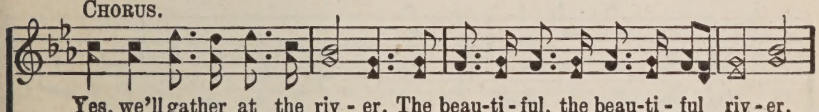
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll gath - er at the riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;



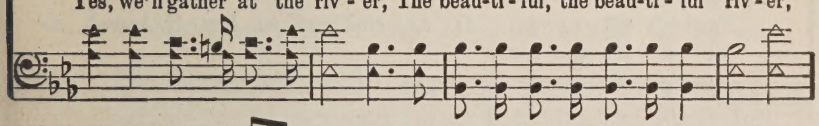
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will qui - ver With the mel - o - dy of peace.



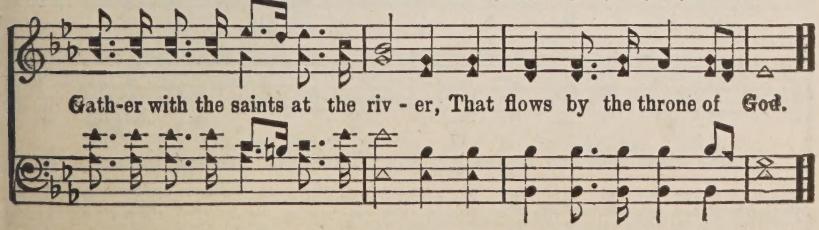
CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er,



Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.



No. 158. One Who Bore a Cross.

Jesse P. Tompkins.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. In a dream I saw a cit - y, A cit - y long a - go: I
2. In my dream I saw a hill - side, Be-yond the cit - y's gate; I
3. In my dream I saw my Sav - ior, With pierc-ed hands and side; And

faster.

saw the thronging mass-es Go pass-ing to and fro; They seemed like mighty
watched the rushing people, Some moved by bitter hate; But He who walked a-
from His heart, now broken, There flowed a crimson tide; No more the thronging

a tempo.

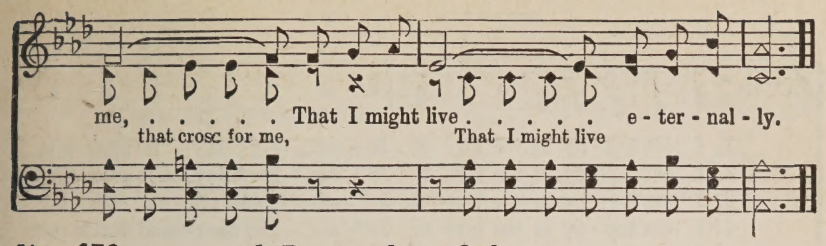
bil - lows That, rest-less, roll and toss, And 'mid them, meek and low-ly, Was
mong them, That patient face, so true, Still on-ward pressed in sor-row, The
peo - ple, For darkened was the sun, And earth in an-guish trembled—The

CHORUS.

One who bore a cross.
Fa-ther's will to do. O sa - cred head, so low - ly bowed, A-
sac - ri - fice was done.

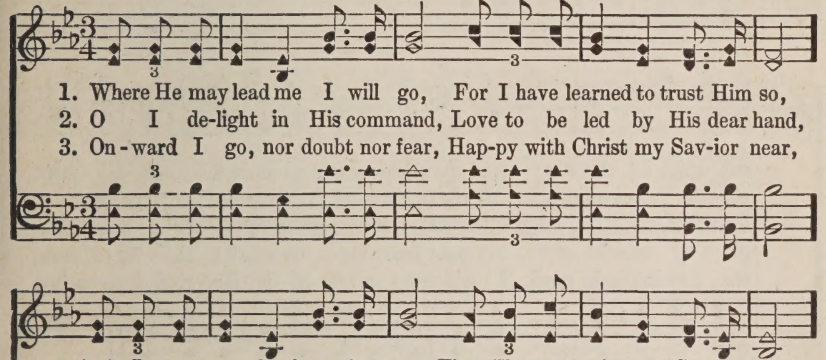
mid that wild and toss - ing crowd; To bend be-neath that cross for

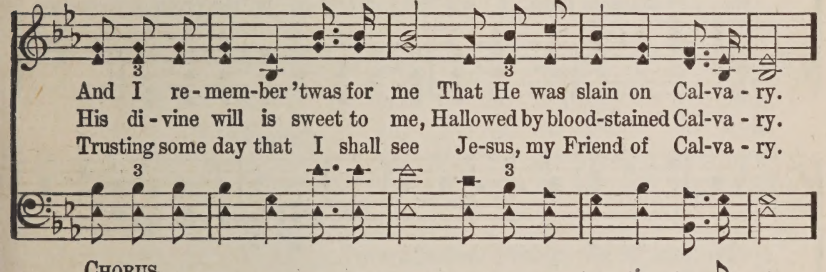
One Who Bore a Cross.



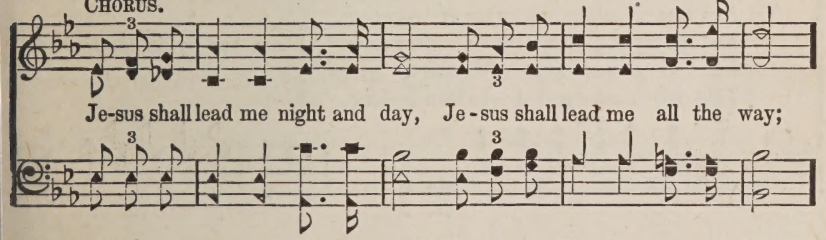
No. 159. I Remember Calvary.

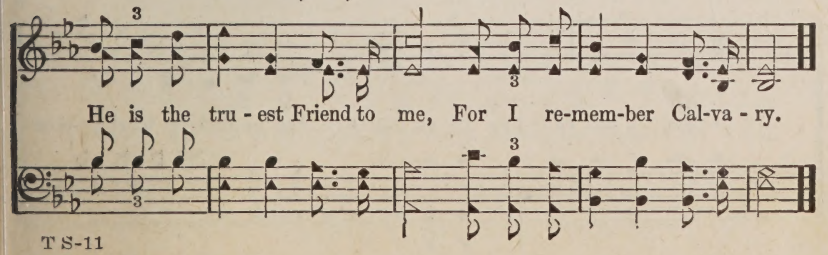
W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. M. BLACK.
USED BY PERMISSION. J. M. Black.





CHORUS.





No. 160. Happy in the Love of Jesus.

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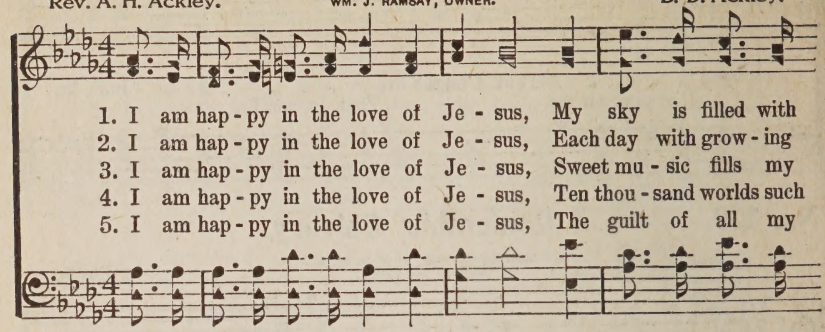
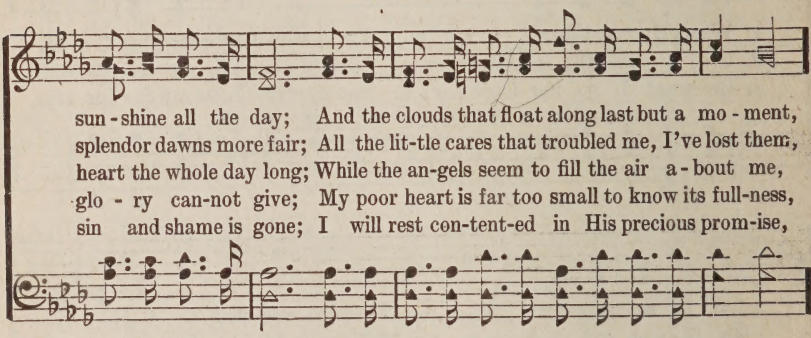
WM. J. RAMSAY, OWNER.

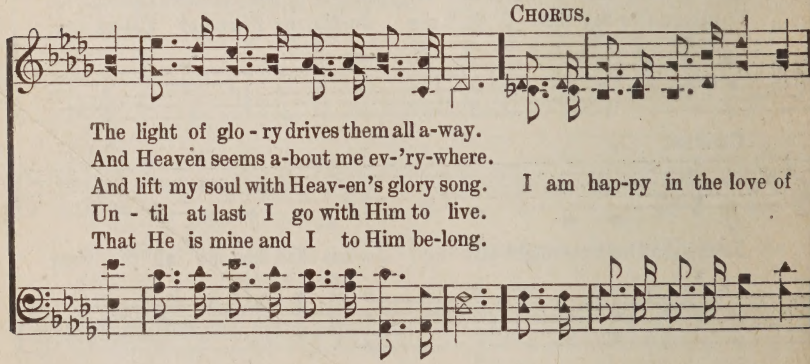
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.



1. I am hap - py in the love of Je - sus, My sky is filled with
2. I am hap - py in the love of Je - sus, Each day with grow - ing
3. I am hap - py in the love of Je - sus, Sweet mu - sic fills my
4. I am hap - py in the love of Je - sus, Ten thou - sand worlds such
5. I am hap - py in the love of Je - sus, The guilt of all my

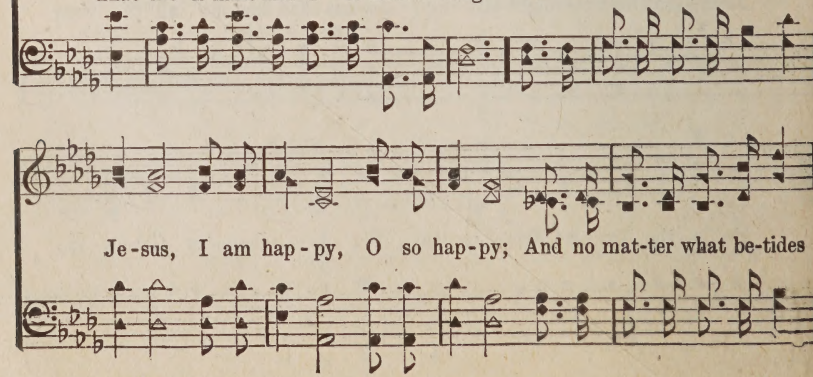


sun - shine all the day; And the clouds that float along last but a mo - ment,
splendor dawns more fair; All the lit-tle cares that troubled me, I've lost them,
heart the whole day long; While the an-gels seem to fill the air a - bout me,
glo - ry can-not give; My poor heart is far too small to know its full-ness,
sin and shame is gone; I will rest con-tent-ed in His precious prom-ise,



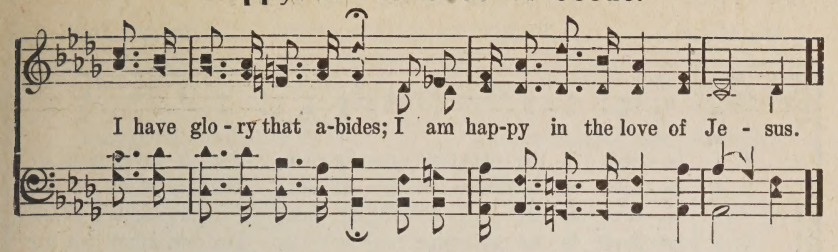
CHORUS.

The light of glo - ry drives them all a-way.
And Heaven seems a-bout me ev-'ry-where.
And lift my soul with Heav-en's glory song. I am hap-py in the love of
Un - til at last I go with Him to live.
That He is mine and I to Him be-long.



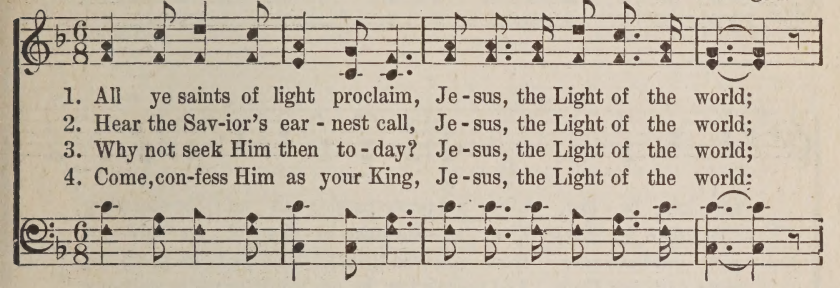
Je - sus, I am hap - py, O so hap-py; And no mat-ter what be-tides

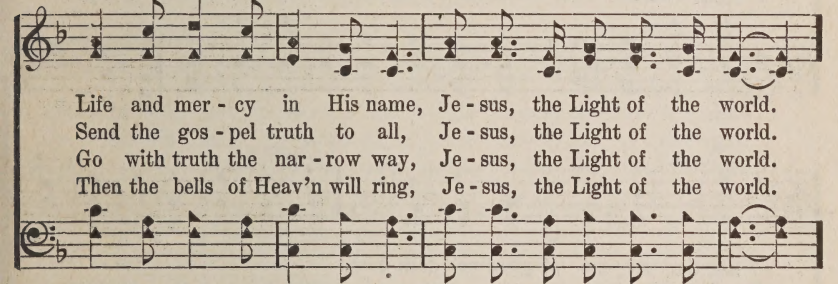
Happy in the Love of Jesus.



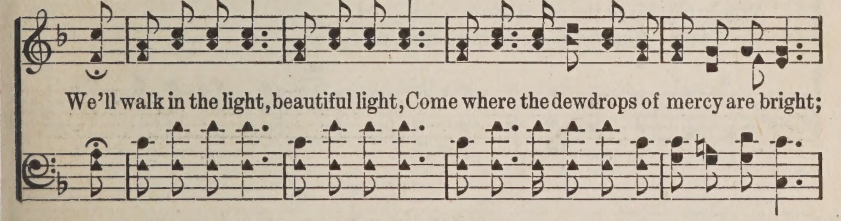
No. 161. Jesus, the Light of the World.

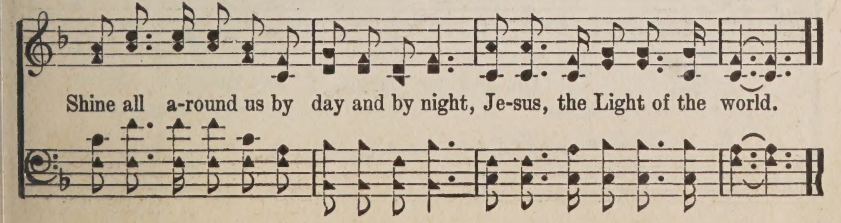
J. V. C. Arranged.





CHORUS.





No. 162. The Old-Time Religion.

Mrs. M. J. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MRS. M. J. HARRIS.

Mrs. M. J. Harris.

1. I be - lieve in the old - time re - lig - ion, For it saves from all sin here be - low, Gives me peace passing all un - der-stand-ing,
2. I be - lieve in a heart - felt re - lig - ion, That brings joy to the soul ev - 'ry day; The as - sur-ance of sins all for - giv - en,
3. I be - lieve in a ho - ly re - lig - ion, For the saints of all a - ges have told How it saved them from sin and its bond-age,
4. I be - lieve in the old - time re - lig - ion, For we know we are right with our God; And there's joy in our hearts as we're walk-ing

CHORUS.

While the riv - ers of pleas-ure doth flow.
Thro' the blood they are all washed a - way. Oh, give me the old-time re- lig-ion, Oh, give me the joy I can know; I be- old - time re-lig-ion, I can know;
When they heard the sweet sto-ry of old. the
In the paths which our fathers have trod.

The Old-Time Religion.

lieve in the old-time re-lig-ion, As our fa-thers received long ago.
the old - time re-lig-ion,

No. 163. Go Away Happy To-Night.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY S. W. BEAZLEY.
OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Are you in sin and in sor - row, Long-ing for com-fort and light?
2. Still does a sin - bur-den bend you? Have all your hopes ta-ken flight?
3. Whisper His name, He will heed you, Free you from sin, with de - light;

Come, from the Lord you may bor-row: Go a-way hap - py to - night.
Je - sus will glad-ly be-friend you; Go a-way hap - py to - night.
Come, take His hand, let Him lead you; Go a-way hap - py to - night.

CHORUS.

Go a-way hap-py to-night, my friend, Go a - way hap-py to - night;.....
yes, hap-py to-night;

Je - sus is here, giv - ing com-fort and cheer, Go a - way hap-py to - night.

No. 164. The Fight Is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trump - et sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is
2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of prom - ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in

march-ing on to vic - to - ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
ar - mor God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
ev - 'ry land shall honored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Christian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor

Harmony.

gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day! The fight is

The Fight Is On.

on, but be not wear - y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry, Vic - t'ry,

No. 165. Faith of Our Fathers!

Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy. adpt.

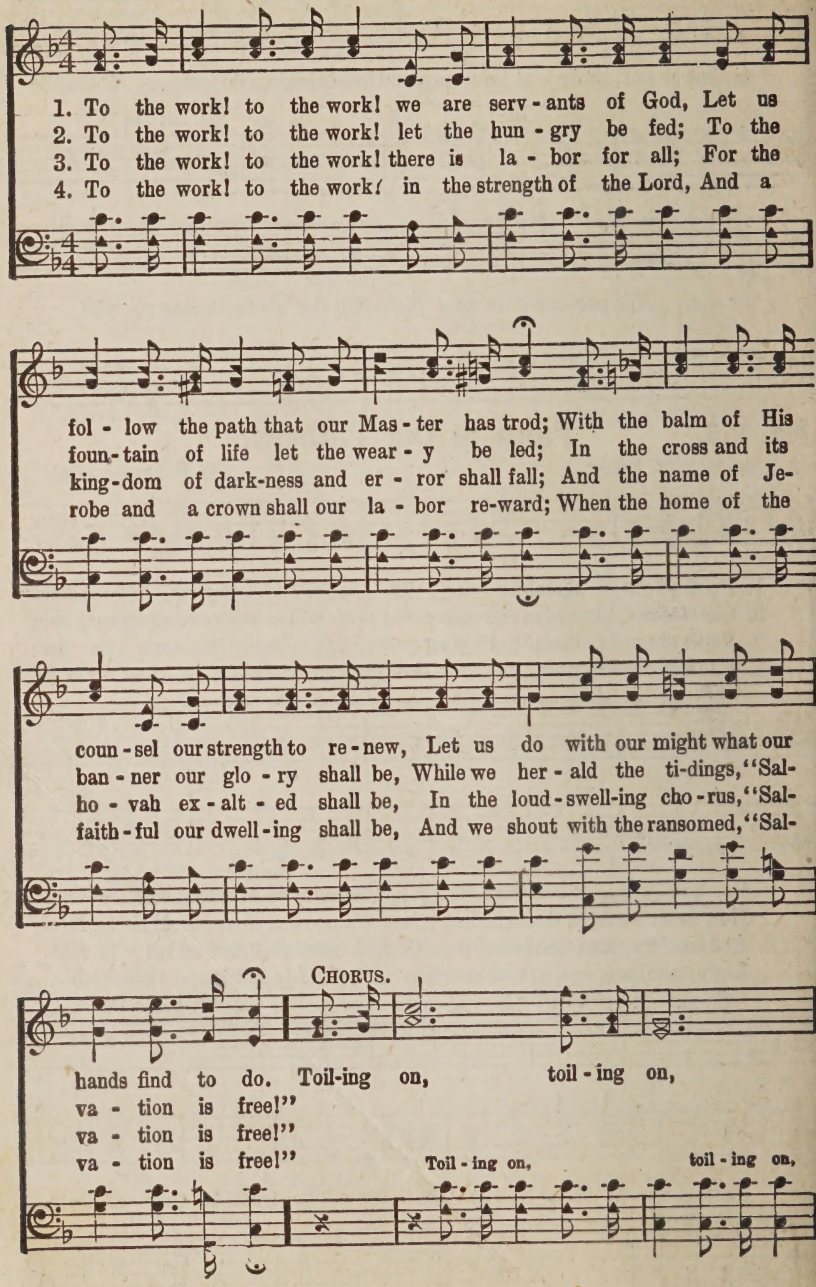
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God, Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life.

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

No. 166. To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.



To the Work.

Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; Let us hope,
Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; and trust,
let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.
and pray,

No. 167. Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. Witter. COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER. H. R. Palmer.

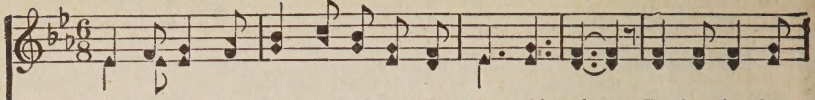
1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y - la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-

pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,

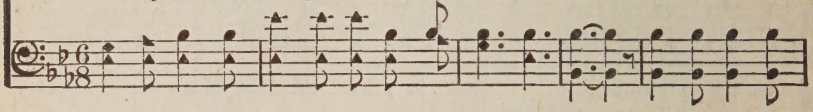
Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

No. 168. When Love Shines In.

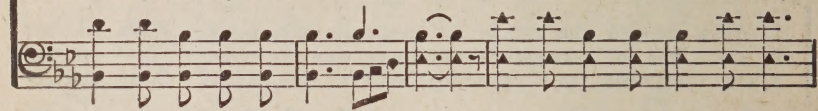
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



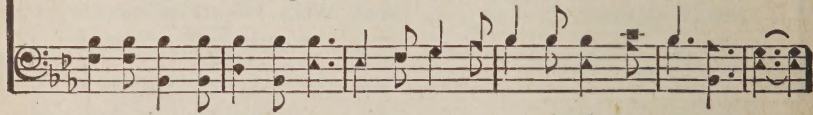
1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev-'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship



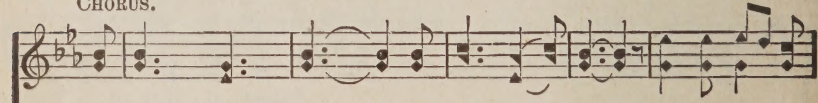
woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du-ty, When love shines in. Tri-als may be sanc-ti-fied,
bur-den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo-ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,



Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.

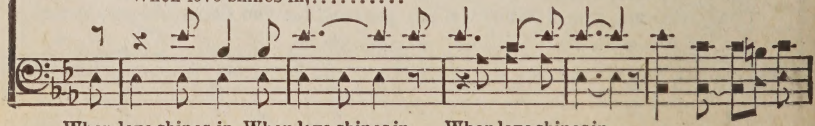


CHORUS.



When love shines in,.... When love shines in, How the heart is

When love shines in,.....



When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.

tuned to singing, When love shines in; .... When love shines in, ... When
When love shines in; .... When love shines in, ...

When love shines in, When love shines in,

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love shines in, When love, when love shines in.

No. 169. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. Havergal. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;

CHO.—*Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be;*

D. C.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be.

No. 170. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

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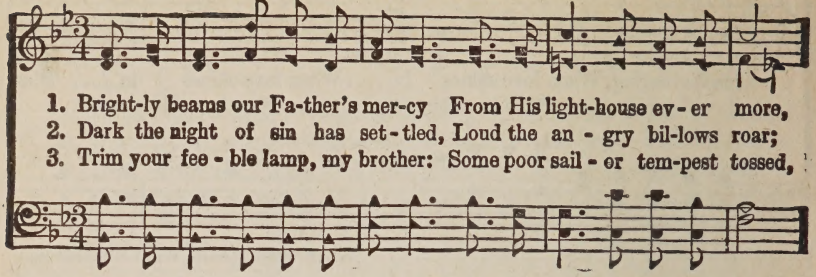
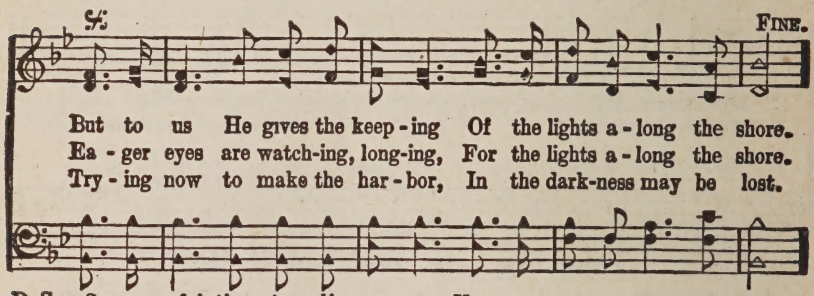
P. P. Bliss.

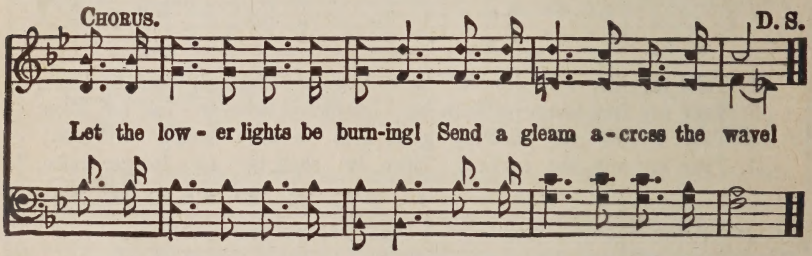


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail-or tem-pest tossed,



But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D. S.—*Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.*

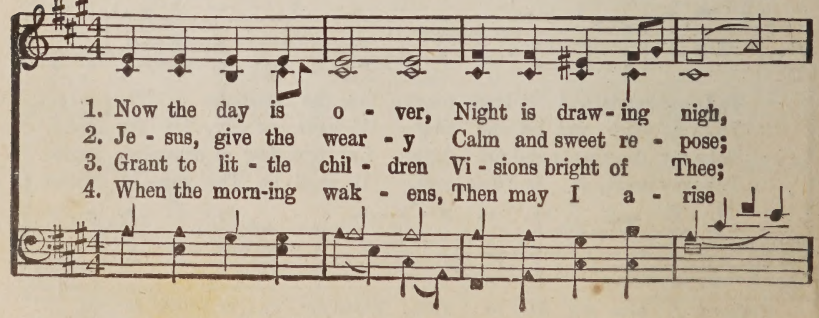


Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

No. 171. Now the Day is Over.

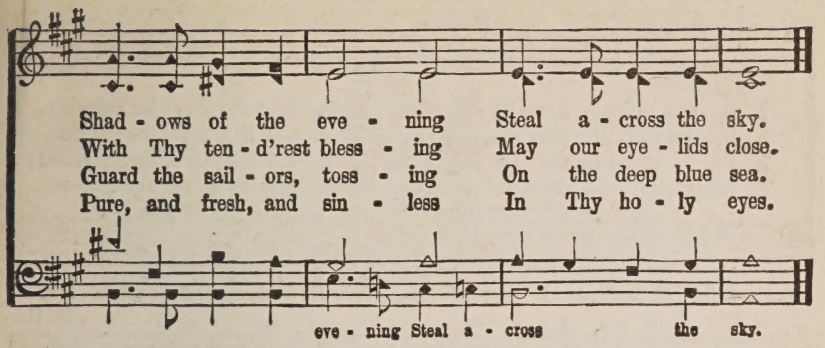
Sabine Baring-Gould.

Joseph Barnby.



1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je-sus, give the wear-y Calm and sweet re-pose;
3. Grant to lit-tle chil-dren Vi-sions bright of Thee;
4. When the morn-ing wak-ens, Then may I a-rise

Now the Day is Over.



No. 172.

Why Not Now?

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
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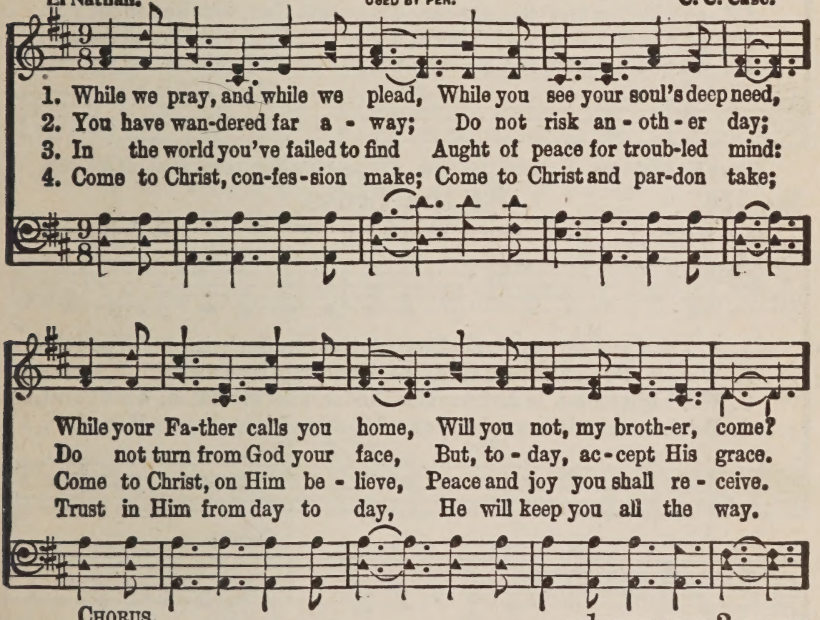
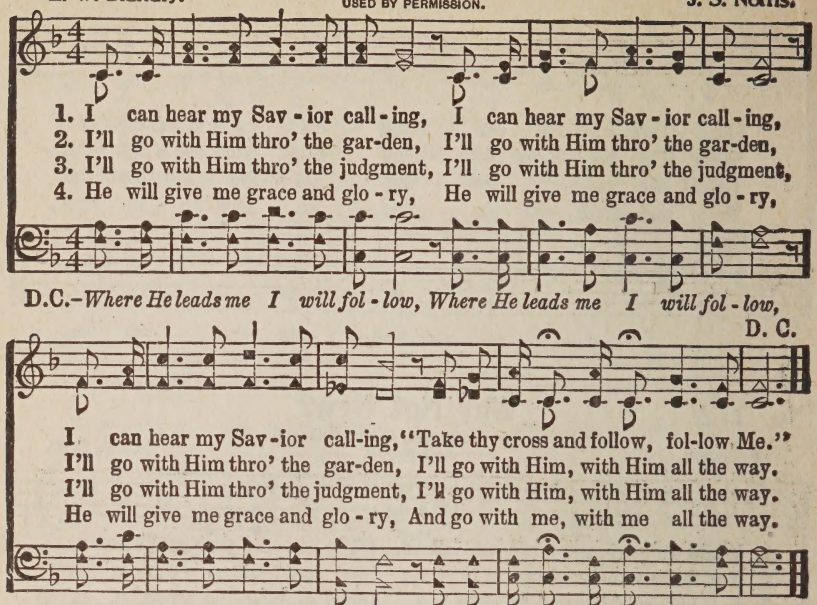
El Nathan. C. C. Case.



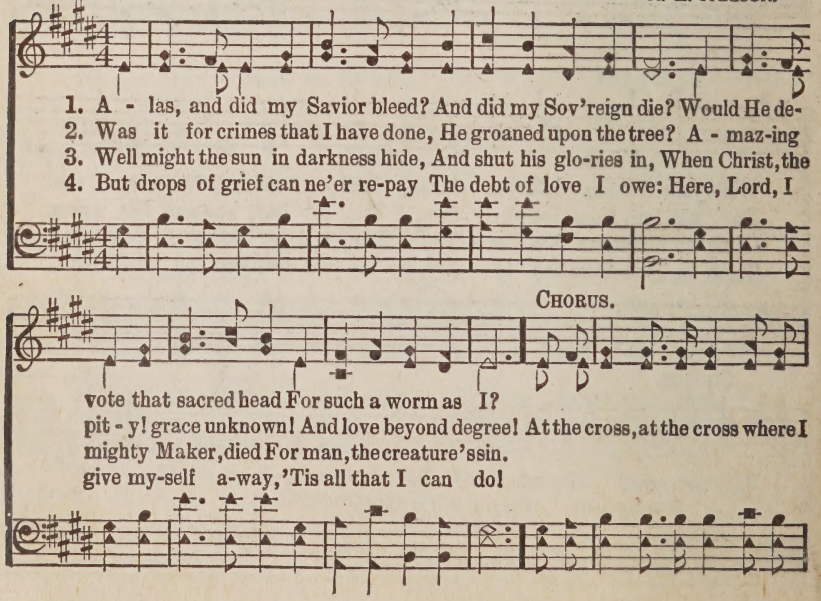
No. 173. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS. USED BY PERMISSION. J. S. Norris.



No. 174. At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.



At the Cross.

first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away, (rolled away,) It was

there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

No. 175. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
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Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er?— The har-vest is pass-ing a-way,

Your Sav-ior is waiting to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not accept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-ior is longing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.

CHORUS.

1 2

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

No. 176. Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
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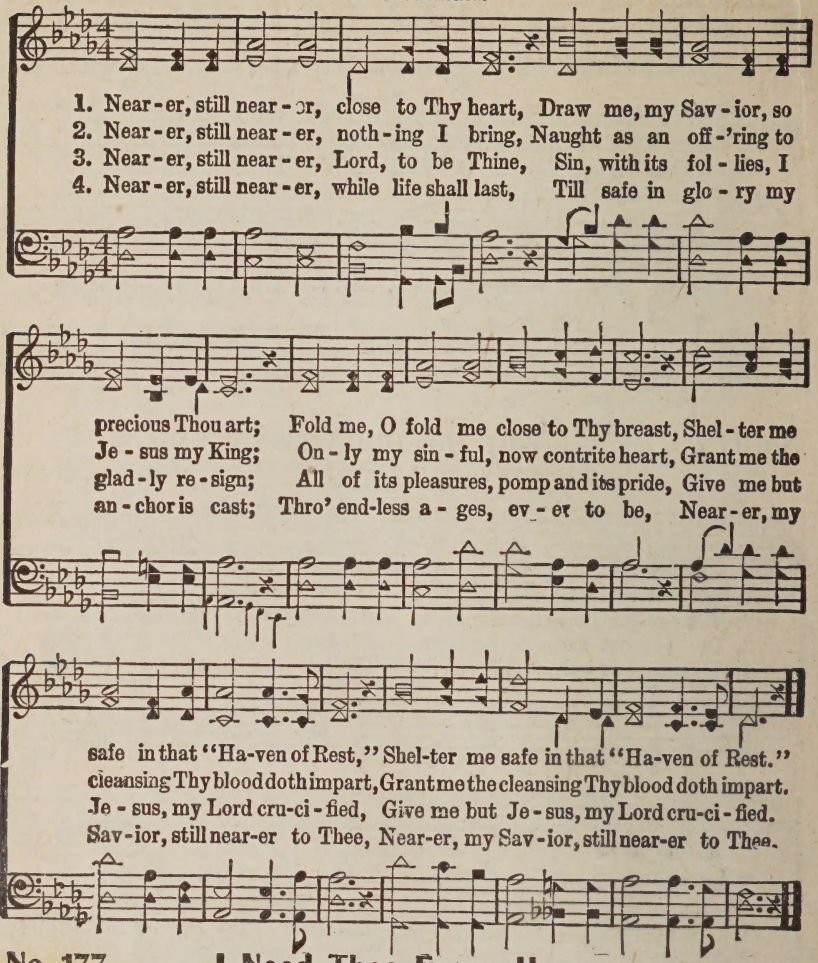
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

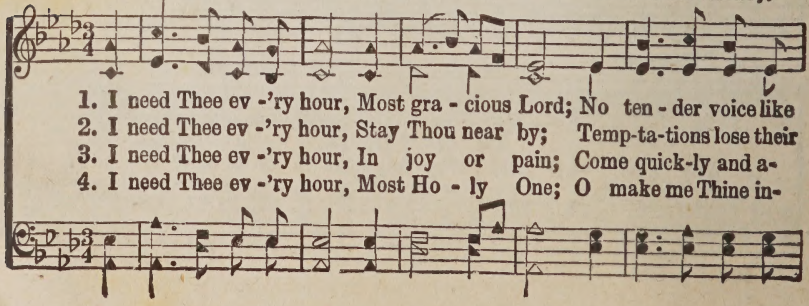


No. 177. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

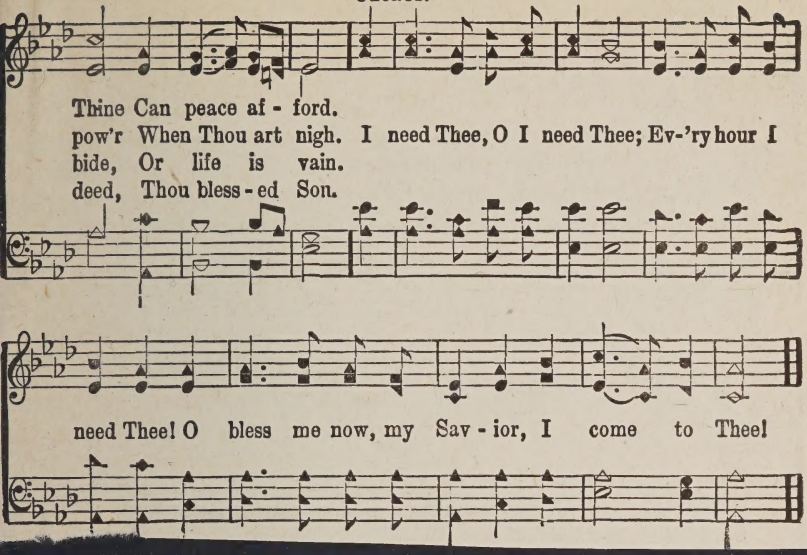
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

Rev. Robert Lowry.



I Need Thee Every Hour.

CHORUS.



No. 179. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
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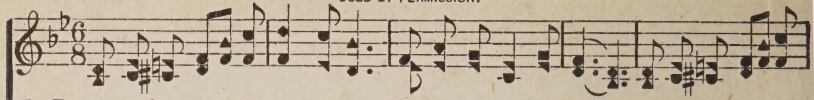
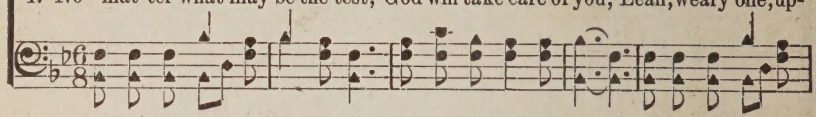
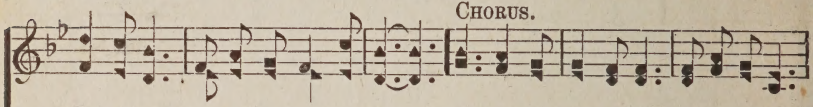
W. S. Martin.



1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath His wings of
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you; Nothing you ask will
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, weary one, up-



CHORUS.



love a-bide, God will take care of you.
path as-sail, God will take care of you. God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,
be de-nied, God will take care of you.

Savior, More than Life.

FINE.

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a-bove.

D. S.—*May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,

No. 181. Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF F. T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on

D. S.—*While on oth-ers*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 182. I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson.

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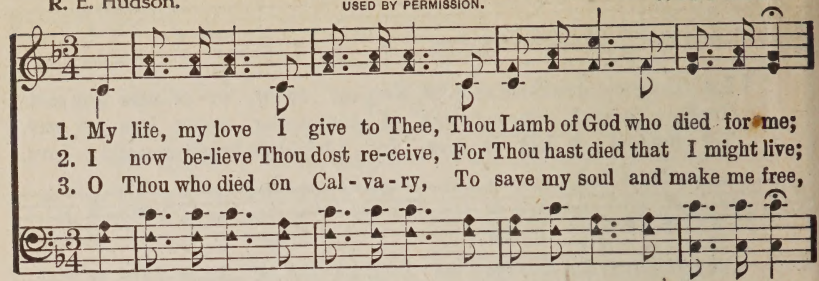
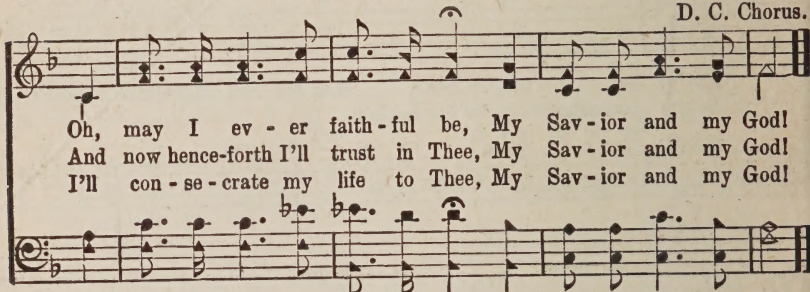
C. R. Dunbar.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!*

D. C. Chorus.



Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 183. "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

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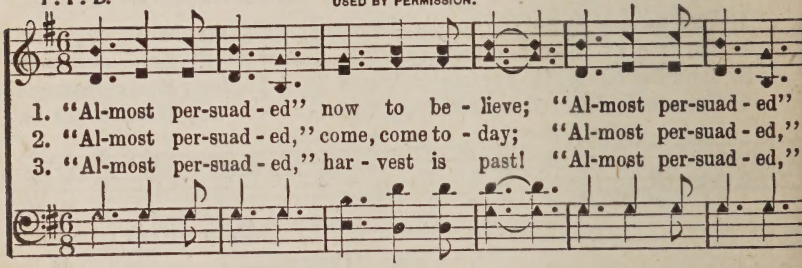
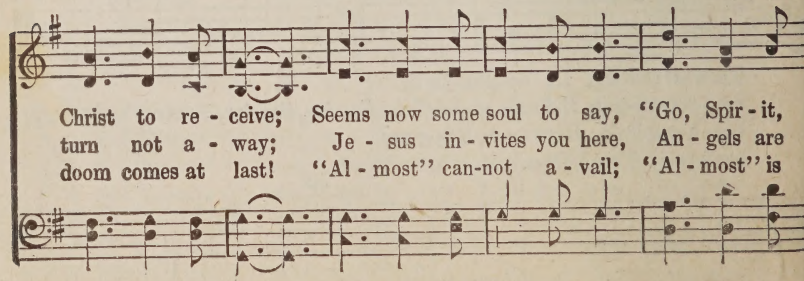
P. P. Bliss.



1. "Al-most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al-most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al-most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al-most per-suad - ed,"



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can-not a - vail; "Al - most" is

"Almost Persuaded."

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-gr'ing near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

No. 184. Lord, Speak to me, That I May Speak.

F. R. Havergal. G. Hews.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech - oes of Thy tone;
2. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wand'ring and the wav'ring feet;
3. O strengthen me, that while I stand Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy er-ring chil-dren lost and lone.
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hung'ring ones with man-na sweet.
I may stretch out a lov - ing hand To wrestlers with the troub-led sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use, me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where:
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

No. 185.

Roll, Billows, Roll!

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HUNT & SCHOLFIELD.
R. H. COLEMAN, OWNER, DALLAS, TEXAS.

J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. I am held by God's right hand, Roll, billows, roll! I fear naught on
2. What care I for rock or shoal? Roll, billows, roll! All God's host sur-
3. Tho' what Sa-tan should as - sail, Roll, billows, roll! In God's might I
4. Oh, that you, my friend, could say "Roll, billows, roll! Christ is keep - ing

CHORUS.

sea or land, so Roll, bil-lows, roll!
round my soul, so Roll, bil-lows, roll!
shall pre - vail, so Roll, bil-lows, roll! Roll, bil - lows, roll!
me each day, so Roll, bil-lows, roll!"

Roll, bil-lows, roll! Je - sus is my an-chor and He'll keep my soul from

f

ev -'ry foe; So roll, bil - lows, roll!..... Roll, bil - lows,

rit. *ff* *rit.*

roll! Je - sus is my an - chor and He'll keep my soul.

Children's Songs

No. 186. Good Morning and Welcome Song.

Annie L. Williams. Capitola P. Laird.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY CAPITOLA P. LAIRD.
OWNED BY ANNIE L. WILLIAMS, BIRMINGHAM.

1. Good morn-ing to our Sunday school, And all our teach-ers dear,
2. Good morn-ing to the sun - shine, And to the air so sweet,
3. Good morn-ing to the rain - drops, And to the air so sweet,
4. Good morn-ing to the snow - flakes, And to the air so sweet,

*We're ver - y glad to see you, On this, God's ho - ly day,

*Welcome Song.

Good morn-ing, lit - tle chil - dren, And all who meet us here.
Good morn-ing, lit - tle chil - dren, As now a - gain we meet.
Good morn-ing, lit - tle chil - dren, As now a - gain we meet.
Good morn-ing, lit - tle chil - dren, As now a - gain we meet.

We all are going to love you, And hope you've come to stay.

CHORUS.

Good morn-ing, O good morn - ing, Good morn-ing now we say,
*We wel-come you, we wel-come you, And hope you've come to stay,

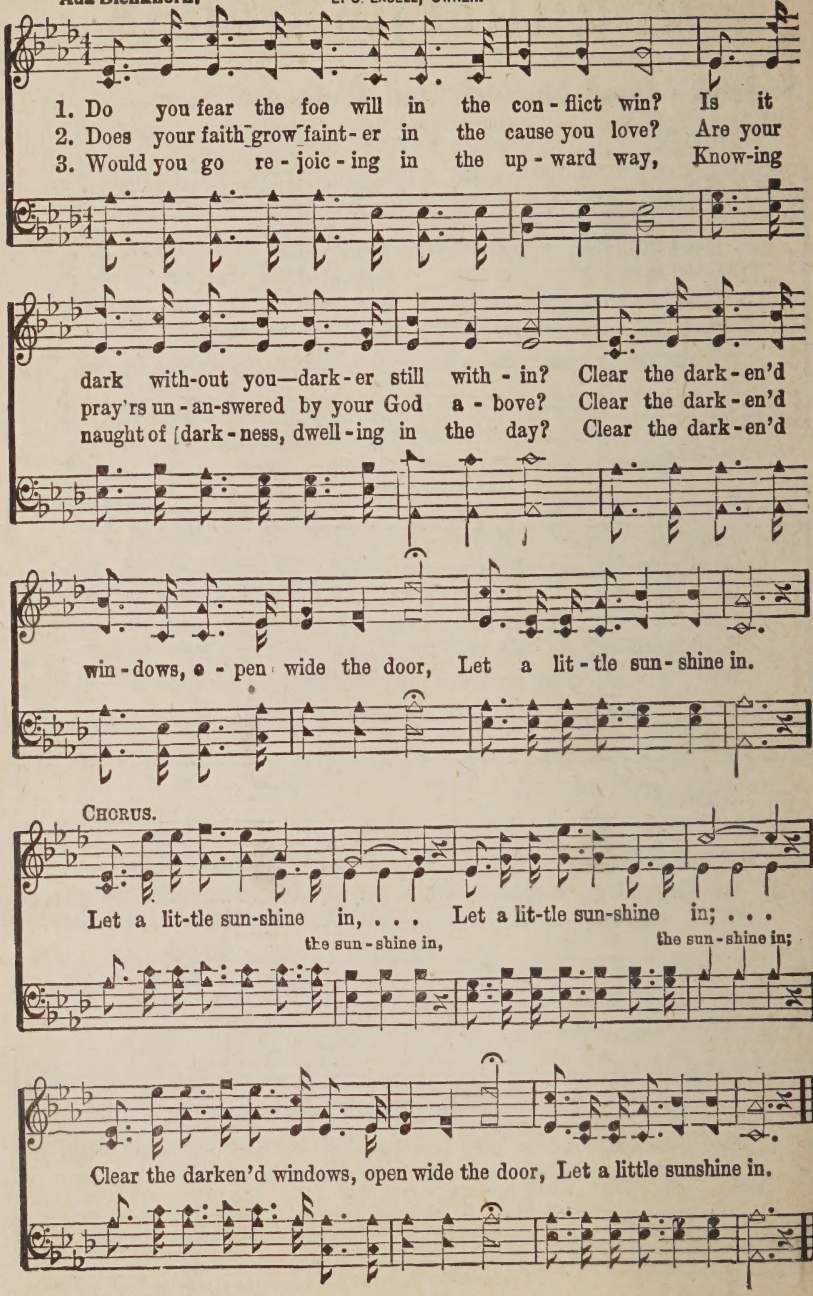
* Chorus to Welcome Song.

God bless and keep us all, This hap - py Sab - bath day.
We wel-come you, we wel-come you, On this, God's ho - ly day.

No. 187. Let the Sunshine In.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 188. The Sunday School Brigade.

WORDS AND MUSIC, COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.,

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sun-day School Brigade, Whether rain or shine we are al - ways on pa-rade; By our Sav - ior led, in the sun-shine of His love, We are march-ing on to the land of joy a - bove.
2. With the cross held high in the bless - ed gos - pel light, Eyes a-glow with love, as the sun our ban-ner bright; Dreading not the storm, fear-ing not the wait-ing foe, Sing - ing songs of praise, on and on with Christ we go.
3 Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday School Brigade, We would win that crown which will nev - er, nev - er fade; We will trust our King, wher-so-ev - er be the way, We will fol - low Him to the realm of end - less day.

CHORUS.

March-ing on, on, on, on to glo - ry, Mak-ing known the bless-ed sto - ry,
March-ing on, on, on, we're march-ing on, March - ing on, on, on, on, march-ing on,
There is joy, joy, joy for each girl and boy, In the Sun-day School Brigade.

No. 189. Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in Heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher-
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I

Book He has giv'n, Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see;
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:

CHORUS.

This is the dear-est—that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem-ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"

1 2

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; e - ven me.

No. 189a. Jesus Loves Me.

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem:
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
CHO.—I am so glad, etc.

2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell!
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
CHO.—I am so glad, etc.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;
Satan, dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,
When I just tell Him that Jesus loves me.—CHO.

No. 190.

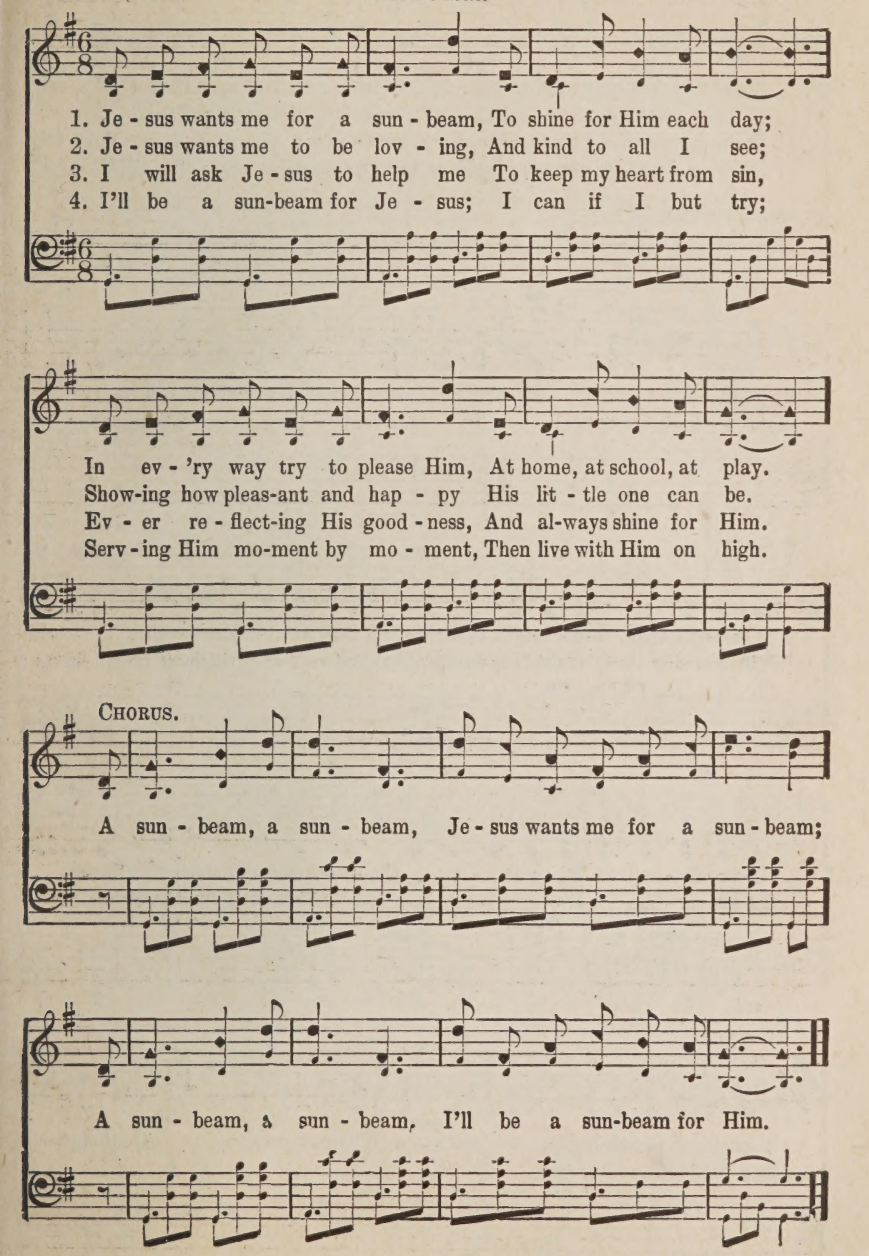
I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



No. 191. Honor-Bright Cadets.

C. B. A.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

1. We're ca - dets that want to bat - tle for the right, you see; That is why we
For our watch-word we have chosen "Honor bright!" you see, [*Omit*] . . .

2. We're de-ter-mined that we'll never know de - feat, you see; If we fight for
For our Lead-er nev - er taught us to re - treat, you see, [*Omit*] . . .

band ourselves together; And we'll keep it up in ev-'ry kind of weather.
right, we'll win the battle; No mat-ter how the guns and sabers rattle.

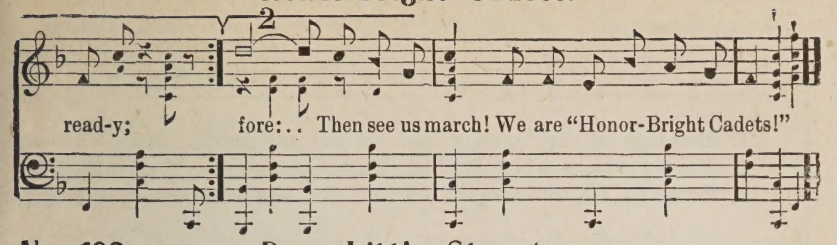
For the right, then; Honor bright, then; We will march on our journey thro' the world;
We'll be strong, then, 'Gainst the wrong, then, And we'll work till the setting of the sun;

Col-ors fly - ing, Ev - er try - ing To be true as our banner is un-furled.
Col-ors fly - ing, Ev - er try - ing To be faithful until the vict'ry's won.

CHORUS.

Then see us march-ing as to war; . . With purpose steady, Our hearts are
Our gal-lant Lead-er goes be- [*Omit*] . . . . . .

Honor-Bright Cadets.



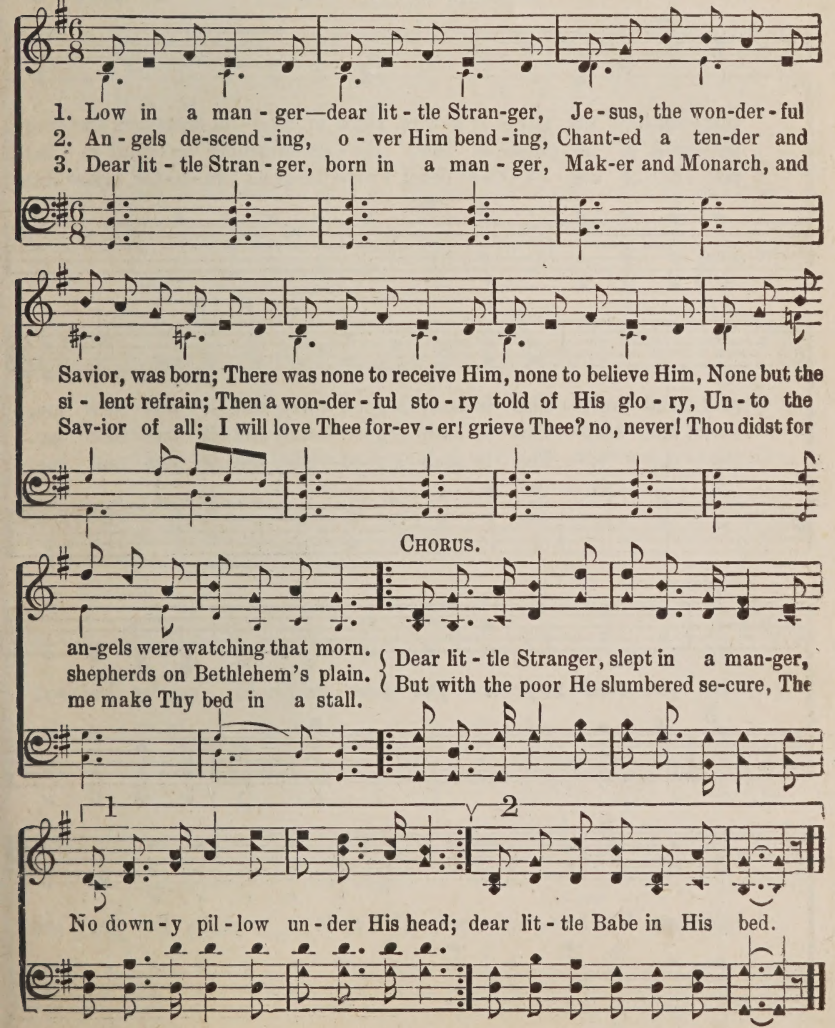
No. 192. Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC

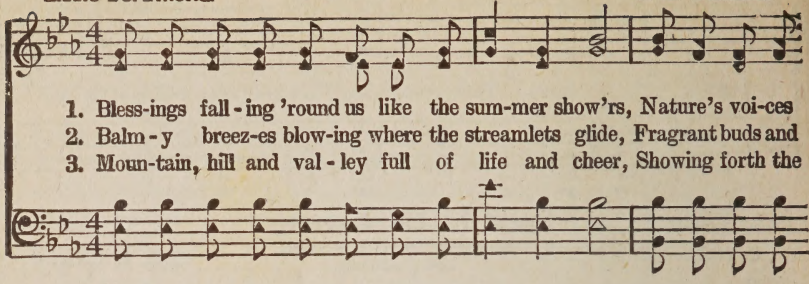
Chas. H. Gabriel.



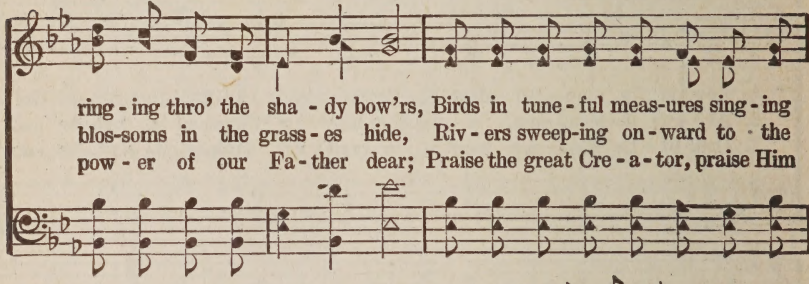
No. 193.

It Just Suits Me.

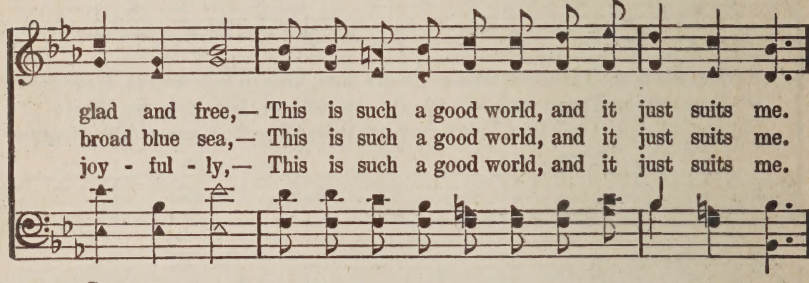
Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY HOPE PUBLISHING CO. J. C. Williams.



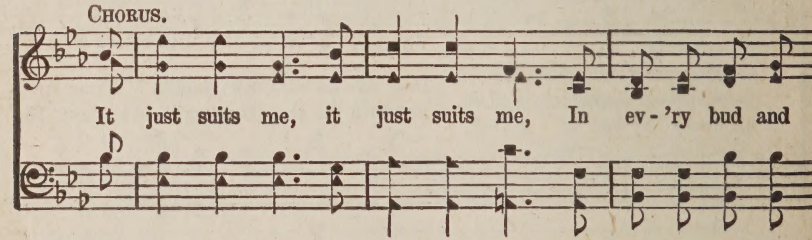
1. Bless-ings fall-ing 'round us like the sum-mer show'rs, Nature's voi-ces
2. Balm-y breez-es blow-ing where the streamlets glide, Fragrant buds and
3. Moun-tain, hill and val-ley full of life and cheer, Showing forth the



ring-ing thro' the sha-dy bow'rs, Birds in tune-ful meas-ures sing-ing
blos-soms in the grass-es hide, Riv-ers sweep-ing on-ward to the
pow-er of our Fa-ther dear; Praise the great Cre-a-tor, praise Him

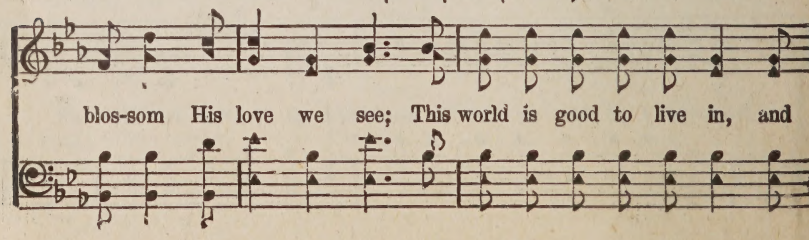


glad and free,— This is such a good world, and it just suits me.
broad blue sea,— This is such a good world, and it just suits me.
joy-ful-ly,— This is such a good world, and it just suits me.



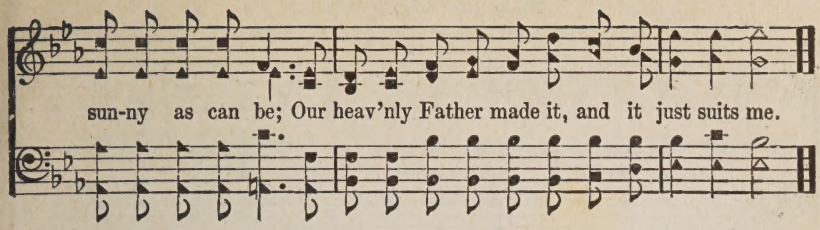
CHORUS.

It just suits me, it just suits me, In ev-'ry bud and



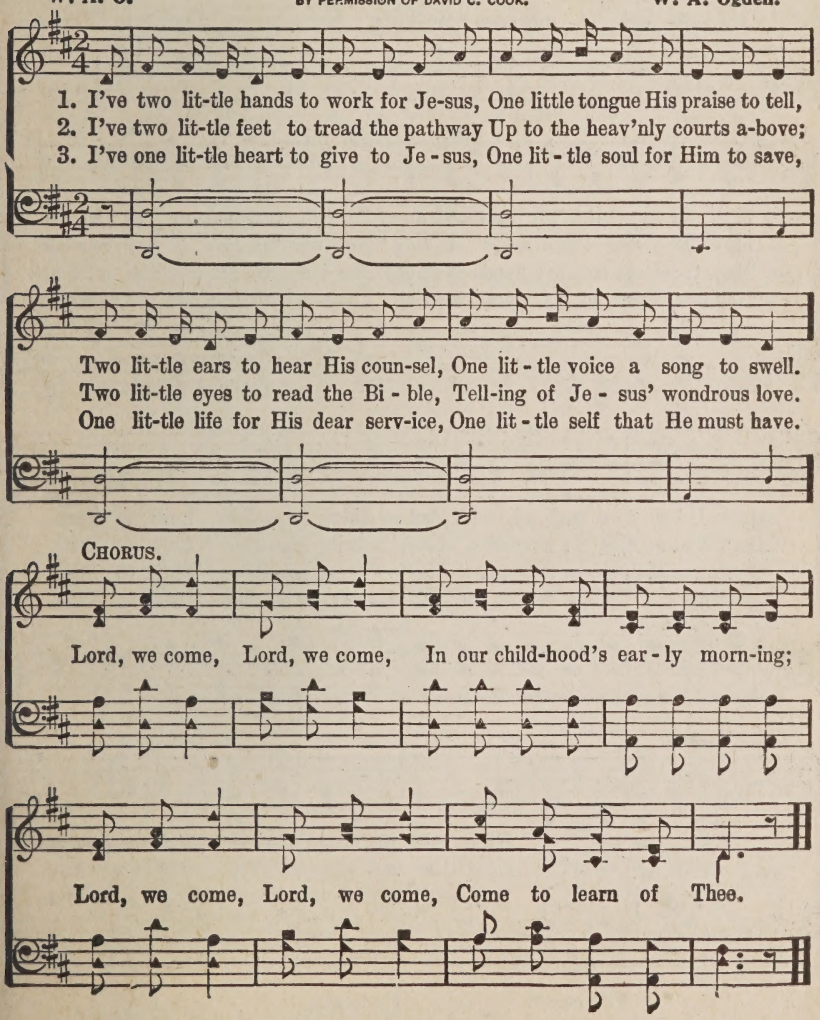
blos-som His love we see; This world is good to live in, and

It Just Suits Me.



No. 194. Two Little Hands.

W. A. O. BY PERMISSION OF DAVID C. COOK. W. A. Ogden.



No. 195.

I'll Be One.

To my sister Maggie Brenholts.

J. G. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY J. G. DAILEY, PHILA., PA.

J. G. Dailey.

1-4. I'll be one of the ones to bring an-oth-er one with me;

I'll be one of the ones to bring an-oth-er, Lord, to Thee;

1. May the *words* that my lips shall frame, Ex-alt and hon-or Thy ho-ly name, Un-til men shall echo with glad ac-claim: An-oth-er, Lord, to Thee.
2. May the theme of the *songs* I sing, Re-veal the love of my Sav-ior King, And be this the purpose a-lone, to bring An-oth-er, Lord, to Thee.
3. May the *deeds* that my hands en-gage, The bur-dens lift and the grief as-suage, And the gold-en fruitage, the her-it-age, An-oth-er, Lord, to Thee.
4. Help me, Lord, in my work to-day, The songs to sing and the words to say, That shall lift a soul to the glad highway; An-oth-er, Lord, to Thee.

CHORUS.

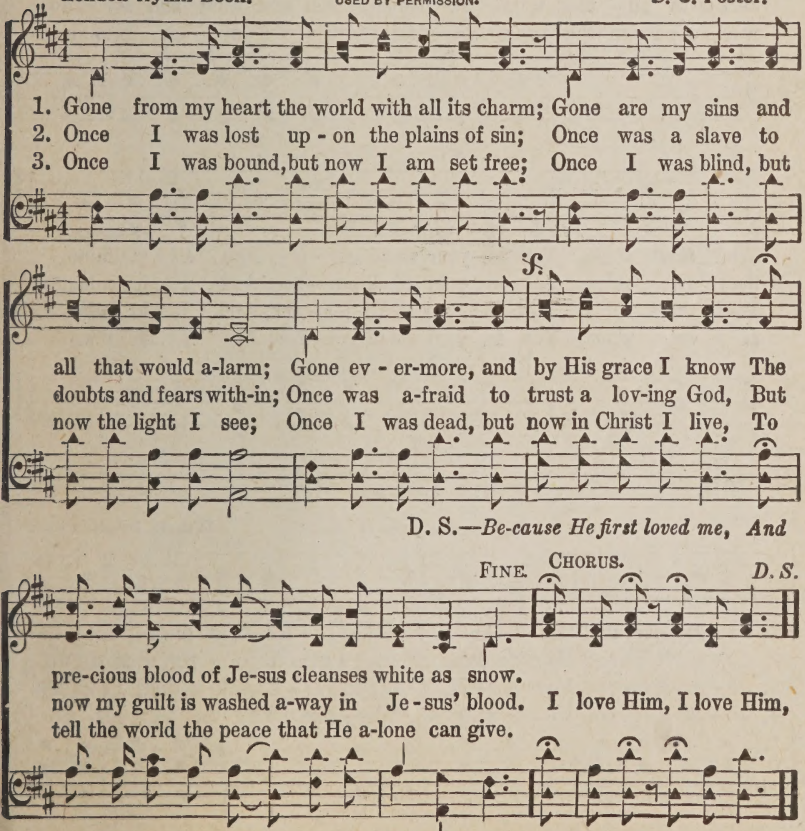
I'll be one, I'll . . be one, ... I'll be one of the ones to

I'll be one, I'll be one, ...

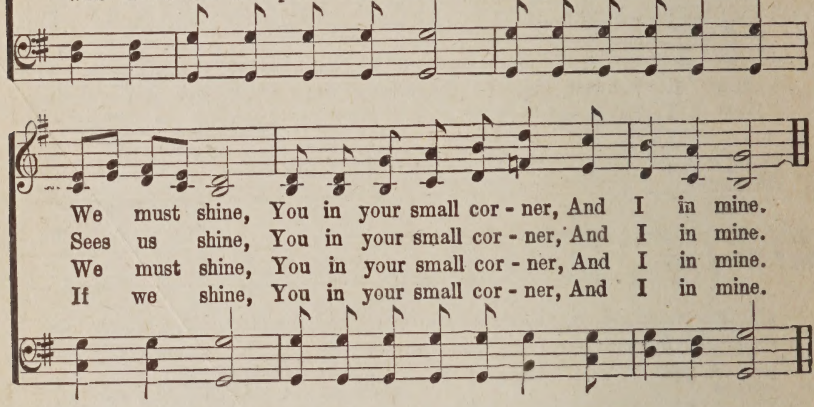
I'll be one, I'll be one,

No. 198. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.



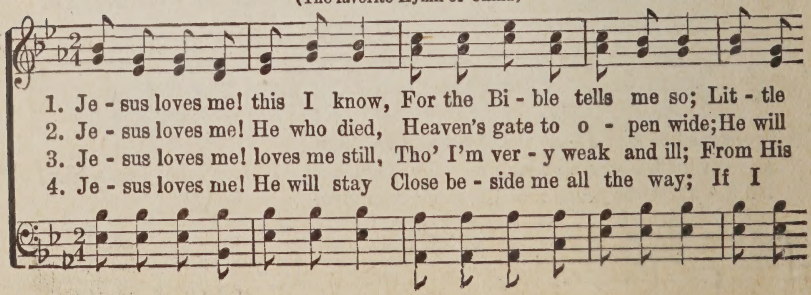
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark-ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,



We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

No. 200. Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China) Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I

Jesus Loves Me.

CHORUS.

ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

No. 201. Bring Them In.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.
USED BY PER.

Alexcenah Thomas. W. A. Ogden.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high,

Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stay Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."

CHORUS.

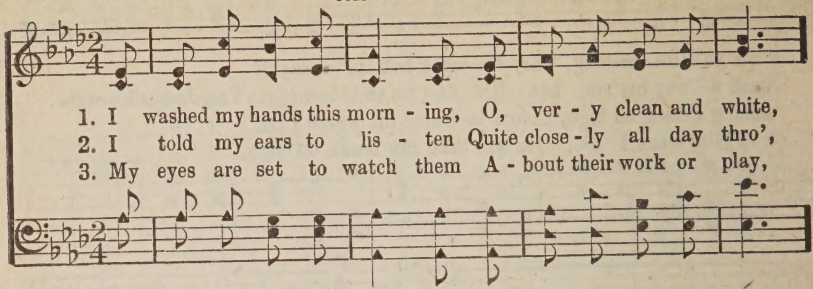
{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to } Je - sus.

No. 202. Little Feet, Be Careful.

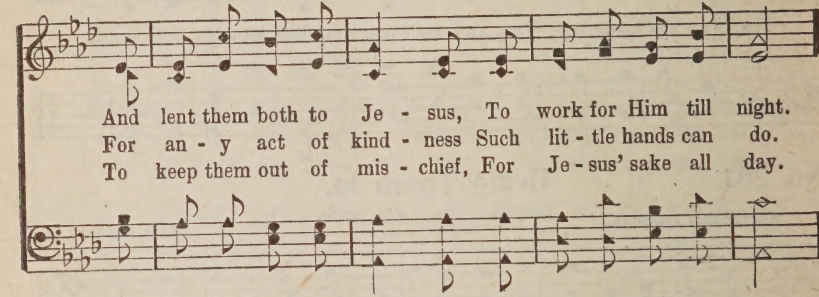
Mrs. L. M. Bateman.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY FILLMORE BROS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

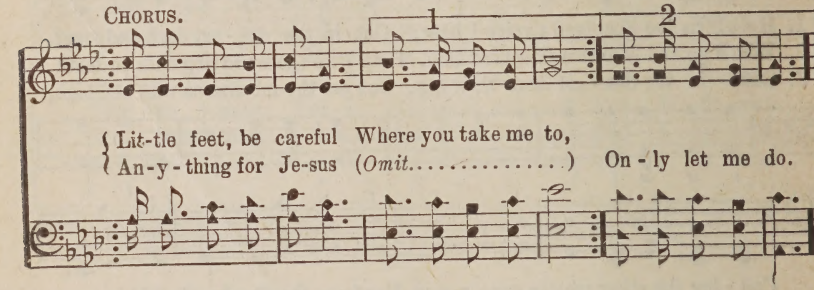
J. H. Rosecrans.



1. I washed my hands this morn - ing, O, ver - y clean and white,
2. I told my ears to lis - ten Quite close - ly all day thro',
3. My eyes are set to watch them A - bout their work or play,



And lent them both to Je - sus, To work for Him till night.
For an - y act of kind - ness Such lit - tle hands can do.
To keep them out of mis - chief, For Je - sus' sake all day.



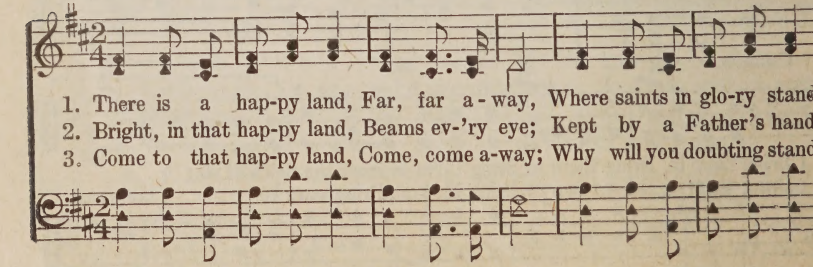
CHORUS.

1 2

{ Lit-tle feet, be careful Where you take me to,
{ An-y-thing for Je-sus (*Omit.....*) On - ly let me do.

No. 203. Happy Land.

Old Melody.



1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
2. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,
3. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a-way; Why will you doubting stand?

Happy Land.

Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-thy is our
Love can-not die. Oh, then, to glo-ry run; Be a crown and
Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and

Sav-ior King;" Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
king-dom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more.
sor-row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev-er-more.

No. 204. Twilight Is Falling.

A. S. Kieffer. USED BY PERMISSION B. C. Unseld.

1. Twi-lignt is fall-ing o-ver the sea, Shad-ows are steal-ing dark on the
2. Voi-ces of loved ones, songs of the past, Still lin-ger round me while life shall
3. Come in the twi-light, come, come to me! Bring-ing some mes-sage o-ver the

FINE.

lea; Borne on the night-winds, voi-ces of yore Come from the far-off shore.
last; Lone-ly I wan-der, sad-ly I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home.
sea, Cheer-ing my path-way while here I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home.

D. S.—*Gleam-eth a man-sion, filled with de-light, Sweet hap-py home so bright!*

f CHORUS. D. S.

Far a-way beyond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light never, never dies,

No. 205. Since Jesus Touched Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. Howard E. Smith.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

SOLO.

1. I've lost all love for pleasures vain, And vain de-sires no hold ob-tain,
2. What wordly things so much I sought, To-day I shun and count as naught;
3. From such a Friend I can-not roam, His hand will lead me safe-ly home;

rit.

For, bless His name, I've ceased to rove, Since Je-sus touched me with His love.
While things e-ter-nal and sub-lime I crave and sigh for all the time.
In life, in death, His name a-dore, And trust and love Him ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Since Je-sus touched me with His love, I've kept my eyes on things a-bove;

rit.

I've had a song the whole day long, Since Je-sus touched me with His love.

Special Selections

No. 206. Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley, B. D. Ackley.

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WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Legato.

1. Fail - ing in strength when op - prest by my foes, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care - bil-lows roll? Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;
3. Wound-ed and help - less and sick with dis - tress, Some - bod - y knows, Some-bod-y knows;

Wait - ing for some - one to ban - ish my woes, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shad - ows sweep o - ver my soul, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a moth-er's ca - ress, Some-bod-y knows,—'t is Je - sus.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

Some-bod - y knows, Some-bod - y knows When I am tempt-ed and tried by my foes;

He is the One who will keep me— Some-bod - y knows— 't is Je - sus.

No. 207. A Thought of Him.

C. L.

Copyright, 1904, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
E. O. Excell, Owner.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. If ev - er Je - sus has need of me, Some - where in the fields of sin,
2. I'll fill each day with the lit - tle things, As the pass - ing mo-ments fly;
3. The low - li - est deed will be reck-oned great In the book that the an - gels keep,

I'll go where the dark - est pla - ces be, And let the sun - shine in;
The ten-dril, which to the great oak clings, Grows strong as it climbs on high;
If it helps an - oth - er a - long the road That is oft - en rough and steep.

I'll be con-tent with the low - liest place, To earth's re - mot - est rim,
I'll trust my Lord, tho' I can - not see, Nor let my faith grow dim;
A kind - ly word may let sun - shine in, Where life's rays are sad - ly dim;

I know I'll see His smil - ing face, If it's done with a tho't of Him;
He'll smile—and that's e - nough for me, If it's done with a tho't of Him;
And love can win a soul for God If it's done with a tho't of Him;

If it's done with a tho't of Him, If it's done with a tho't of Him.

No. 208. More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness
2. More like the Mas - ter, is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car - ry
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour - age to be
cross - es I must bear; More ear - nest ef - fort to bring His king-dom
oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i-

rit.

true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart,— I would be Thine a - lone;— Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O

heart and make it all Thine own; Purge me from sin, O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

Lord, I now im - plore, Wash me and keep me Thine for-ev - er - more.
Lord, I now im-plore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for-ev - er - more.

No. 209. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The storms that would my way op - pose; But He can drive the clouds a - way, And turn my dark - ness in - to day, And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
2. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes; And with His touch of love di - vine He heals this wound - ed soul of mine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
3. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes; But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up- hold and keep me to the end, Up - hold and keep me to the end.
4. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The hour my jour - ney here will close; And may that hour, O faith - ful Guide, Find me safe shel - tered by Thy side, Find me safe shel - tered by Thy side.

CHORUS.

He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op - pose;
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows that would my way op-pose;

He knows, He knows, And tem - pers ev - 'ry wind that blows.
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows the wind that blows.

No. 210. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-

(1) When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem-pest-tossed, When you are dis-

cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them one by one,
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev -'ry doubt will fly,
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey can - not buy
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels will at - tend,

cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them one by one,

CHORUS.

And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
And you will be sing - ing as the days go by. Count your bless-ings, Name them
Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done. Count your man-y bless-ings,

one by one; Count your bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your

Name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your many

rit.

bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done.

No. 211. Over and Over Again.

Floy S. Armstrong.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How man - y times has He light-ened our cares, O - ver and o - ver a - gain! How
2. He ne'er re - fus - es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o - ver a - gain, Sends
3. Tho' we may wan-der in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o - ver a - gain, The

man-y times has He an-swered our prayers, O - ver and o - ver a - gain! Then tell of His
show'rs of bless-ing so free - ly on all, O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you
heart of Je - sus will bid us come in, O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be

good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mer-cies to me and to mine, Re-
si - lent so oft - en, so long, When tell - ing the sto - ry will turn them from wrong? Then
will - ing, wher-ev - er the place, To tell of His kind-ness, His par-don, His grace, And

peat the old sto - ry of par-don di - vine, O - ver and o - ver a - gain. . . . . .
tell it, O tell it in praise or in song, O - - ver and o - ver a - gain.
some day in glo - ry we'll look on His face, O - ver and o - ver a - gain. . . . . .

CHORUS.

O - ver and o - ver a - gain, ... O - ver and o - ver a - gain, ...
and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain,

O what a won - der - ful sto - ry to tell, O - ver and o - ver a - gain.

No. 212. Win Them One By One.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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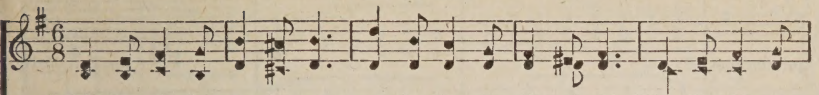
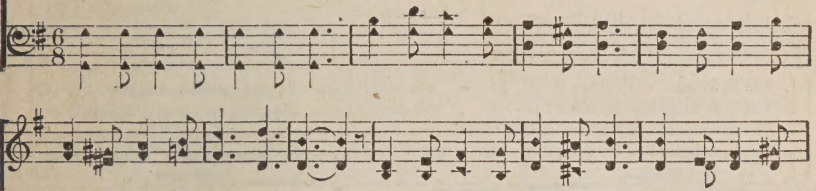
WORDS AND MUSIC.

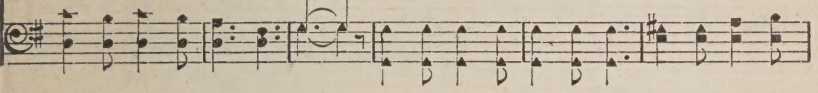
Chas. H. Gabriel.



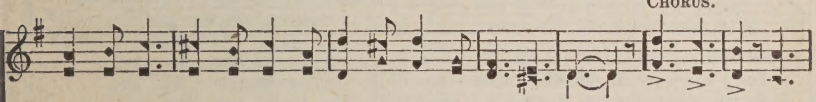
1. We must win them one by one as the Mas - ter did of old, When He said to
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je - sus died to save? Let us glad - ly
3. We must win them one by one by a lit - tle kind-ness shown, Or a gen - tle



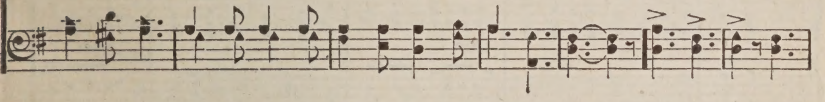
His dis - ci - ples "Fol-low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide, to the by - ways
in the res - cue lend a hand; News of life and love im - part to some wear - y,
touch of hu - man sym - pa - thy; Stoop-ing down from heights of ease, seek-ing on - ly



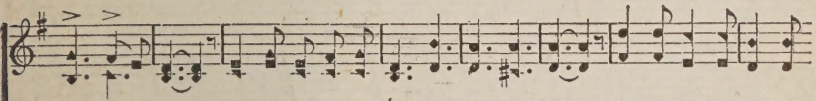
CHORUS.



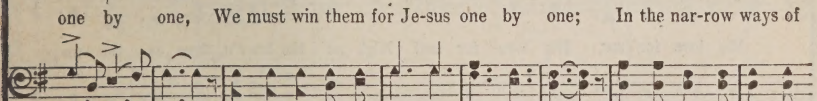
turn a - side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
sin - ful heart, Help some broth-er in the glo - ry light to stand. One by one, yes,
God to please, Point-ing ev - er to the Christ of Cal - va - ry.



one by one, We must win them for Je-sus one by one; In the nar-row ways of



life, a - mid the tu - mult and the strife, We must win them for Je-sus one by one.



No. 213. His Love For Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

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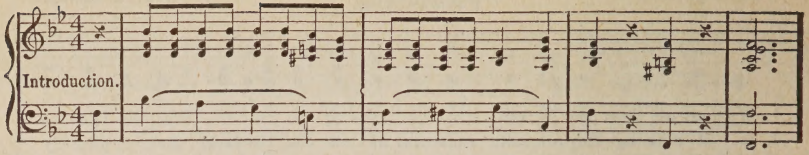
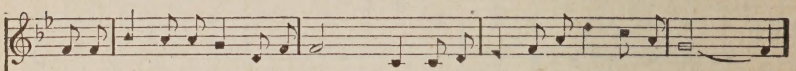
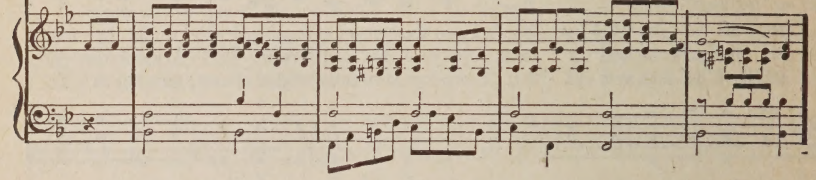
Fred H. Byshe.

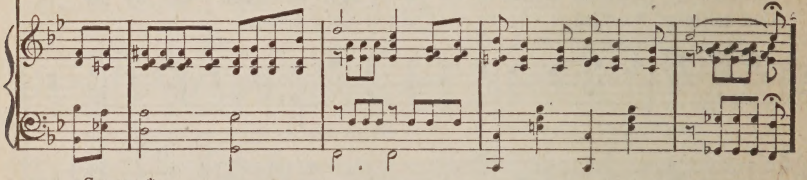




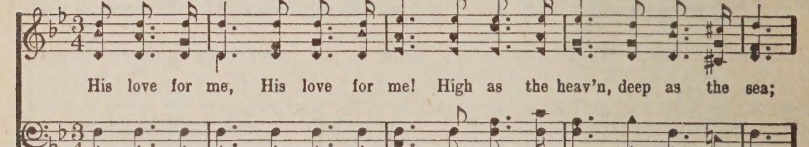
1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - sus—Of His grace flowing boundless and free, ...
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil-dren: "Come, all ye that are weary," said He; . .
3. You have heard how the blind as they sought Him, Found their sight, when He bade them to see; . .
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - pest—How His words "Peace, be still!" calmed the sea;



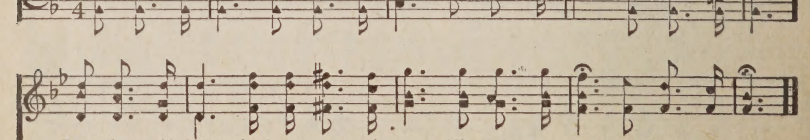
But there's no one can tell you the ful - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So I came, and He gave me the bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So my sin-blind-ed eyes have been o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .
So my soul found the peace that it longed for In His won - der - ful love for me. . . . .



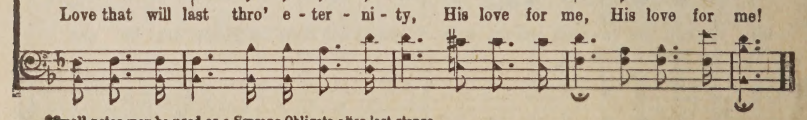
CHORUS.*



His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;



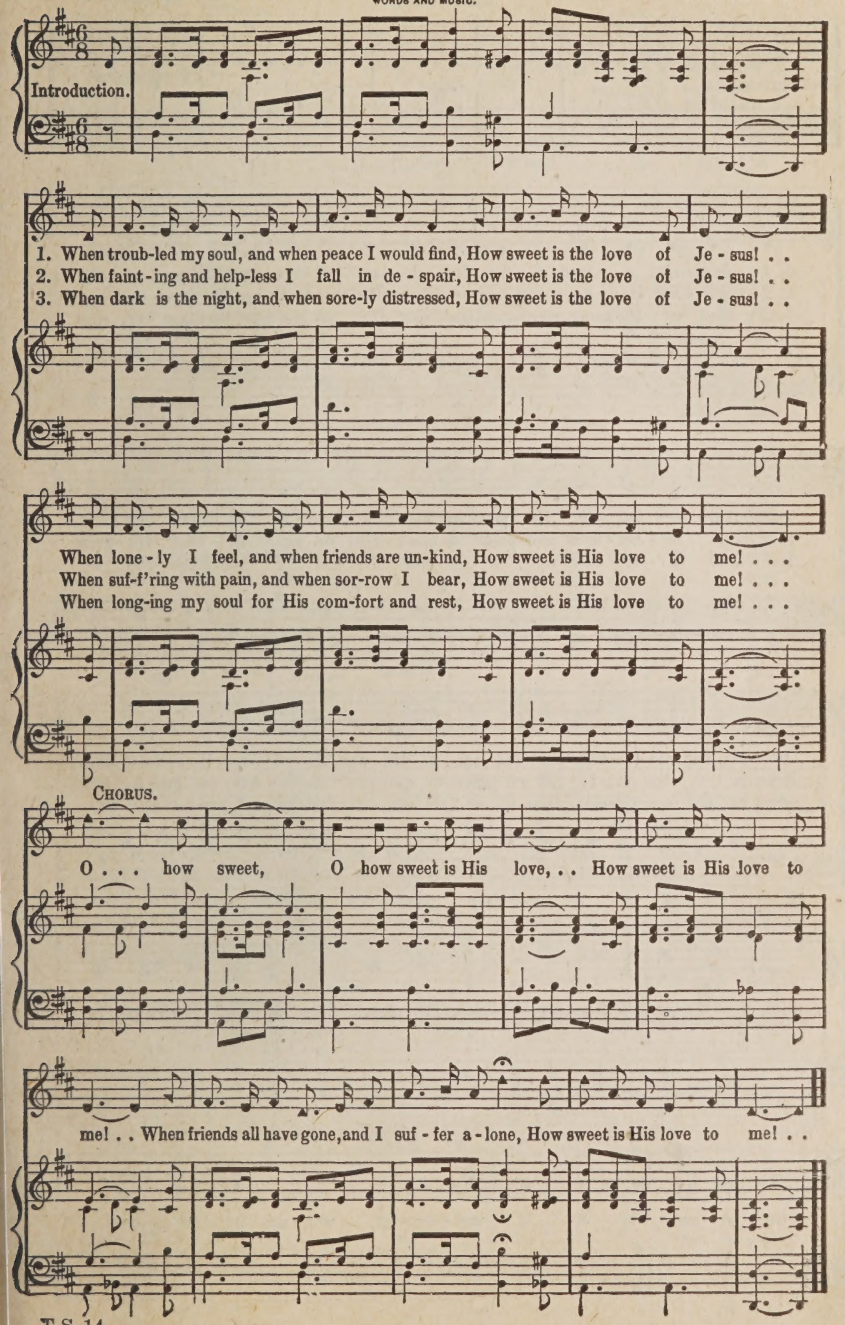
Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!



*Small notes may be used as a Soprano Obligato after last stanza.

No. 214. How Sweet is His Love.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.



No. 215. Oh, It Is Wonderful!

C. H. G.

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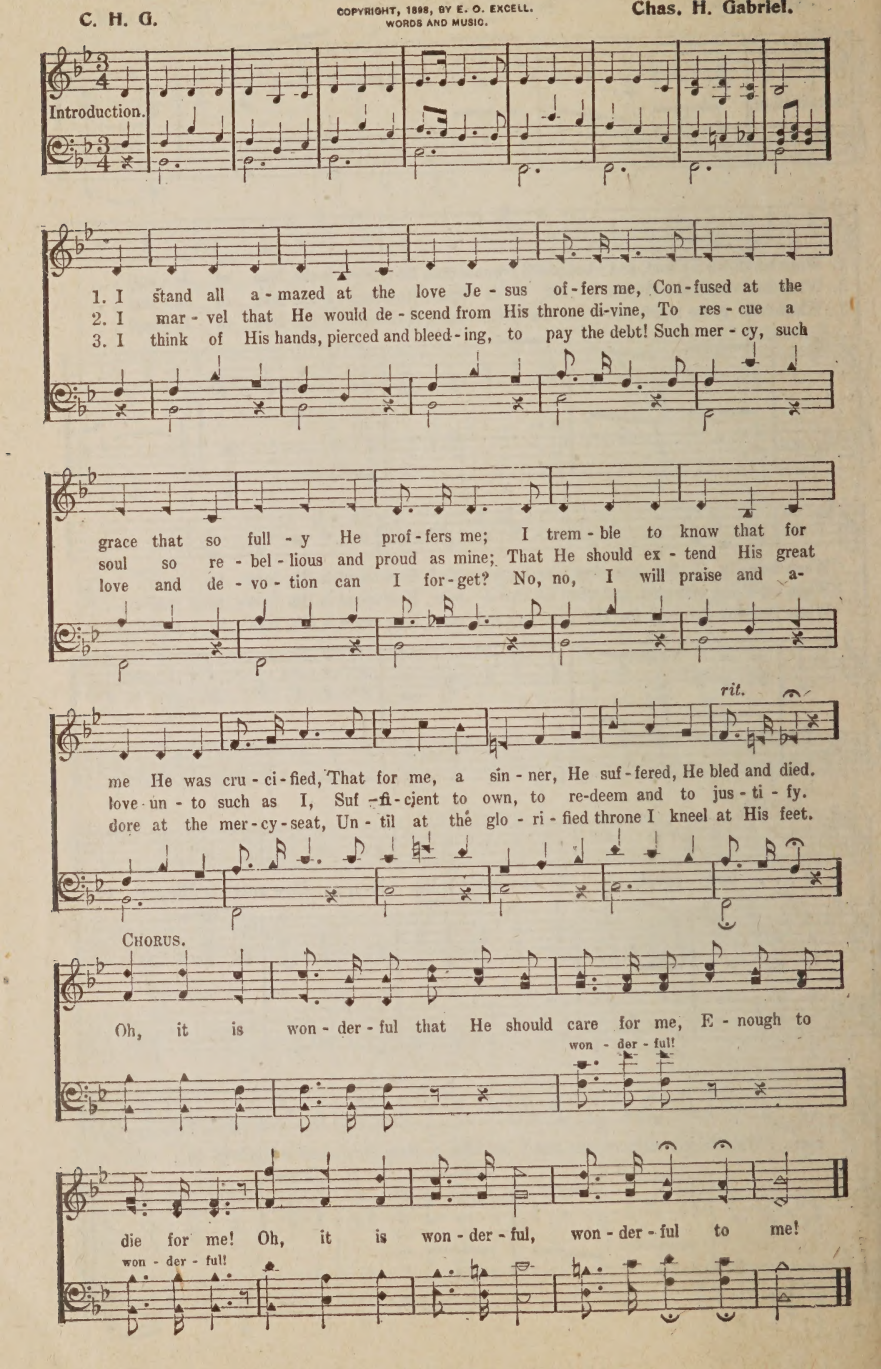
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 219. Sleep, My Little One, Sleep.

Miss A. Bensel. Arr. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

Andante.

Intro. *p*

1—4. Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, . . . Nar-row thy bed and deep, . . .

p

Hun - ger, nor thirst, nor cru - el pain, Ev - er can hurt my babe a - gain;
Soon in the an - gels' ten - der arms, Close sheltered there from earth's a - larms,
Fold - ed your hands in death's mute prayer, Nev - er to reach in wild de - spair;
I, too, shall soon be laid to rest, Close by the side of ba - by blest;

I, thy moth - er, will bend and sing, Watch thee slum - ber - ing. . . . .
Thou wilt wak - en, sweet ba - by mine, In thy home di - vine. . . . .
Hun - ger, an-guish, will soon be o'er I can weep no more: . . .
Safe is ba - by, earth's an - guish done, Keep thee, ho - ly one: . . . .

REFRAIN.

dim.

Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, . . . sleep. . . . . .
lit - tle one, sleep, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep. . . . .

Sleep, sleep, lit - tle one, sleep.

No. 220.

Is It Not Wonderful?

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

S. L.

Scott Lawrence.

1. I heard a voice saying, "Come unto Me," Is it not won-der - ful? . .
2. When I am tempted, to Je-sus I go; Is it not won-der - ful? . .
3. I have not found such a friend an-y-where; Is it not won-der - ful? . .

"I have redeemed thee, from sin set you free;" Is it not won-der - ful? . .
Strength He doth give me to conquer each foe; Is it not won-der - ful? . .
He nev-er leaves me lest I should despair; Is it not won-der - ful? . .

CHORUS.

Is it not won-der - ful? . . Is it not won - der - ful? . . His

dy-ing for me, From my sins set me free, Is it not won-der - ful?

No. 221.

He Loves Even Me.

S. L.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Scott Lawrence.

1. When I think of my Sav-iór's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft-en un-grate-ful I've

bove, To die on the tree For a sin-ner like me, I am sure that He
now, As He suf-fered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true;" I am sure that He

CHORUS.

loves e-ven me. I am sure that He loves e-ven me, . . .

I am sure that He loves e-ven me; . . . . And His love is so

sweet, Makes my joy so complete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . .

No. 222.

Pass It On.

Henry Burton.

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Geo. C. Stebbins.

Moderato.

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on; 'T was not giv'n for thee a - lone, Pass it on; Let it trav-el down the years, Let it wipe an-oth-er's tears, Till in Heav'n the deed appears—Pass it on.
2. Did you hear the lov-ing word—Pass it on; Like the sing-ing of a bird? Pass it on; Let its mu-sic live and grow, Let it cheer another's woe, You have reaped what others sow, Pass it on.
3. 'T was the sun-shine of a smile—Pass it on; Stay - ing but a lit - tle while! Pass it on; A - pril beam, the lit-tle thing, Still it wakes the flow'rs of spring, Makes the silent birds to sing—Pass it on.
4. Have you found the heav'nly light? Pass it on; Souls are grop-ing in the night, Daylight gone; Hold thy lighted lamp on high, Be a star in someone's sky, He may live who else would die, Pass it on.
5. Be not self-ish in thy greed, Pass it on; Look up - on thy brother's need, Pass it on: Live for self, you live in vain; Live for Christ, you live again; Live for Him, with Him you reign—Pass it on.

No. 227.

Wonderful Name.

J. P. S. *Unison.*

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. There is a name that is dear to me, A name in which I see..... The heal - ing foun - tain from Cal - va - ry, I love that name, 'tis Je - - sus.
2. No oth - er name holds the crim - son tide, Which flows so deep and wide,..... That in its flow ev - 'ry sin can hide, I love the name of Je - - sus.
3. I love no name like that name to - day, It takes all guilt a - way,..... If you'll re - ceive Him with- out de - lay, You'll love the name of Je - - sus.

CHORUS.

He..... is my an-chor sure, He.....keeps my soul se-cure,
He is my an-chor, He keeps my soul,
He is my all, He'll not let me fall, O praise His name.

ff

No. 228.

In His Keeping.

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Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris

1. When the ear - ly morning breaking, Slumber from my eye-lids shak-ing, Comes the
2. Some-times dark clouds hang o'er me, Not one step I see be - fore me, Still, my
3. Gen - tle e - ven-tide is near-ing, Light from Heaven dis-ap - pear-ing, Still the

bless-ed tho't with wak-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Day ad-vanc-es, la-bor
Sav - ior, I a - dore Thee, I am in His keep-ing. I can trust His hand to
bless-ed tho't so cheer - ing, I am in His keeping. Now night's curtains gather

bring-ing, Care, her mantle 'round me flinging, Yet midst all my soul keeps singing,
guide me, 'Neath His wings He'll safely hide me, And no harm can e'er be-tide me,
'round me, Yet its dan-gers have not found me, For His angel guards surround me,

CHORUS.

I am in His care. I am in my Fa-ther's keep-ing, I am in His

rit.

ten - der care; Wheth-er wak-ing, wheth-er sleep-ing, I am in His care.

No. 229.

I Love Him So.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. It was be-cause He loved me so, When lost in sin and steeped in woe, Christ did for me a - tone; He cast a pity - ing glance on me And said, "My child, I died for thee, To claim thee for My own."
2. He washed my sin-stains all a - way, And turned my night to bright noon-day By His own blood ap - plied; The long - ing in my heart was stilled, The ach - ing void His presence filled And full - y sat - is - fied.
3. In lov - ing-kind-ness none can tell He deigns with-in my heart to dwell, This Friend so kind and true: I want the whole wide world to know My Sav - ior who has charmed me so, Then they will love Him, too.

CHORUS.

I love Him so, I love Him so, I want the whole wide world to know The full - ness of His grace di-vine, Since I am His and He is mine.

No. 230. Watching For the King.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX. M. J. Babbitt.

UNISON. *Not too fast.*

1. As I fare on my way to my dai - ly task, "What, O
2. He will come as He said, for His word is sure; In the
3. With my hand on the latch, with my task well done, I must

Lord, shall I do?" I would now Thee ask, For I know He will come—
prom-ise of God we may rest se - cure; But the soul that with glad-
wait for the step of the Com-ing One; Tho' He tar - ry, I'll wait:

some bright, hap-py day, When He call - eth, what shall His servants say?
ness the King would meet, Must be watch-ing, waiting His face to greet.
He has left for me Work to fin - ish ere His dear face I see.

CHORUS. PARTS.

Watch-ing, watch-ing each day for my Sav-ior's call; .. Wait-ing, wait-ing for

Sav-ior's call;

Him who is all in all; ..... Trust - ing, trust-ing my Lord as my

as all in all.

No. 233. Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Silas J. Vail.

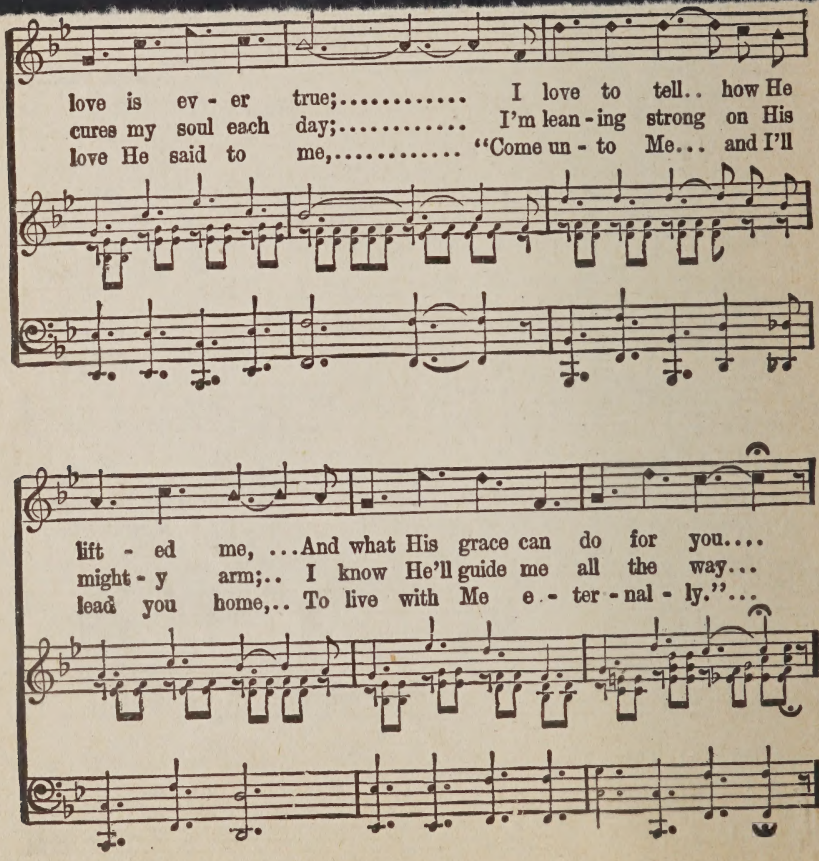
1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

FINE.

D. S.—All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D. S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D. S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;


love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell.. how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing strong on His
love He said to me,..... "Come un - to Me... and I'll
lift - ed me, ...And what His grace can do for you....
might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way...
lead you home,.. To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly."...

Saved! Saved!

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r divine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

cres. *rit.*

Life now is sweet and my joy is complete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

No. 235. The Shining Shore.

Geo. F. Root.

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,
2. Should coming days be dark and cold, We need not cease our sing-ing;
3. Let sor-row's rud-est tem-pests blow, Each cord on earth to sev-er;

FINE.

Would not de-tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan-ger.
That per-fect rest naught can mo-lest, Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For-ev-er, O, for-ev-er.

D. S.—*just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.*

CHORUS. D. S.

For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o-ver; And

No. 236.

"Zeal" Our Watchword.

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S. W. B.

Samuel W. Beazley.

Unison.

1. On to the work He has giv - en, On with a true, will-ing heart;
2. Zeal for the Master in - creas - ing, As you pur-sue the right way;
3. Zeal for His cause is re - ward - ed By the re-sults we at - tain

Read-y to help where you're need-ed, Ear-nest-ly do-ing your part.
Zeal in His good ways of serv - ice, Lis-t'ning for what He may say;
In the in-crease of His king - dom, Thro'-out His earthly do - main;

Boys.

All of one mind and u - nit - ed, Putting forth efforts that tell;
Yielding your ev-'ry e - mo - tion To His com-pas-sion-ate will;
Souls for our hire He will lend us, If we with zeal work and pray;

Girls.

Go with a zeal all con-sum - ing— Do what you may, and that well.
Thus to His wisdom con-form - ing, That your right place you may fill.
And aft - er all He will give us Glo - ry in Heaven some day.

TWO-PART CHORUS. *Female voices upper, Male voices lower.*

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

"Zeal" for the cause of our Mas - ter, "Zeal" shall our watchword be; . .

"Zeal" Our Watchword.

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

"Zeal" for the work He's assigned us, "Zeal" worthy others should see—

Zeal, zeal, zeal, zeal,

This is what Je-sus would have us Show in His work here be-low; . .

Then with a zeal nev-er dy - ing, On in His serv-ice we go. . . .

No. 237. Oh, For a Closer Walk.

William Cowper. Hugh Wilson.

1. Oh, for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame;
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peace-ful hours I once en-joyed! How sweet their mem - 'ry still!
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes-sen - ger of rest;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul - re - fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

No. 238. Draw Nigh, Immanuel.

Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
ROBT. H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

f INTRO.

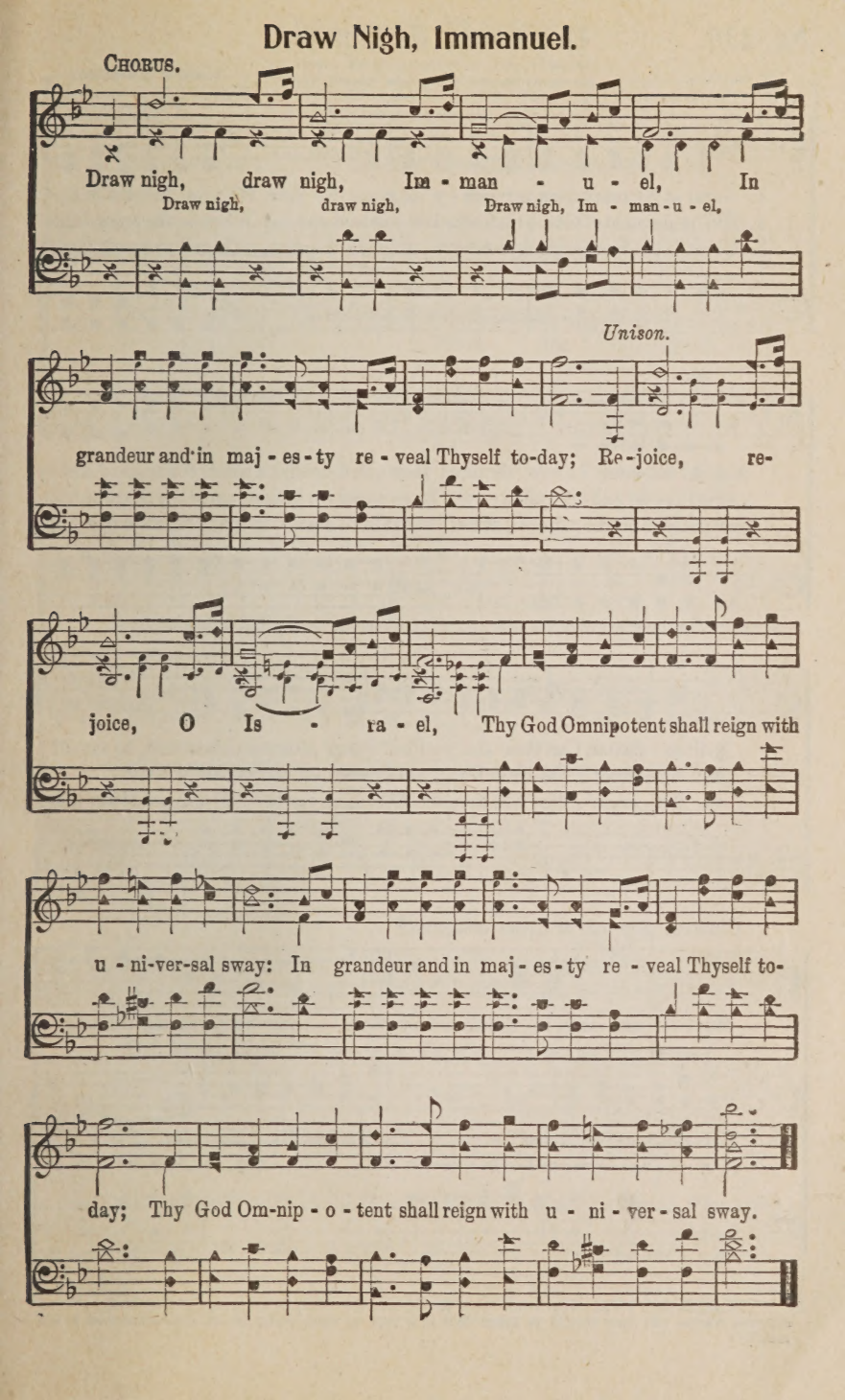
1. Draw nigh to us, O God of hosts, And fill us to the ut - ter-most
2. Draw nigh to us, O Might - y One! Our shel-ter be from sun to sun;
3. Draw nigh to us, Im-man - u - el, Thou Mighty God of Is - ra - el!

With zeal to work for Thee to - day, In Thine all - wise ap-point - ed way;
Our Al - pha and O - me - ga Thou Be-fore whom ev - 'ry knee shall bow;
Once more from Si-nai's flam-ing height Speak, that we may be led a-right;

Re - veal Thy will in us, and show Thy hand di - vine, that we may know
De - liv - er us from ev - 'ry sin; In us a might - y work be-gin;
Al - might - y, ev - er - last - ing King of kings, with contrite hearts we sing,

We are Thy children, Thou our Guide And hid-ing-place, what-e'er be-tide.
In - crease our faith, our strength renew, Fit us a might - y work to do.
The righteous maj - es - ty and love Of Him who built the heav'ns a-bove.

Draw Nigh, Immanuel.



No. 239. **The Great Atonement.**

H. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY HALDOR LILLENAS, OLIVET, ILL.
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Haldor Lillenas.

1. Great is the marvelous mys-ter - y of grace di - vine, Who can describe or ex-
2. Ev-'ry demand of God's righteous law was met one day, When on the cross Jesus
3. Great is the marvelous mys-ter - y of grace di - vine; On ev'ry page of God's

plain it? but surely I know 'tis mine; How can it be that a sinner condemned and by
carried my sin and my guilt a - way; By no endeavor of mine could my heart be from
dear, blessed book I can see it shine; Thanks be to Jesus who made full atonement up-

guilt en - slaved, Can thro' the merits of Jesus' atonement be saved, be saved?
sin set free; On-ly in Christ am I ransomed and saved for e-ter-ni-ty.
on the cross! Mine was the gain but to Him was the suff'ring and bitter loss.

CHORUS. *Soprano or Tenor obbligato.**

Mar - vel - ous, in - fi-nite mer-cy; Fath - om - less, won-der-ful love,

Marvelous, in-fi-nite mer - cy; Fathomless, wonderful love,
Mar - vel - ous, in-fi-nite mer-cy; Fath - om - less, won-der-ful love,

* In a small choir a soprano or tenor voice should take the obbligato part; in a chorus choir, several selected voices; but care should be taken that this part be sung softly as an accompaniment to the melody.

The Great Atonement.

That un - to us bro't re-demp-tion From Him who reigneth a-bove!.....

That un - to us bro't re-demp-tion From Him who reigneth a-bove!.....
From Him who reigneth a-bove!

Righteousness full-y was sat-is-fied, Mercy was crowned when the Sav-ior died,

Righteousness full-y was sat-is-fied, Mercy was crowned when the Sav-ior died,

rit.

And by the blood flow-ing from His side, I'm saved, I'm saved.....

rit.

And by the blood flow-ing from His side, I'm saved, I'm saved.(I'm saved.)

No. 240. Evangelize the World.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX.

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Go forth, ye Chris - tian work-ers, With more de - ter-mined will,
2. Say not that you may wav - er, When Sa - tan's co - horts stand
3. Up - on you Chris - tian work-ers De - pends how soon the day

To spread a - broad the gos - pel, And God's in - tent ful - fill;
In sol - id phal - anx, read - y To take from us the land;
Will come when all shall know Him, "The True and Liv - ing Way;"

With cour - age still un-daunt - ed, Do more lost souls to win,
Be - lieve in Je - sus' pow - er To give the vic - to - ry,
Go out as His e - van - gels, Be - liev - ing in His word;

And "bring to pass the king - dom" With - in the hearts of men.
If you will do your du - ty, And stand more man - ful - ly.
In ev - 'ry place pro-claim it, Till all the world has heard.

CHORUS.

E - van - gel-ize the world! Let men be stirred; E - van-gel-ize the
E - van - gel - ize the world! Let hearts of men be stirred; E - van - gel-

Evangelize the World.

world with God's might-y word; Go at His com-mand,
ize the world with God's own might - y word; Go at His com-mand,

In the highways stand, Pro-claim-ing Je - sus ev - 'ry-where; E-
In the high-ways stand, E-

van-gel - ize the world! The ti - dings speed; E - van-gel - ize the
van - gel - ize the world! The joy ful ti-dings speed; E - van - gel-

world! This is the need; With burning zeal go on Un-
ize the world! This is the great - est need; With burn - ing zeal go on, Un-

til the work is done, And all men His sal - va - tion share.
til the work is done,

No. 241.

Lo! Jesus Comes.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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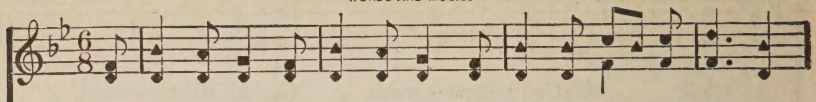
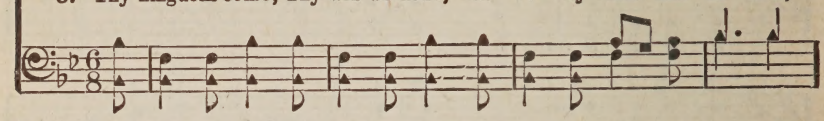
WORDS AND MUSIC.

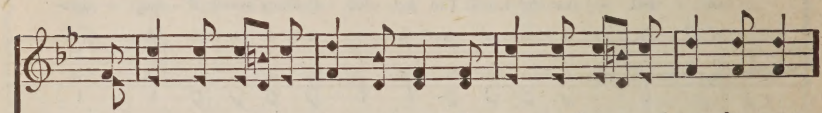
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



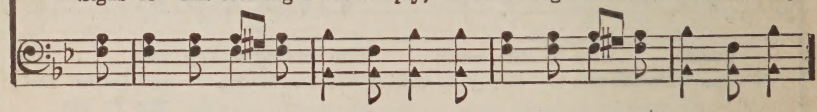
1. He comes, He comes, Lo! Je - sus comes, the promised King of glo - ry;
2. O Church of God, a - wake, a - rise! the tri-umph day is near - ing;
3. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," in ev - 'ry land and na - tion;



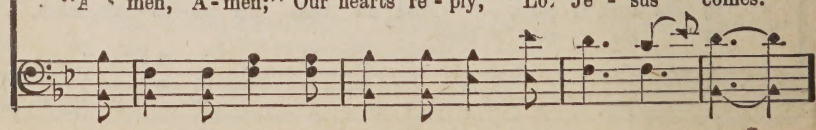
The Hope of all the a - ges past, fore - told in song and sto - ry;
Fresh oil in - to your ves - sels take, to greet your Lord's ap - pear - ing;
And for this glo - rious time we look with ea - ger ex - pec - ta - tion;



He comes the pris-'ner to re-lease; He comes, and wars and tumults cease;
That in His glo - ry we may share, He bids us for the day pre-pare:
Signs of His com-ing mul - ti - ply; the morn-ing breaks! the watchmen cry!



He comes to reign, the Prince of Peace,—Lo! Je - sus comes.
G d's king-dom is at hand; de - clare, "Lo! Je - sus comes."
"A men, A - men;" Our hearts re - ply, "Lo! Je - sus comes."



Lo! Jesus Comes.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Then sing, O sing, ye ransomed, sing hal-le-lu-jah!

Praise His name whom an-gels in glo-ry a-dore;

Hail, all hail the con-quer-ing Li-on of Ju-dah!

He shall reign for-ev-er and ev-er-more;

Hail, all hail the con-quer-ing Li-on of Ju-dah!

He shall reign for-ev-er-more.

No. 242. I Am Redeemed.

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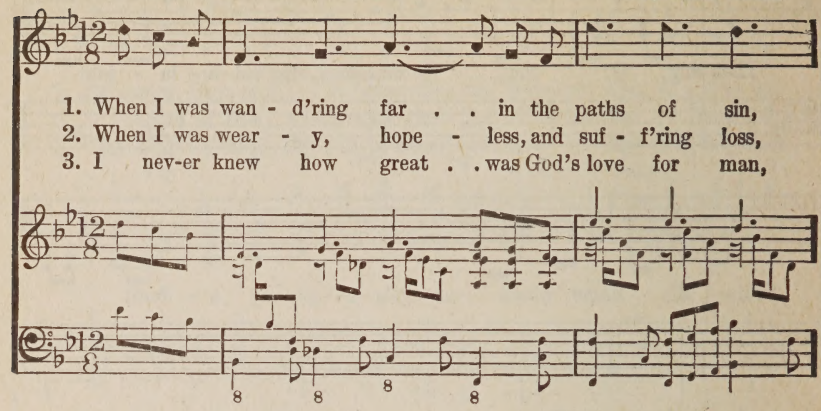
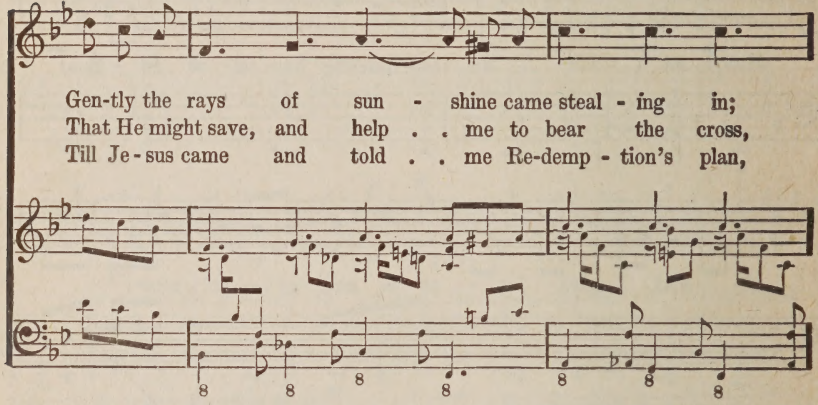
WORDS AND MUSIC.

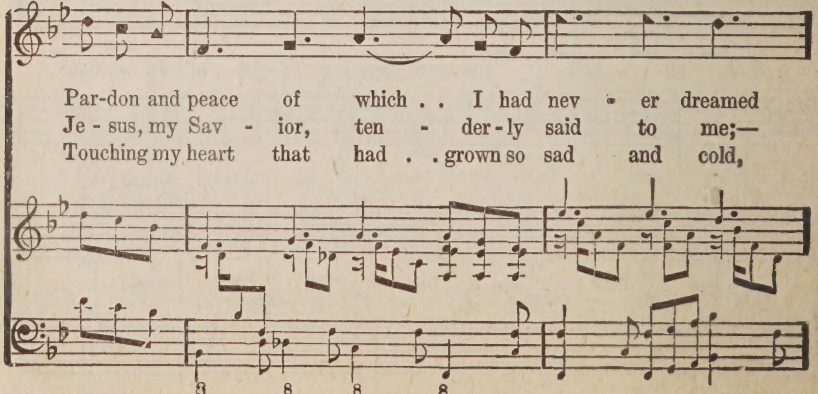
Eben E. Rexford. Harry Dixon Loes.



1. When I was wan - d'ring far . . in the paths of sin,
2. When I was wear - y, hope - less, and suf - f'ring loss,
3. I nev-er knew how great . . was God's love for man,

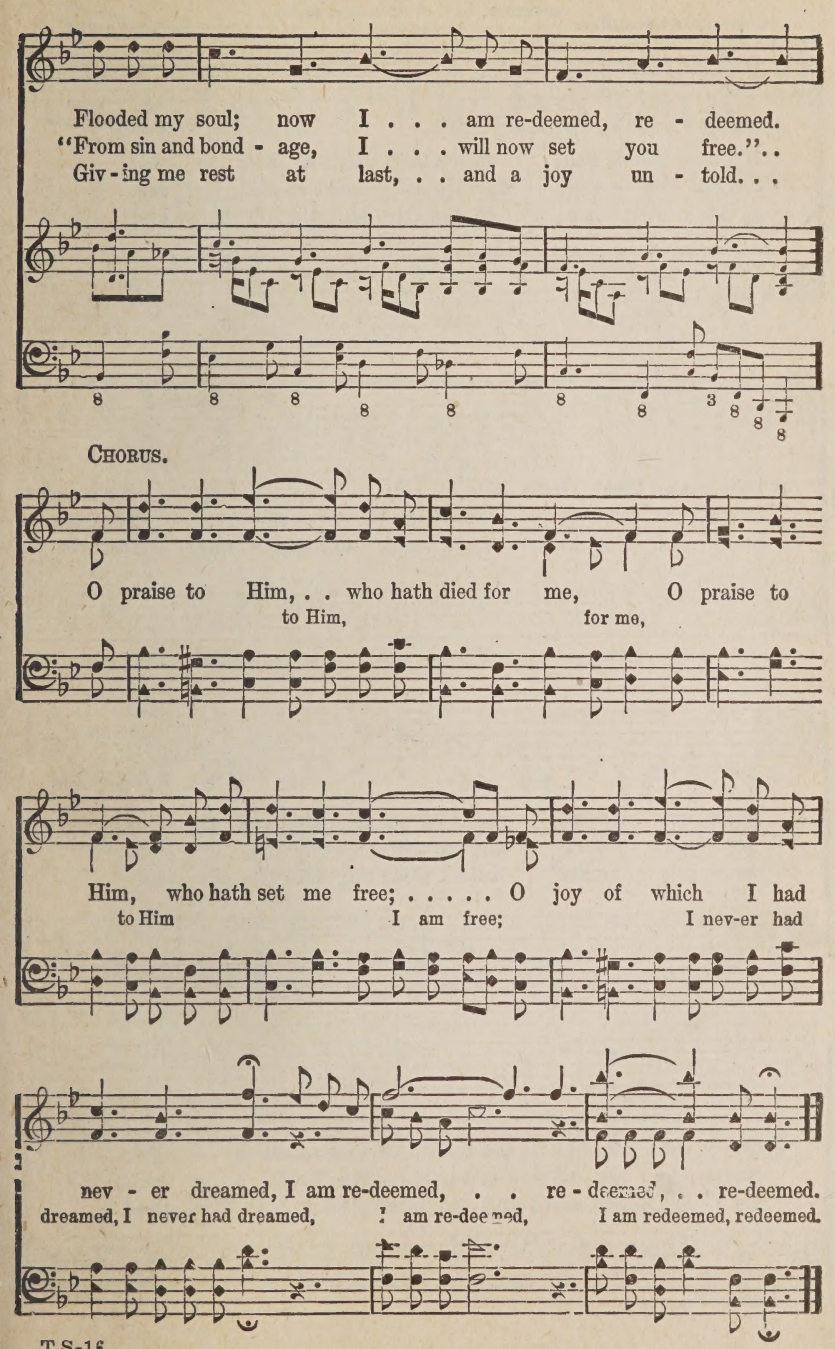


Gen-tly the rays of sun - shine came steal - ing in;
That He might save, and help . . me to bear the cross,
Till Je - sus came and told . . me Re-demp - tion's plan,



Par-don and peace of which . . I had nev - er dreamed
Je - sus, my Sav - ior, ten - der - ly said to me;—
Touching my heart that had . . grown so sad and cold,

I Am Redeemed.



No. 243. Christ is King.

Chas. Reign Scoville.

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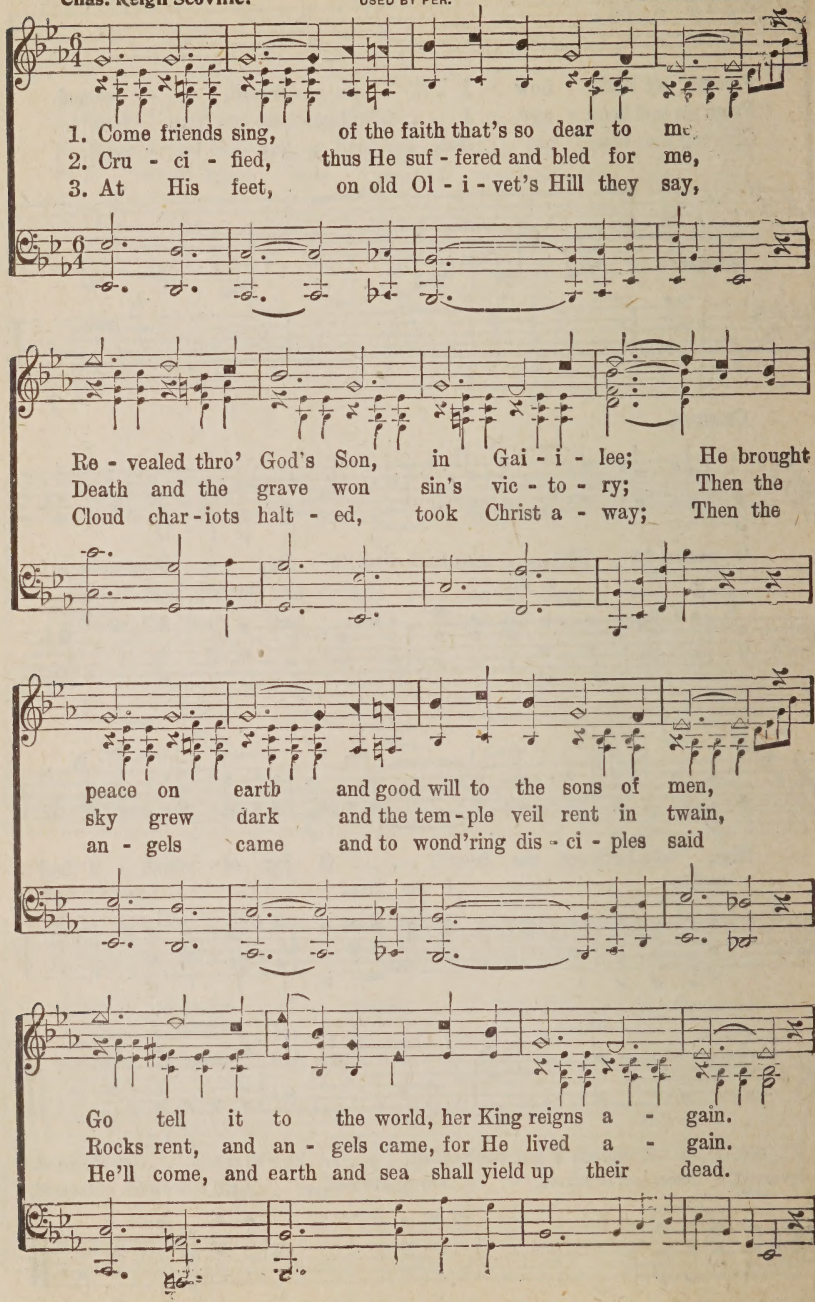
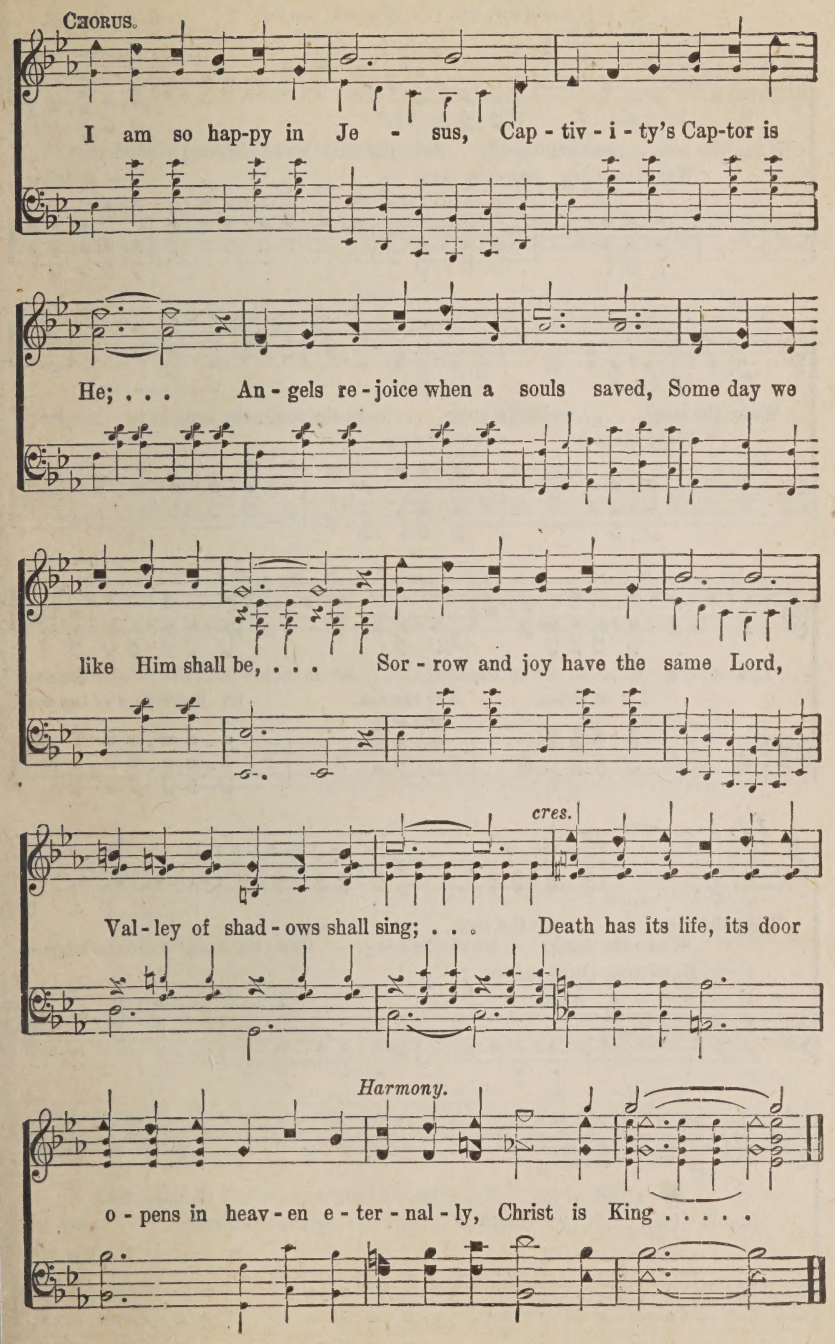
USED BY PER.

De Less Smith.



Christ is King.



No. 244.

Wake the Song.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

Wake the song, . . wake the song, . . . wake the song, wake the song of jubilee; . . . . . .
Wake the song, wake the song, of ju-bi-lee;

m *f*

Wake the song, ... wake the song, ... wake the song, the song of ju - bi - lee;
Wake the song, wake the song,

3

Let it ech - o . . . . . o'er the sea, ... let it ech - o . . . . . o'er the sea.
Let it ech-o o'er the sea, let it ech-o o'er the sea.

f

Wake the song, ... wake the song, wake the song,
Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song of

BARITONE OBBLIGATO.

f

of jub - i-lee; Loud as mighty thunders roar,
ju - bi - lee; . . . . . Loud as might - y thunders roar, when it

Wake the Song.

ff

Wake the song..... of ju - bi - lee,.....
breaks, when it breaks upon the shore; Wake the song, Wake the

of ju - bi-lee, let it ech-o
song, Let it ech-o..... o'er the sea. See Je - ho-vah's

f

banner furled, Sheathed the sword, He speaks, 'tis done, now the kingdoms of this

And now

world are the kingdoms of the Son; Hal-le - lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le - lu-jah,

f

ff

A - men; Hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, A - men.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,

No. 245.

Awakening Chorus.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HENRY DATE, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Prelude. Moderato.

1. A-wake! a-wake! and sing the bless-ed sto-ry; A-wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-peat,

A-wake! a-wake! A-wake!
Ring out! ring out! Re-peat,

a-wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
re-peat a-new the sto-ry o'er a-gain, Till all the

A-wake! A-wake!
re-peat Till all

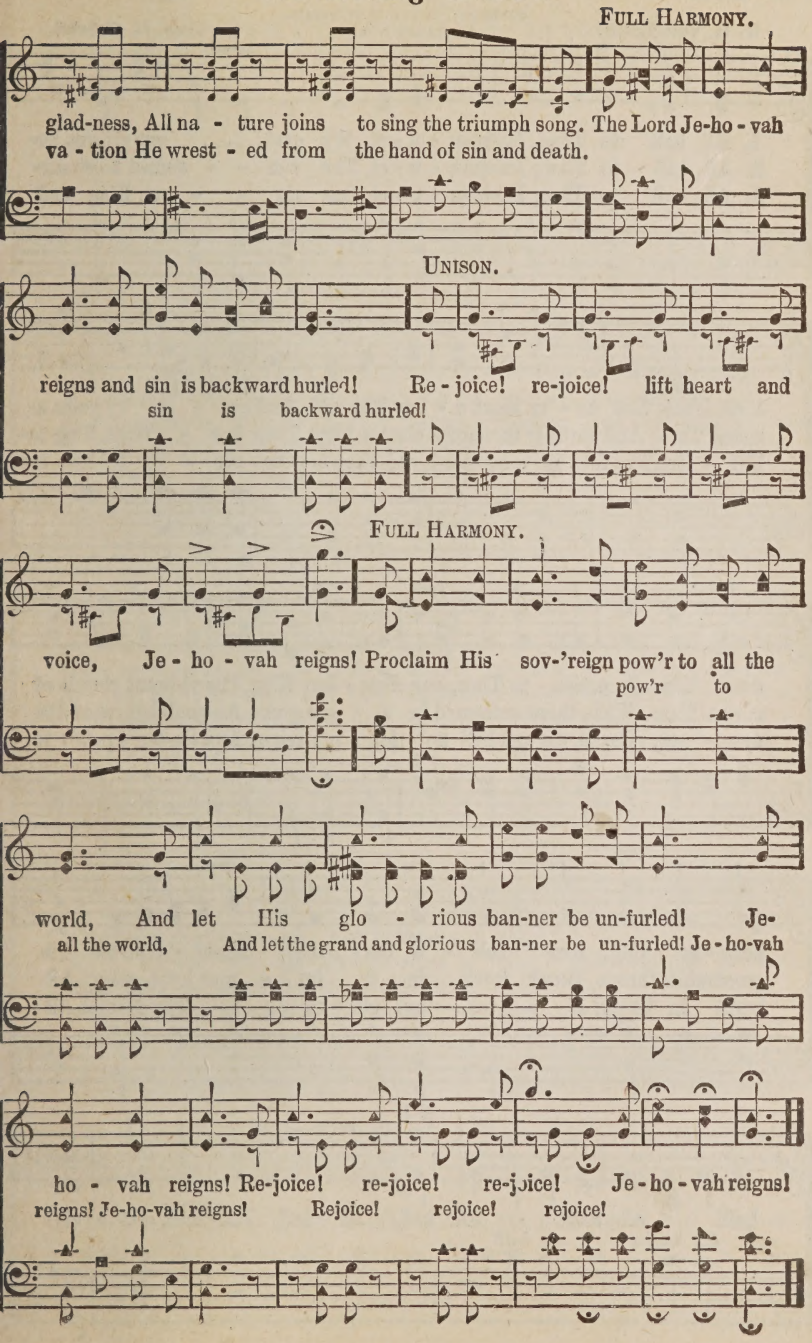
wake, the earth is full of glo-ry, And light is beam-
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness And shout a-new

a-wake, And light is beam-
the earth And shout a-new

Male voices in unison.

ing from the radiant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
the glo-ri-ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

Awakening Chorus.



No. 246.

All Hail, Immanuel!

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

D. R. Van Sickle. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast..... our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earth-ly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to-
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - - o - tent for

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!

All hail! all hail!

Devotional Hymns

No. 248. O Zion, Haste.

James Walch.

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thousands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of Thy sons to bear the message glorious; Give of thy wealth to

world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

REFRAIN.

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend-est Je - sus will re - pay.

Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Redemption and re - lease.

No. 249. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known.
D. S.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

FINE.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,

D. S.

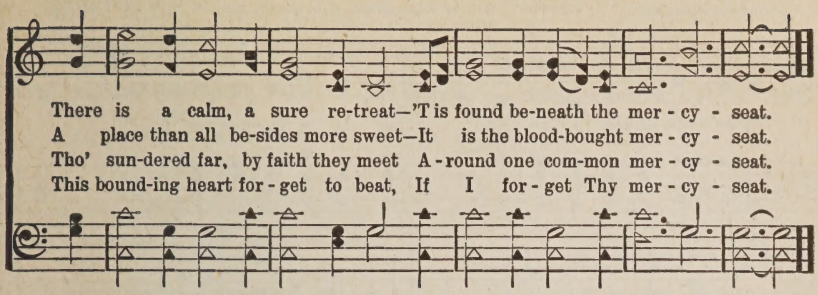
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 250. From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

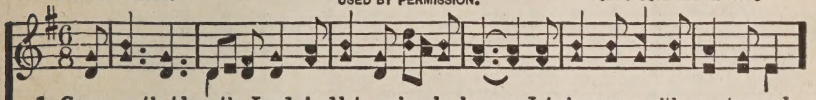
1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
4. Oh, let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold and still,

From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

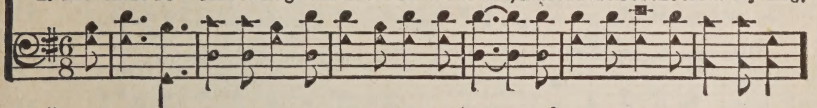


No. 251. We're Marching to Zion.

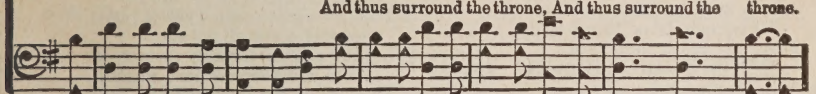
Rev. I. Watts. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYAN LOWRY. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.



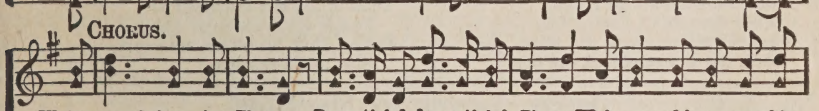
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord,
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who never knew our God; But children of the Heav'nly King,



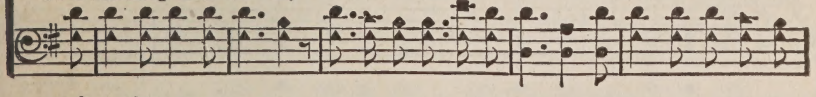
Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.
But children of the Heav'nly King May speak their joys abroad, May speak their joys abroad.
And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

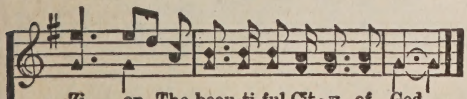


CHORUS.

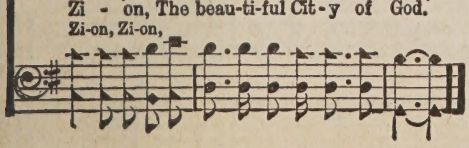


We're march-ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi-on; We're marching upward to
We're marching on to Zi - on,





Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful Cit - y of God.
Zi-on, Zi-on,



3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry; [ground,
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 252. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY H. R. DANKS, A. V. DANKS, G. L. DANKS, AND L. P. BUILDER. H. P. Danks.

1. Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high.

FINE.

D. S.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

Hide me, O, my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; D. S.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 253. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.

FINE.

D. C.

No. 254. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (DIADEM.) James Ellor.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Ye ran-somed
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, On this ter-
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His

And crown . . . . . .

pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him,
from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown . . . . . .

. . . . . Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him, crown Him,

crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!
. . . . . Him, Crown Him, crown . . . . Him;

crown Him Crown . . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 255. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es - ty as - cribe,
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 256. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King,
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do His will my high-est prize,
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis-pel-ling ev-'ry doubt and fear,
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deemed, Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly,

CHORUS.

Since I have been re-deemed. Since I..... have been re-deemed,
Since I have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-deemed.

1 2

Since I have been redeemed, I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 257. There is Glory in My Soul.

Grace Weiser Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since He touched and
3. Since with God I've walked, having sweet communion, There is glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each
4. Since I en-tered Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my

CHORUS.

sought and obtained God's fa-vor, There is glo-ry in my soul.
healed me in lov-ing-kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul. There is glo-ry, glo-ry, there is
day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

1 2

glo-ry in my soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes; There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo-ry in my soul!

No. 258. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and

FINE CHORUS.

va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

D. S.

this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

No. 259. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

CHORUS.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me: His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 260. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous

CHORUS.

o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by,
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by.

No. 261. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 262. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry

FINE D. S.

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee.

No. 263. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my

over there.

mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
heart, o - ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at

home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

No. 264. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. { God is call-ing the prodigal, come without delay, Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
{ Tho' you're wandered so far from His presence, come to-day, Hear His loving voice [*Omit.* for thee;] calling still. calling still)

CHORUS.

Call - - ing now for thee,... ... O wear - - y prod - i - gal, come;.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come;

Call - - ing now for thee,.... ... O wear - - y prod - i - gal, come.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear - y prod-i-gal, come, wear - y prod-i-gal, come.

2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

No. 265. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

FINE.

1. { There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
{ He has been there oft be - fore, [*Omit* . . . . .] Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Savior in; Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

D. S.—*Let Him in.*

D. S.

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son,

2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in.

No. 266. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. Ogden.

1. 'T is the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'T is the grand-est theme for a mor-tal tongue;

'T is the grand-est theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee." FINE.

D. S.—"*Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee.*"

CHORUS.

He is a - - - ble to de-liv-er thee, He is a - - - ble to de-liv-er thee;
a-ble, He is a-ble a-ble, He is a-ble

Tho' by sin op-prest, Go to Him for rest, D. S.

2 'T is the grandest theme in the earth or main;
'T is the grandest theme for a mortal strain;
'T is the grandest theme, tell the world again,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

3 'T is the grandest theme, let the tidings roll
To the guilty heart, to the sinful soul;
Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
"Our God is able to deliver thee."

No. 267. I Never Will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. { For all the Lord has done for me, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
And for His grace so rich and free, I [*Omit* . . . . .] nev-er will cease to love Him.

2. { He gives me strength for ev-'ry day, I nev-er will cease to love Him;
He leads and guides me all the way, I [*Omit* . . . . .] nev-er will cease to love Him.

CHORUS.

{ I nev-er will cease to love Him, (He's) my Sav-ior, (He's) my Sav-ior;
I nev-er will cease to love Him, (for) He's done [*Omit* . . . . .] so much for me.

3 He saves me every day and hour,
I never will cease to love Him;
Just now I feel His cleansing power,
I never will cease to love Him.

4 While on my journey here below,
I never will cease to love Him;
And when to that bright world I go,
I never will cease to love Him.

No. 268. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;

Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

No. 269. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 270. Bread of Heaven.

Josiah Conder. Ignace Pleyel.

FINE. D. S.

1. Bread of Heav'n, on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in - deed: Ev - er let our souls be fed
D. S.—With this true and liv-ing bread.

2 Vine of Heaven, thy blood sup-plies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day, with strength supplied
Thro' the life of Him who died,
Lord of life, O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built in Thee.

No. 271. O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-ior shine,

{ I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings, } In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 272. There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea, There's a kind-ness
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good; There is mer - cy

in His justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
with the Savior, There is heal - ing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 273. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.

1. In e - vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear, Till a new ob-ject struck my sight,
REF.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me; And thro' His blood, His precious blood;

D. C.

And stopped my wild ca-reer.
I shall from sin be free.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

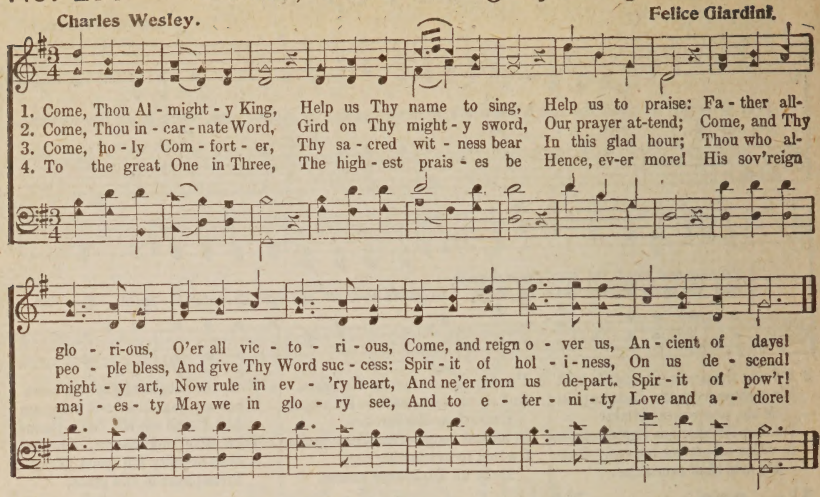
3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

No. 274. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



No. 275. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 276. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

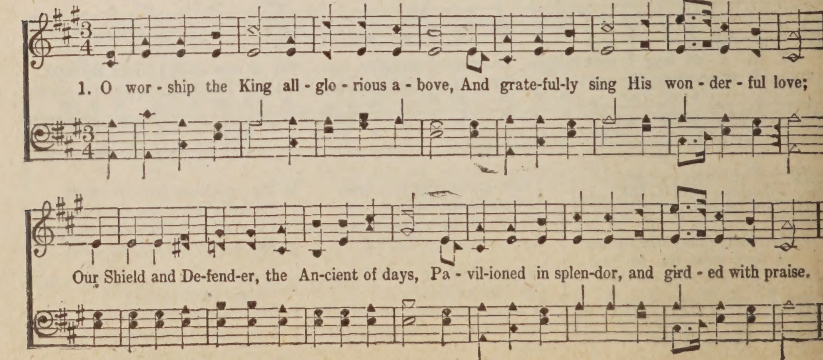
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

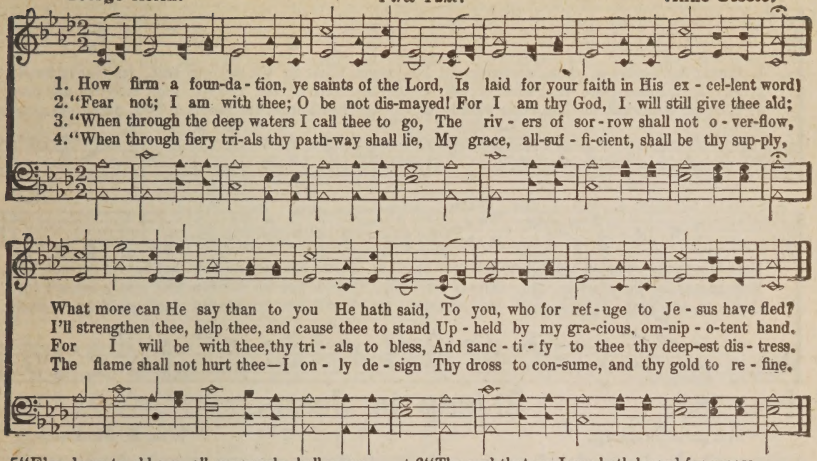
No. 277. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.



No. 278. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.



5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 279. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 280. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

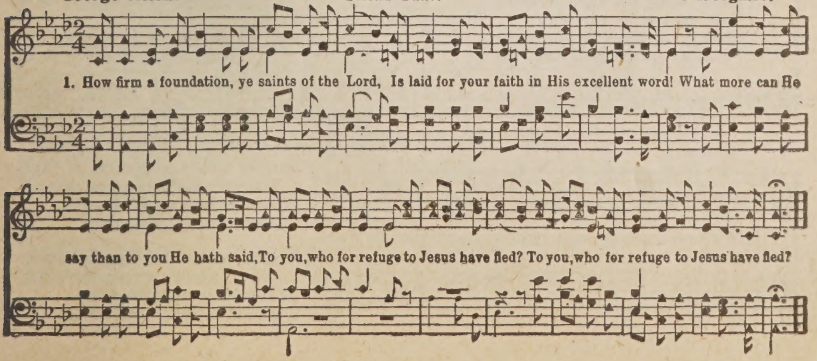
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

No. 281. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.



No. 282. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

No. 283. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un - dis-
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi-

turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 284. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION. Elihu S. Rice.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll;
Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
2. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor, By the bright ce-les-tial shore?
D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

CHORUS. D. C.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 285. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i - dol that would

sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 286. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 287. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prep - a - ra-tion can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,

D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And

FINE CHORUS. D. S.

take me as I am. Take me as I am, ... Take me as I am; ...
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;
take me as I am.

No. 288. Jesus is Passing By.

E. A. H.

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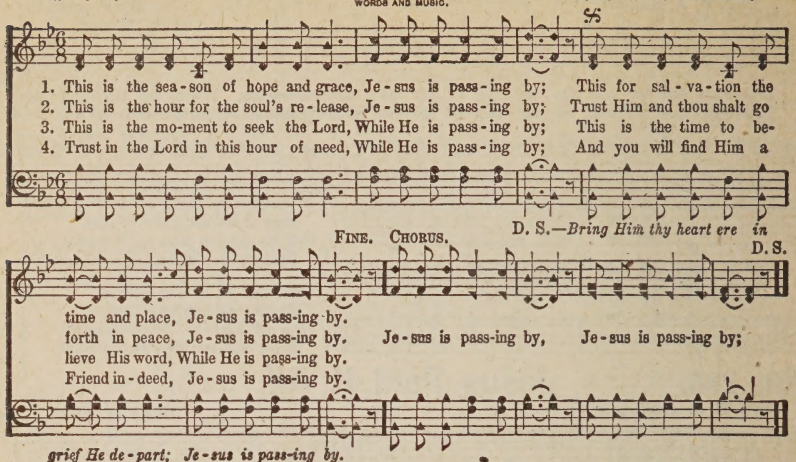
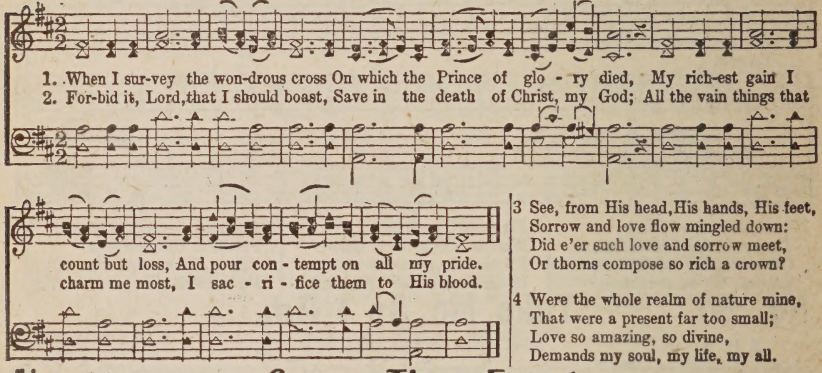
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



No. 289. When I Survey the Wondrous Gross.

Isaac Watts. *Second Tune.* Isaac Baker Woodbury.

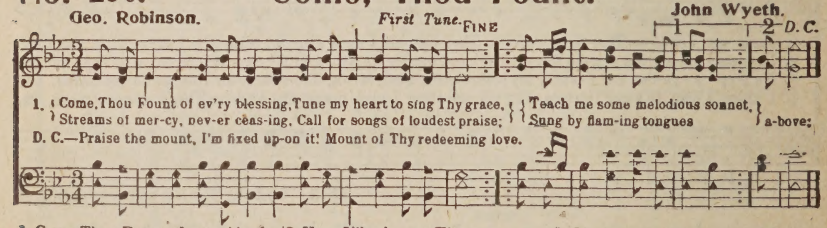


3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 290. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* John Wyeth.



1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 291. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* FINE Thomas Hastings. D.C.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. From Thy wounded side which flow'd

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 292. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* FINE J. E. Gould. 1 2 D. C.

1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 293. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. William Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And (*Omit* . . . . . .) dwell in peace at home?

CHORUS.

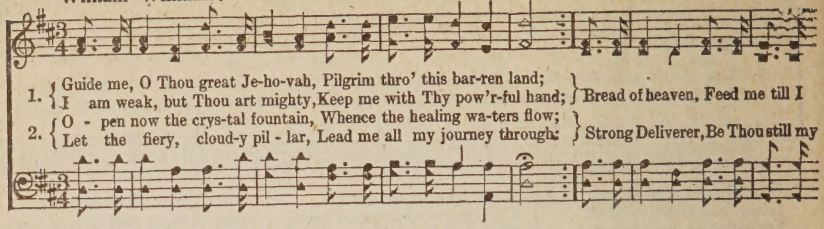
We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes;
We'll work We'll work And we'll be gath-ered home.

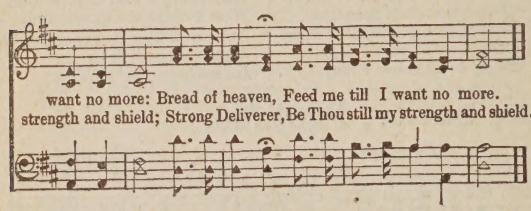
2 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast
Till He conduct me home.

3 I sought at once my Savior's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

No. 294. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.





3 When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 295. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee:
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 296. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

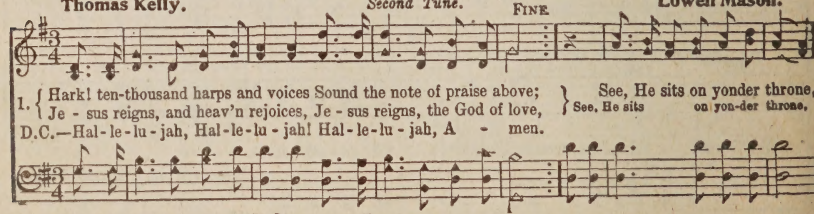
1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

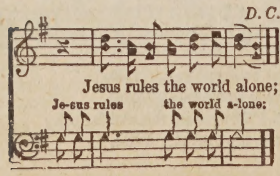
2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 297. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE Lowell Mason.



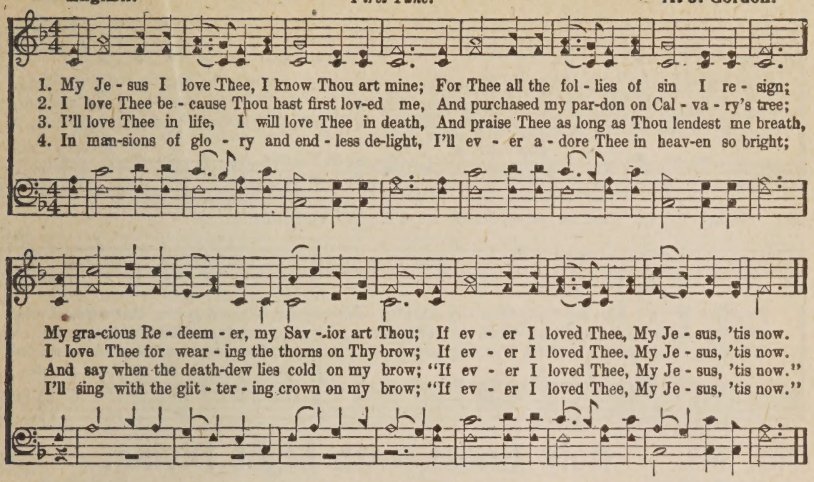


2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made
Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 298. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.



No. 299. O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 300. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.

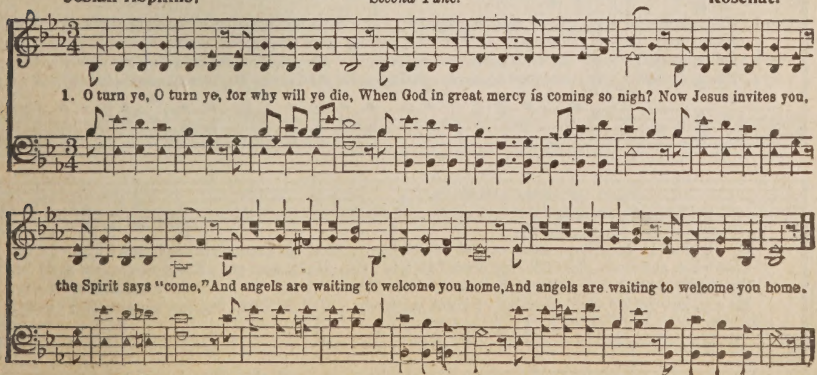
2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in His presence to be
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

No. 301. Expostulation.

Josiah Hopkins. *Second Tune.* Koschat.



No. 302. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. — M. M. Wells.

FINE

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 303. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

A. Reed. — Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 304. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. — John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 305. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 306. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 307. In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the

sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 308. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry soul in Thee, I give Thee
2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.
stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er fair - er be.
rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

No. 309. Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor. *First Tune.* Sir Arthur Sullivan.

1. I'm but a strang-er here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home;
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil - grim - age, Heav'n is my home;
3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home;
4. There-fore I mur - mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my earth - ly lot, Heav'n is my home;

Dan - ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand Heav'n is my fath-er-land, Heav'n is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
And I shall sure-ly stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

No. 310. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 311. Look and Live.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1887 BY E. O. EXCELL. W. A. Ogden.

FINE

1. { I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The mes-sage un - to you I'll give;
'Tis re - cord - ed in His Word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live,"

2. { I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you;
'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.

D. C.—'Tis re - cord - ed in His Word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."

CHORUS. D. C.

"Look and live"..... my broth-er, live, live, live, Look to Je - sus now and live,
"Look and live," my broth - er, live. "Look and live."

3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have;
If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
To Jesus when He made me whole:
'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
I trusted and He saved my soul.

No. 312. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va - ry.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 313. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.

FINE D. S.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home,
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. To die no more, To die no more,

D. S.—I'm go-ing home to die no more.

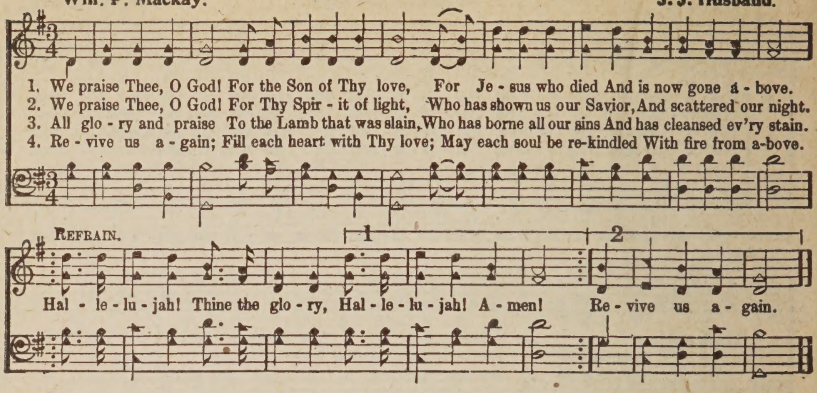
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'er flow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

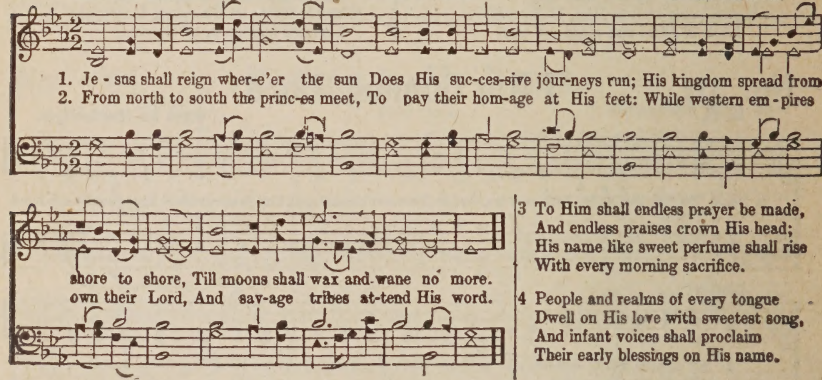
No. 314. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.



No. 315. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

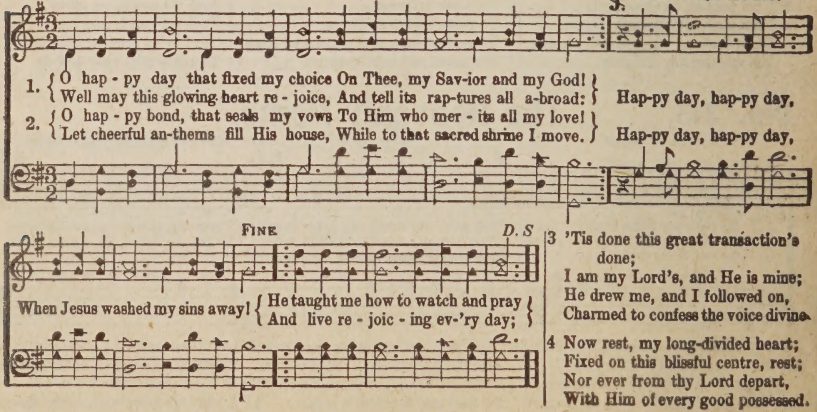


3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 316. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.



3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 317. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior

while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 318. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil-reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No 319. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-

room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
ness, And wonders of His love, And won-ders of His love, And won-ders, won-ders of His love.

Sing.

And heav'n and na - ture sing. And heav'n and na - ture sing.

No. 320. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves; Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall } come re-joic-ing

FINE. CHORUS.

bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

D.S.—*Second time.*

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 321. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.

1. { Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care: In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare: } Bless - ed Je - sus,

Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 322. Balm In Gilead.

Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.

1. How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole, There is but one Physician, Can cure a sin-sick soul.
2. The worst of all dis-eas-es, Is light compared with sin, On ev-'ry part it seiz-es, But rages most with-in.

CHO.—*There's a balm in Gilead, To make the wounded whole, There's pow'r enough in Jesus, To cure a sin-sick soul.*

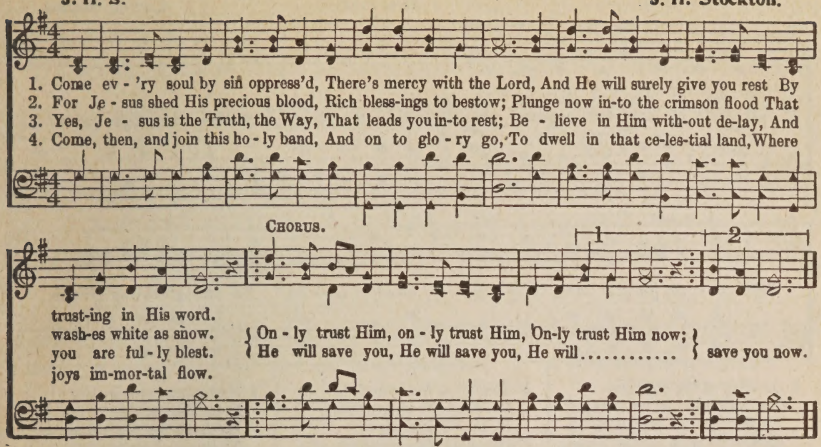
3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness all combined,
And none but a believer,
The least relief can find.

4 A dying, risen Jesus
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us
And saves the soul from death.

5 Come then to this Physician
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

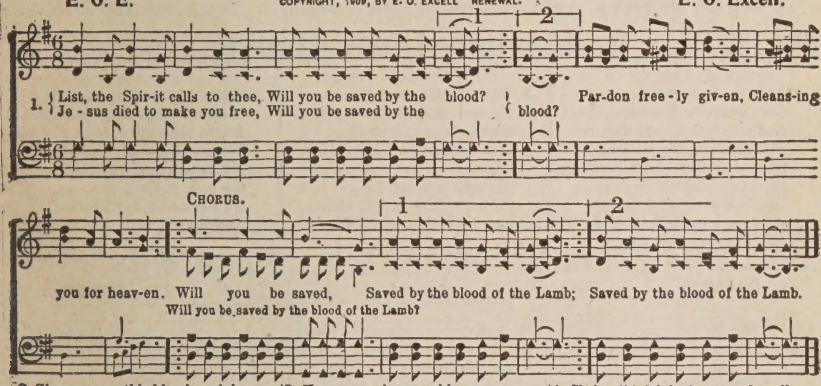
No. 323. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.



No. 324. Will You be Saved by the Blood?

E. O. E. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.



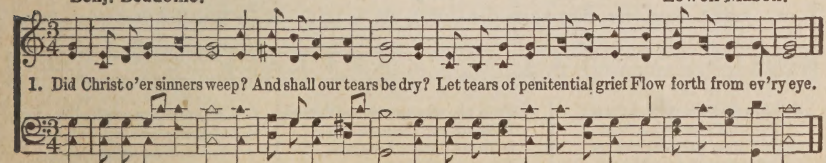
2 Sinner, now this blessing claim,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Claim Him as your Savior,
He can save forever.

3 He can wash you white as snow,
Will you be saved by the blood?
And the witness you may know,
Will you be saved by the blood?
You can know the hour
Of His dying power.

4 Christ did drink that cup for all,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Don't reject the Spirit's call,
Will you be saved by the blood?
Grace is all abounding,
Joy thro' heaven resounding.

No. 325. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. Lowell Mason.



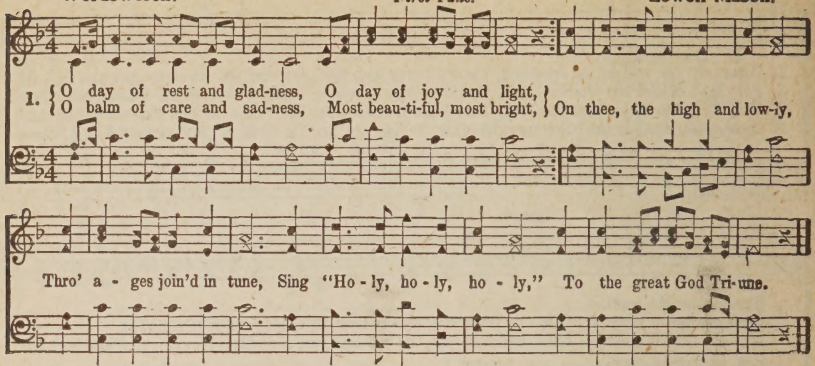
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

No. 326. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth. *First Tune.* Lowell Mason.



2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 327. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

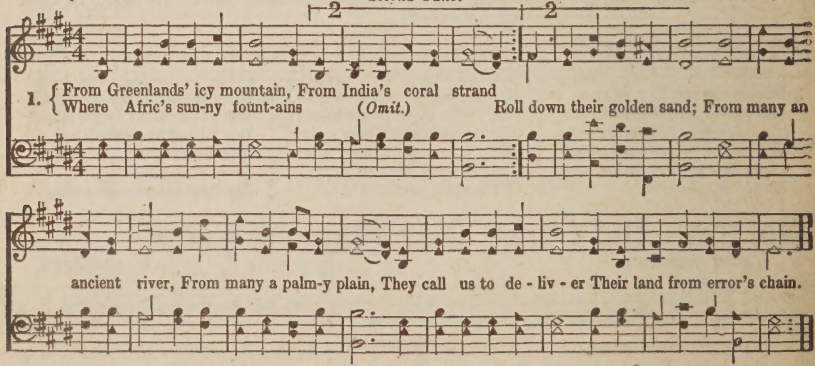
1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 328. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.



2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 329. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion,

FINE D. S.

All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart!

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving [Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver, [ing,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 330. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 331. Jesus, I My Gross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Naked, poor, despised, for-sa-ken,
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion,

FINE D. S.

Thou from hence my all shalt be; Per - ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
God and heav'n are still my own.

2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might, [me
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 332. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 333. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No. 334. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode.

[breath.

No. 335. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.* D. S.

1 2 FINE

1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 336. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,

His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 337. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. } On Christ the Sol-id

Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 338. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; } Glory to His name.

2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.

D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.

CHORUS. D. C

Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 339. Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.

1. { I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find. Hal-e-lu-jah!

Under the cross I lay my sins, Under the cross, my cry; cross I'll die.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 340. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. { O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

2. { Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!

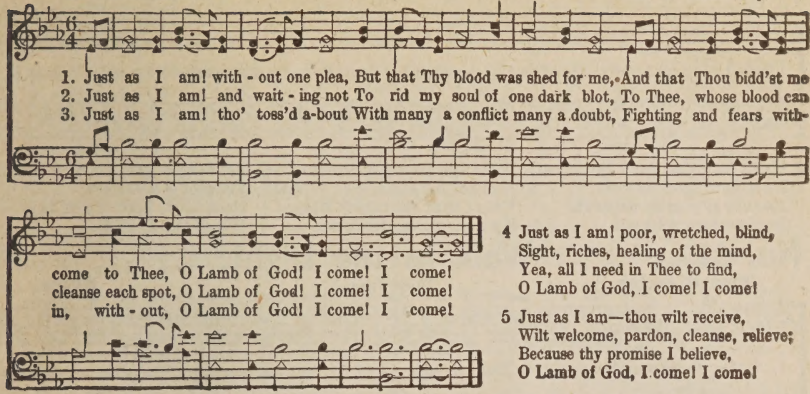
Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 341. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

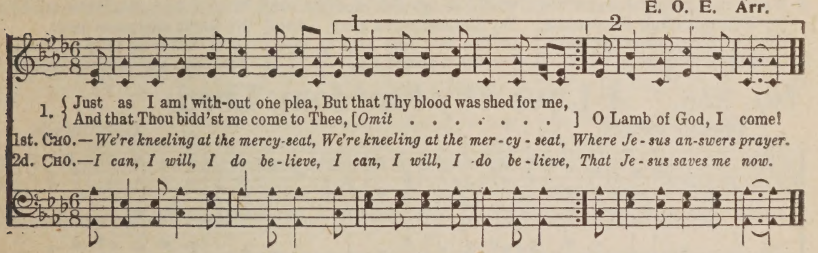


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

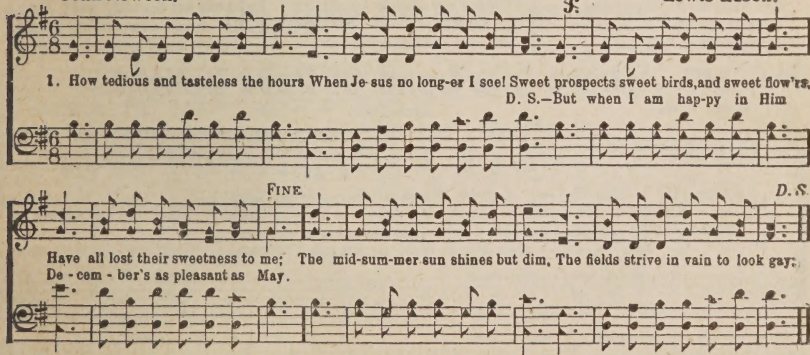
No. 342. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.



No. 343. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.



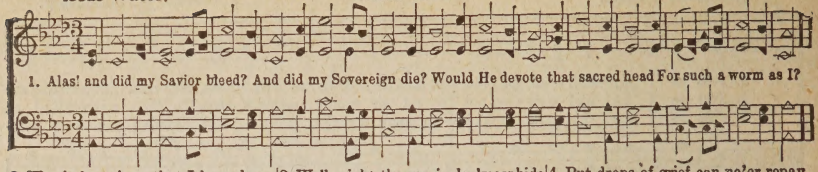
2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place [mind:
Would make any change in my
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 344. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Issac Watts. *Second Tune.* Hugh Wilson.



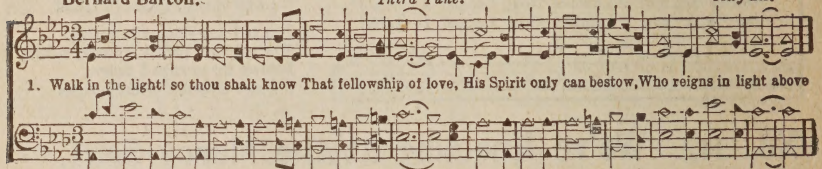
2 Was it for crimes that I have done.
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 345. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.



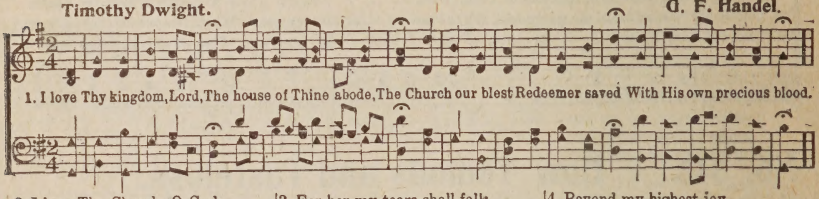
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 346. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.



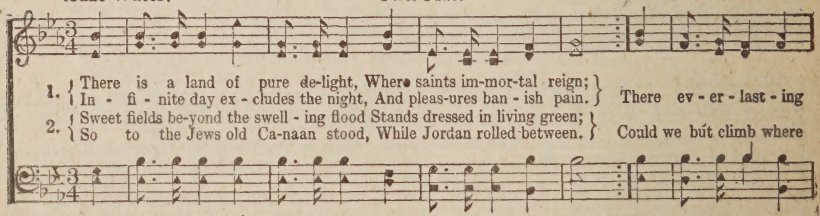
2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

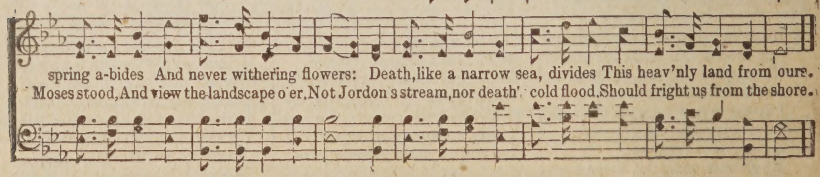
3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 347. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* J. C. H. Rink.





No. 348. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 349. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

S. Fine. Refrain. D. S.

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, Sweetest note in ser-aph song,
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! bear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 350. Oh, How I Love Jesus.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sweet-est name on earth,
sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- cause He first loved me.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 351. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

1 — 2 — FINE.

1. Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, ... Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
D.C—Work for the night is coming, ... When man's work is done.

D. C.

brighter, Work in the glowing sun,

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 352. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 353. Angels Hovering 'Round.

Anon. Unknown.

1. There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels hov'ring 'round, There are angels, angels hov'ring 'round.
2. They will carry the tidings home; They will carry the tidings home; They will carry, carry the ti-dings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 Let him that heareth come, etc.
7 There is glory all around, etc.
8 We are on our journey home, etc.

No. 354. The Old Time Religion.

Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.

CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 355. Wash Me in the Blood.

W. Cowper. *First Tune.* E. O. Excell.

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CHORUS.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

Savior, wash..... me in the blood, Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

Sav-ior, wash..... me in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.

Sav-io., wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb. Oh.

No. 356. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

FINE. D. C.

guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains; guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the
Thy flowing wounds supply [stream
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

No. 357. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins; all their guilty stains.

Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

No. 358. To Calvary I Will Go.

E. E. Hewitt.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Down in - to the foun - tain I would deep-er go; Down in - to the foun - tain, mak-ing white as snow;
2. Down in - to the foun - tain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus all my be - ing fill,
3. Down in - to the foun - tain flow-ing from the cross, Let the might-y cur - rents sweep a - way all dross;

Tho' with sins of scar - let, and of crim - son dyed, I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide.
Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di-vine, Mak-ing "earth-en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine.
Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His wondrous love, Wash-ing there the gar-ments for the feast a - bove.

CHORUS.

To Cal-v'ry I will go, The bless-ed Word I know, The precious blood of Je - sus cleanseth white as snow;

His voice is call - ing still, To "Who-so-ev-er will;" Down in - to the foun-tain I would deep - er go.

No. 359. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG,
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Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. { There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
{ None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [*Omit* . . .] no, not one!

D.C.—*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one!* [*Omit* . . .] *no, not one!*

CHORUS.

D. C.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

No. 360. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho-ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 361. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 362. Lest We Forget.

Rudyard Kipling. Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. God of our fa-thers known of old, Lord of our far flung bat-tle line, Lord God of
Beneath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine;

2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part; Lord God of
Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice An hum-ble and a con-trite heart;

Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.

3 Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
To all our pomp of yesterday;
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

No. 363. Faith of Our Fathers.

Tune above.

1 Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

2 Our fathers chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

No. 364. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

fa-thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev-'ry mount-ain side, Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
land be bright With free-dom's ho-ly light, Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 365. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2 Thro' every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King,
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

Male Voice and Temperance Songs.

No. 366. Be a Man.

I. E. R. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. I. E. Reynolds.

1. As you bat - tle on thro' life, Be a man, be a man; God will
2. Stand for God and for the right, Be a man, be a man; Sa-tan's
3. Christ, our Cap-tain, gives command, Be a man, be a man; Strug-gle
4. A re - ward a - waits you there, Be a man, be a man; You'll your

CHORUS.

help you in the strife, Be a man, be a man.
host for - ev - er fight, Be a man, be a man. Be a man,
on, is His de-mand, Be a man, be a man. Be a man,
Captain's glo - ry share, Be a man, be a man.

rit.

be a man, Be a man, be a man,
be a man, Be a man, be a man,

Stand for Christ and brave-ly fight, Be a man, be a man.

No. 367.

Vote It Out!

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Eben E. Rexford.

WORDS AND ARR.

With vigor.

1. There's a ques-tion we must set-tle,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
2. It's a most im-por-tant ques-tion,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
3. It is "up to you," my broth-er,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
4. In the name of Right and Jus-tice Vote it out! (vote it out!)

O, my broth-er, show your met-tle,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
Act up-on this wise sug-ges-tion,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
Face the ques-tion, there's no oth-er,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)
Help us us, Lord, in whom our trust is,—Vote it out! (vote it out!)

Shall the dram-shop rule the na-tion With its crime and dis-si-
Wrong is wrong, who dares de-fend it? There is but one way to
Let us set-tle it for-ev-er, Vo-ters, it is now or
Vote to end this deg-ra-da-tion, Vote to have a clean, pure

pa-tion? Vote it out, vote it out, vote it out, out, out!
end it,—Vote it out, vote it out, vote it out, out, out!
nev-er! Vote it out, vote it out, vote it out, out, out!
na-tion,—Vote it out, vote it out, vote it out, out, out!

No. 368. A Thousand Years of Prohibition.

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. Henry C. Work.
WORDS AND ARR.

1. Lift up your hearts in ex - ul - ta - tion, Ye who have feared your fight was vain,
2. Long have we fought a-gainst the de-mon, Lur - ing our sons to drunkards' graves:
3. O land of ours, that weeps in sor-row O - ver the graves that drink has made,
4. God's on our side, He will not fail us, Rise in the strength God gives to-day;

Hear the glad cry that thrills the na - tion, We shall be free from liq-uor's chain.
Broth-ers of mine, let us be free-men, Down with the drink that makes men slaves.
Pray and be glad, for on the mor - row Low in the dust the foe be laid.
Strike down the foes that would as-sail us, Ban-ish the liq - uor-curse for aye.

CHORUS.

A thou-sand years of pro - hi - bi - tion, Lift up your eyes, be-hold the dawn!

The Nation's hope shall find fru - i - tion, When from our land the curse has gone.

No. 369.

It Is Not Fair.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. P. D. Bird.

Moderato.

INTRODUCTION.

1. It is not fair that
2. It is not fair that
3. It is not fair that
4. It can - not be that

grief should so a-bound, That want and deg-ra - da-tion should ev-'ry-where be
rum should blot out lives; It is not fair the demon should rob our babes and
rum should smite the will, Should pal-sy soul and bod-y—should blast and blight and
God's own work should fail, That soldiers should be cowards—should falter, shirk and

found: Arm for the fight—our banners wide unfurled! . . It is not fair that
wives; No, 'tis not fair so man-y to en - slave, . . It is not fair, rise
kill; Rise, men, for war! put down this monster foe, . . It is not fair that
quail: Dare, men, a-rise! your faith and strength renew, . . And ye shall win—for

rit.

rum should rule the world, . . It is not fair that rum should rule the world.
up, O men, to save, . . It is not fair, rise up, O men, to save.
wrong should triumph so, . . It is not fair that wrong should triumph so.
God will be with you, . . And ye shall win—for God will be with you.

No. 370. Was It You?

C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some-bod-y vot-ed to ru-in my boy, Was that somebody you?
2. Some-bod-y ar-gued in fa-vor of wrong, Was that somebody you?
3. Some-bod-y turned all my day in-to night, Was that somebody you?
4. Some-bod-y li-censed an-oth-er to sell, Was that somebody you?

Some-bod-y helped his pure life to de-stroy, Was that some-bod-y you?
Some-bod-y hushed in my life a sweet song, Was that some-bod-y you?
Some-bod-y vot-ed to throt-tle the right, Was that some-bod-y you?
That which could turn Par-a-dise in-to hell, Was that some-bod-y you?

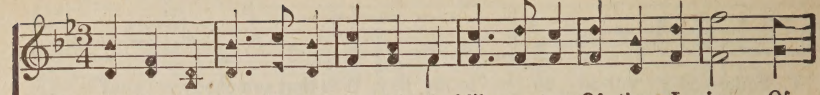
CHORUS.

Was that some-bod-y you?..... Was that some-bod-y you?.....
was it you? was it you?

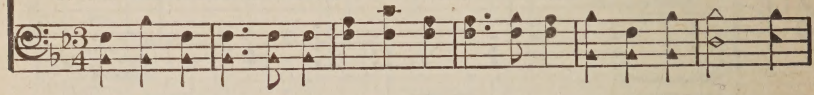
Some-bod-y vot-ed to ru-in my boy, Was that somebody you?.....
was it you?

No. 371. My Country.

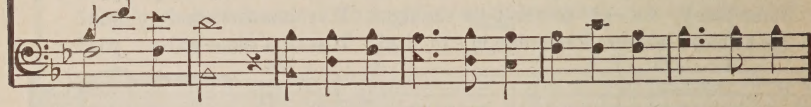
Rev. S. F. Smith. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. B. Herbert.



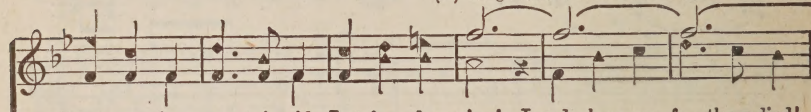
1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing, Of
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love, Thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song, Sweet
4. Our fa-thers' God! to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing, To



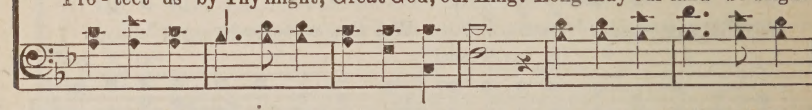
thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride!
name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;
free-dom's song: Let mor-tal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake;
Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light;



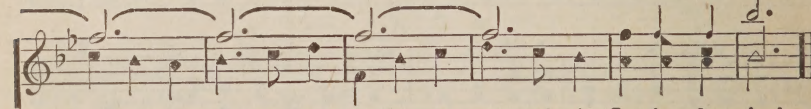
(1) ring!.....



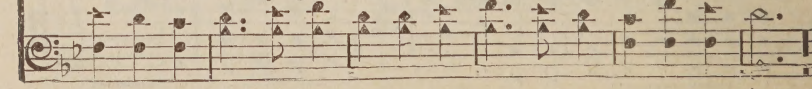
From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring! Land where my fa - thers died!
My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove. I love thy rocks and rills,
Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound prolong. Let mor - tal tongues a-wake;
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! Long may our land be bright



..... Let free - dom ring!

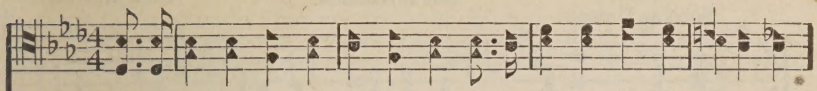


Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
Let all that breath partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.
With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

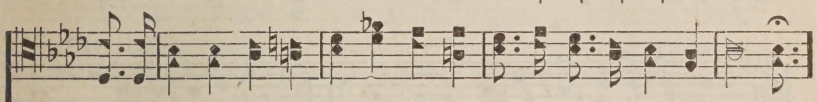


No. 372. I Want to Live My Life for Jesus.

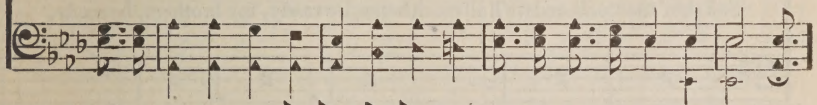
I. E. R. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY I. E. REYNOLDS. I. E. Reynolds.



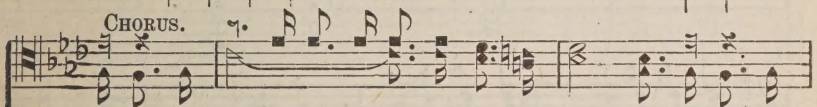
1. Thro' the days, the weeks, the months, the years, Which the Lord shall give me on the earth,
2. Tho' the way be hard I'll trust in Him To give strength for each and ev'ry trial,
3. Let me tell the bless-ed sto-ry true, Of the love of Jesus, God's own Son,
4. When my work on earth for Him is o'er, And my eyes are closed in peaceful rest,



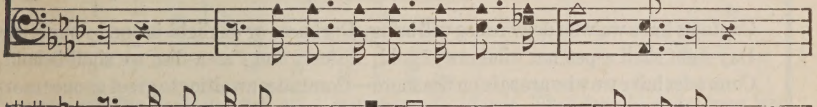
Let me do His will, thro' joy or tears; I want to live my life for Je - sus.
And His praise I'll sing thro' all of them; I want to live my life for Je - sus.
That the lost may have this pardon too; I want to live my life for Je - sus.
I shall dwell with Him on that fair shore; I want to live my life for Je - sus.



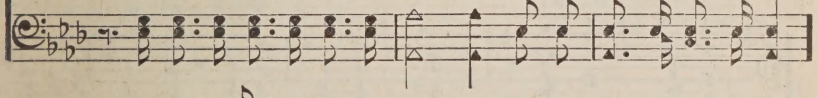
CHORUS.



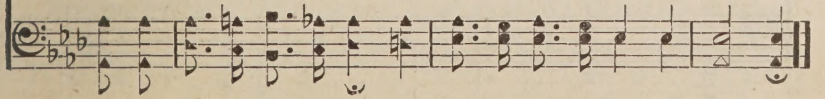
I want to live..... my life for Je - sus, I want to
I want to live my life for Je - sus,



live..... my life for Je - sus; He's my Sav-ior, Lord, and King,
I want to live my life for Je - sus;



All I have to Him I bring; I want to live my life for Je - sus.



No. 373. Steady, Brothers, Steady.

H. R. Trickett.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY FILLMORE BROS.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

SOLO or UNISON.

1. Dark is the night, and the waves run high, Steady, brothers, stead-y;
2. Swift on the wings of the roar-ing wind, Steady, brothers, stead-y;
3. Steer by the chart, and no harm can come, Steady, brothers, stead-y;

Play loco.

Hid are the stars, and the storm-clouds fly, Be ready, my brothers, be ready.
Fly thro' the night and the day-light find, Be ready, my brothers, be ready.
Sail thro' the storm and we'll all reach home, Be ready, my brothers, be ready,

Captains have we who deliv'rance will bring, Darkness or daylight is one to our King,
Day-light shall o-pen her windows of gold, Safe-ty and Par-a-dise we shall behold,
Comrades have we who are safe on the shore—Comrades a waiting to greet us once more,

He will de-liv - er, so joy - ful - ly sing, All glo-ry to Je-sus our Sav-ior.
Shout ye for gladness, O hearts, true and bold, All glo-ry to Je-sus our Sav-ior.
Comrades from whom we will part nevermore, All glo-ry to Je-sus our Sav-ior.

Steady, Brothers, Steady.

CHORUS.

Stead-y, stead-y, stead-y; Fear ye not the bil-lows roll-ing, roll-ing high;
Stead-y, stead-y, broth-ers, stead-y, Fear not bil-lows high;

Stead-y, stead-y, stead-y, There's a star illumes the darkest sky, the darkest sky;
Stead-y, stead-y, stead-y, There's a star il-lumes the sky;

Storms will soon be past, The harbor gained at last, All glo-ry be to Jesus our Savior.

No. 374. We Will Vote It Dry.

J. B. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Arr. by J. B. Herbert.

1. All the brew-ers tell us la-ger-beer's a food; That for old and young 'tis
2. If 'tis real-ly food, as by the brewers said, Why do man-y "soak-ers"
3. Hear the whiskey cohorts shout their battle-cry: "Reg-u-late the trade with

cres. *ff*

ver-y, ver-y good. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Pardon, if our laugh seems rude.
have to beg for bread? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Why should they be begging bread?
li-cense, low or high." But we answer: "No, no, no, no! We will vote it, vote it dry."

No. 375.

He Will Keep.

Julia H. Johnston.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY M. J. BABBITT.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

M. J. Babbitt.

1. Je - sus Christ is my sal - va-tion, He will keep; (He will keep;) From the
2. When life's per - il o'er me hov-ers He will keep; My de-
3. When I come to earth's dark riv-er He will keep; When the

pow - er of temp-ta-tion He will keep; From the world's bewitching snare,
fense-less head He cov-ers, He will keep; In the dead - ly grasp of pain
flesh and spir - it quiv-er He will keep; Un - der-neath my Savior's arm

Tho' it find me un - a - ware, Je-sus Christ, whose name I bear, He will
He is nev - er sought in vain, He who turns our loss to gain, He will
He'll sup-port in fear's a - larm, And from ev - 'ry loss and harm He will

CHORUS.

keep. He will keep..... from ev-'ry foe, Fear-less-
He will keep. He will keep from the foe,

ad lib.

ly..... with Him I go, For my Sav-ior is di-vine, I am
Fear-less-ly with Him I go,.....

He Will Keep.

His and He is mine; Till the lights of Heaven shine, He will keep.
He will keep.

No. 376. What Shall I Do to Be Saved?

J. W. Hollman. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. O what shall I do to be saved From the sor - rows that
2. O what shall I do to be saved When the pleas-ures of
3. O what shall I do to be saved, When sick - ness my
4. O Lord, look in mer - cy on me? Come, O come and speak

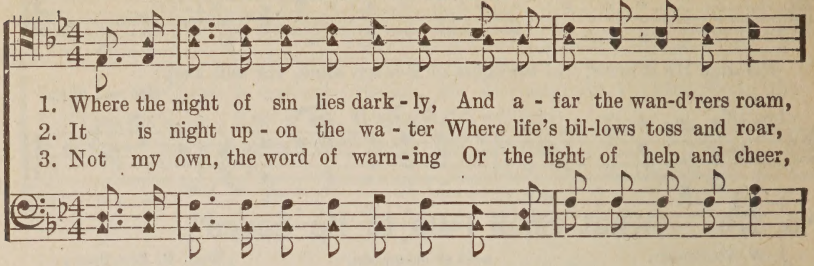
bur - den my soul? Like the waves in a storm When the winds are at
youth are all fled, And the friends I have loved From the earth are re-
strength shall sub-due? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud rolls a-
peace to my soul; Un - to whom shall I flee, Dear-est Lord, but to

war, Chill-ing floods of dis - tress o'er me roll; What shall I
moved, And I weep o'er the grave of the dead? What shall I
way, And e - ter - ni - ty o - pens to view? What shall I
Thee? Thou canst make my poor bro - ken heart whole; That will I

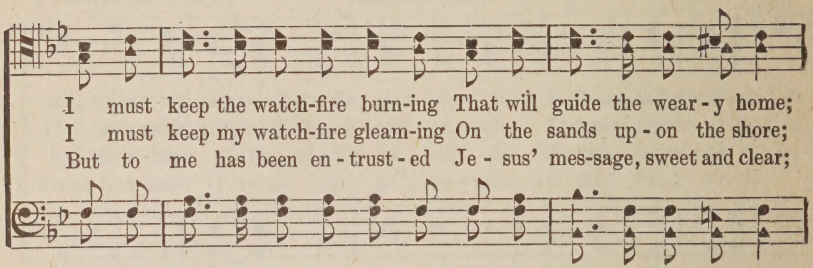
1-3. do? What shall I do? O what shall I do to be saved?
4. do! That will I do! To Je - sus I'll go and be saved!

No. 377. A Watchman In the Night.

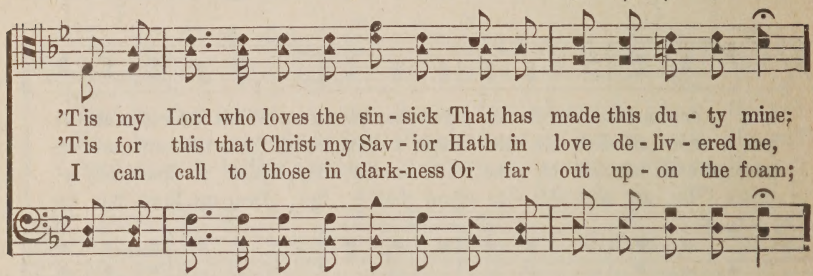
Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY M. J. BABBITT.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. M. J. Babbitt.



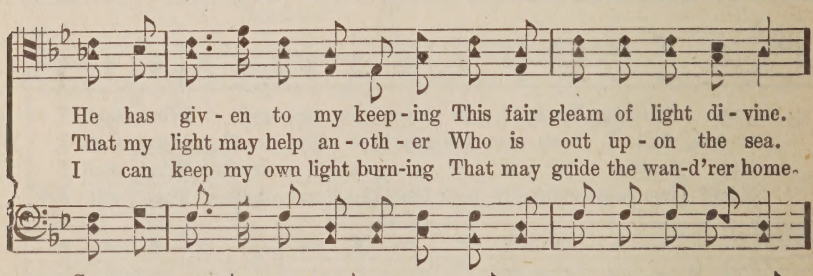
1. Where the night of sin lies dark - ly, And a - far the wan-d'rers roam,
2. It is night up - on the wa - ter Where life's bil-lows toss and roar,
3. Not my own, the word of warn - ing Or the light of help and cheer,



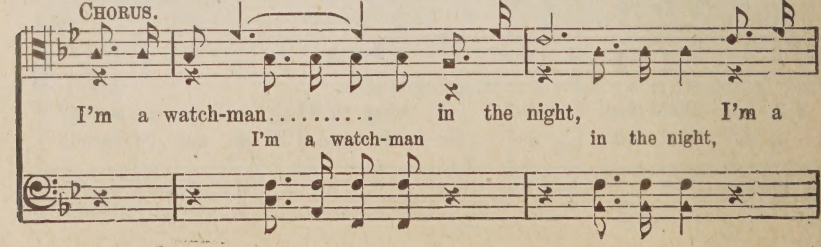
I must keep the watch-fire burn-ing That will guide the wear - y home;
I must keep my watch-fire gleam-ing On the sands up - on the shore;
But to me has been en - trust - ed Je - sus' mes-sage, sweet and clear;



'T is my Lord who loves the sin - sick That has made this du - ty mine;
'T is for this that Christ my Sav - ior Hath in love de - liv - ered me,
I can call to those in dark-ness Or far out up - on the foam;



He has giv - en to my keep - ing This fair gleam of light di - vine.
That my light may help an - oth - er Who is out up - on the sea.
I can keep my own light burn-ing That may guide the wan-d'rer home.



CHORUS.

I'm a watch-man..... in the night, I'm a
I'm a watch-man in the night,

A Watchman In the Night.

keep-er..... of a light; For the wanderer's re-turn-ing I must
I'm the keeper of a light;

keep the watchfire burning, I'm a watchman, I'm a watchman in the night.

No. 378. Remember Me, O Mighty One.

Anon. Joanna Kinkel.

1. When storms a-round are sweep-ing, When lone my watch I'm keep-ing,
2. When walk-ing on life's o-cean, Con-trol its rag-ing mo-tion;
3. When weight of sin op-press-es, When dark de-spair dis-tress-es,

'Mid fires of e-vil fall-ing, 'Mid tempt-ers' voi-ces call-ing,
When from its dan-gers shrink-ing, When in its dread deeps sink-ing,
All thro' the life that's mor-tal, And when I pass death's por-tal,

CHORUS.

Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One! Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One!

No. 379. The Wayside Cross.

C. L. St. John. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY H. R. PALMER
USED BY PERMISSION. H. R. Palmer.

SOLO, *ad lib.* (*Declamatory style.*)

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span That bridg-es the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen-cil the

wear-ied, and spent is my light; And I seek for a pal-ace, that
wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hedg - es and fruit la - den vines—My fortune! my all! for

Slower, and sustained.

rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li - eth sul - len and chill.'
me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass - ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil - ies, and wastes on the stream."

* CHORUS.

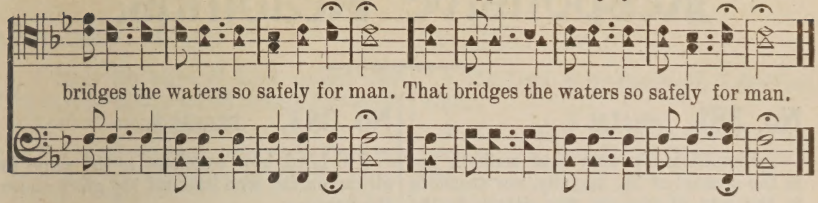
Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray fri-ar cowled in

li-chens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span That

*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

The Wayside Cross.

CODA. *pp To be sung after last stanza.*



No. 380. What Did He Do?

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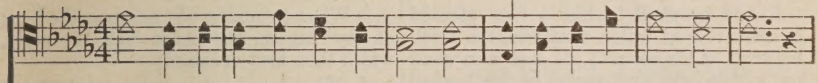
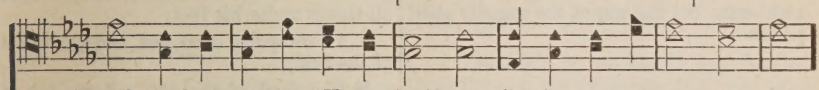
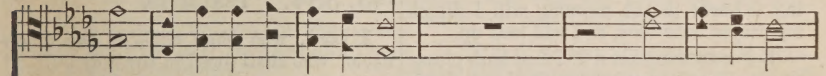
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY O. F. PUGH.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

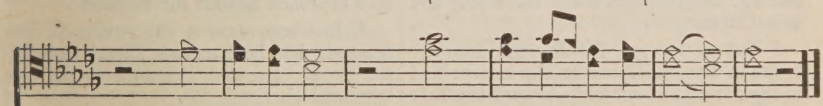
Dr. J. M. Gray. W. Owen. Arr. by O. F. Pugh.





CHORUS.





Responsive Readings.

No. 381. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

No. 382. PSALM 5.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come unto thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

No. 383. PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

No. 384. PSALM 15.

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is condemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

No. 385. PSALM 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

No. 386. PSALM 19.

1 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

5 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

6 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be made innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

No. 387. PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

No. 388. PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this king of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

No. 389. PSALM 98.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gottten him the victory.

2 The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

8 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

No. 390. PSALM 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

No. 391. PSALM 119.

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

No. 392. PSALM 122.

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5 For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

9 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

No. 393. PROV. 3.

1 My son, forgot not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments:

2 For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.

3 Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart.

4 So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and men.

5 Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

6 In all thy way acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

7 Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord and depart from evil.

No. 394. MATT. 5.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

No. 395. PSALM 67.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

No. 396. 1 COR. 13.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge: and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoice not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

No. 397. ISAIAH 53.

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

No. 398. JOHN 3 1-6; 14-18.

1 There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus said unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

8 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

9 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

10 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

11 He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

No. 399. ISAIAH 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the uprighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

No. 400. MATTHEW 11: 20-30.

1 Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not:

2 Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

3 But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.

4 And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.

5 But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

6 At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth; because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

7 Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.

8 All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

9 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

10 Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

11 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

No. 401. CHRISTMAS.

1 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field,

2 Keeping watch over their flock by night.

3 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them:

4 And they were sore afraid.

5 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

6 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

7 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

8 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

9 Now lettest thou thy servant depart, Lord, according to thy word, in peace;

10 For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;

11 A light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

12 Now unto the King eternal, incorruptible, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

No. 402. TEMPERANCE.

1 Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

2 They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.

3 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

4 Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

5 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

6 Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

7 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

8 Let us not judge one another anymore: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

9 The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

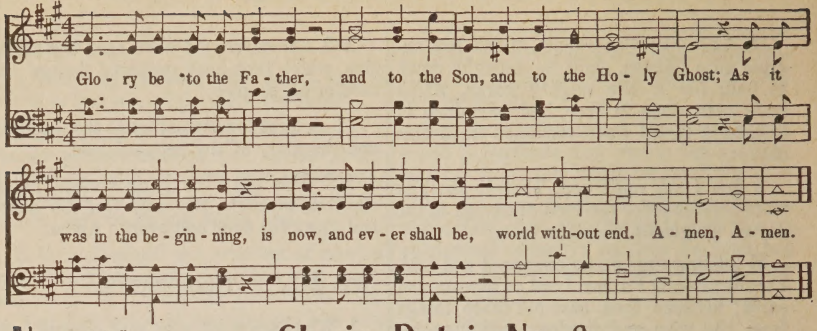
10 He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

11 Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

12 For meat destroy not the work of God. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

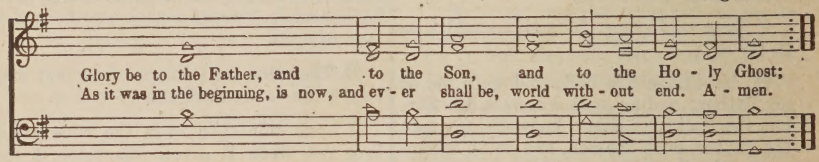
No. 403. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.



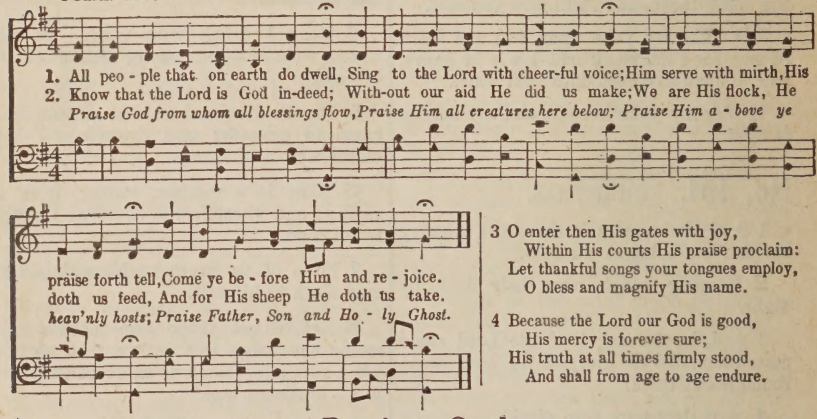
No. 404. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.



No. 405. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100. Louis Bourgeois.

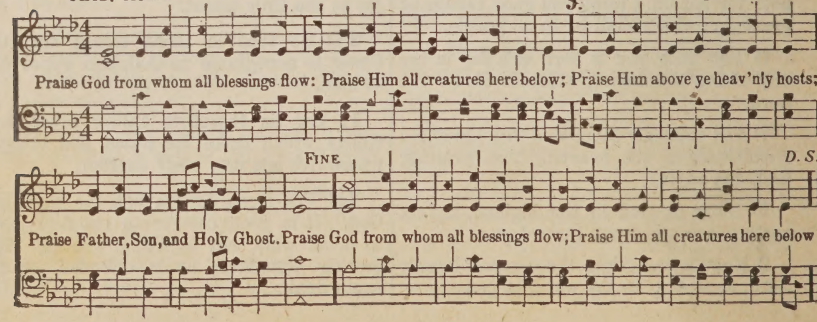


3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim:
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 406. Praise God.

Thos. Kenn. Rev. George Coles.



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